THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XCIII.

PUBLISHED IN

JUNE & SEPTEMBER, 1853.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1853.

Uttarpara Jaikrishna Public Library
Accn. No. 6417 Date 16.3.95

LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Stamford-street,
and Charing Cross.

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXXVI.

ART. Page

I.—1. Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France et de l'Etranger, publié sous les auspices du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.

2. Annuaire de l'Institut de France pour l'année 1853.

3. Discours prononcés dans la séance publique tenue par l'Académie Française pour la réception de M. le Comte de Montalembert, le 5 Février, 1852.

4. Notice Historique sur la Vie et les Travaux de M. Rossi. Par M. Mignet, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

5. Comptes Rendus hebdomadaires des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences. Par MM. les Secrétaires Perpétuels - - - - - - - - - - 315

II.—Vitæ S. Thomæ Cantuariensis - - - - - - 349

III.—Louis XVII., sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort; Captivité de la Famille Royale au Temple, ouvrage enrichi d'Autographes, de Portraits, et de Plans. Par M. A. de Beauchesne - - - - - - - - - 387

IV.—1. Solution Nouvelle de la Question des Lieux Saints. Par M. l'Abbé J. M. Michon.

2. Bethlehem in Palestina. Von Dr. Titus Tobler.

3. Golgatha. Seine Kirchen und Klöster. Von Dr. Titus Tobler.

4. Die Siloahquelle und der Oelberg. Von Dr. Titus Tobler - - - - - - - - - - 432

V.—1. Ephemerides Isaaci Casauboni, cum Præfatione et Notis. Edente Johanne Russell, S. T. P., Canonico Cantuariensi, Scholæ Carthusianæ olim Archididascalo.

2. Le Triumvirat Littéraire au XVI. Siècle; Juste Lipse, Joseph Scaliger, Isaac Casaubon. Par M. Charles Nisard - - - - - - - - - - 462

VI.—1. Chapters on Mental Physiology. By Henry Holland, M.D. London, 1852.

2. Principles of Human Physiology. By William B. Carpenter, M.D. Fourth Edition. London, 1853.

3. Researches in Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force. By Karl, Baron von Reichenbach, Ph.D. Translated by William Gregory, M.D. London, 1850.

ART. Page

4. Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism. By William Gregory, M.D. London, 1851.
5. On the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, with an Account of Mesmerism. By Herbert Mayo, M.D. Second Edition. London, 1851.
6. Neuryponology, or the Rationale of Nervous Sleep considered in relation with Animal Magnetism. By James Braid, M.R.C.S.E., &c. London, 1843.
7. The Mesmeric Mania of 1851, with a Physiological Explanation of the Phenomena produced. By John Hughes Bennett, M.D. Edinburgh, 1851.
8. What is Mesmerism? an attempt to explain its Phenomena on the admitted Principles of Physiological and Psychical Science. By Alexander Wood, M.D. Edinburgh, 1851.
9. Table-Turning and Table-Talking. London, 1853.
10. Table-Moving tested, and proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency. By Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L. London, 1853.
11. Table-Turning, the Devil's Modern Master-Piece; being the result of a course of experiments. By Rev. N. S. Godfrey. London, 1853.
12. Table-Talking; Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs: a Word for the Wise. By Rev. E. Gillson, M.A. London, 1853 . - - - - 501

VII.—Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter. From his Autobiography and Journals. Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Esq., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and late Professor of the English Language and Literature in University College, London - - - - - 538

THE

QUARTERLY REVI

ART. I.—1. *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France et de l'Etranger, publié sous les auspices du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.* Paris. 1846.

2. *Annuaire de l'Institut de France pour l'année* 1853. Paris. 1853.

3. *Discours prononcés dans la séance publique tenue par l'Académie Française pour la réception de M. le Comte de Montalembert, le 5 Février*, 1852.

4. *Notice Historique sur la Vie et les Travaux de M. Rossi.* Par M. Mignet, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. Paris. 1849.

5. *Comptes Rendus hebdomadaires des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences.* Par MM. les Secrétaires Perpétuels. Paris. 1835-1853.

IT was on the 25th of October, 1795, or, according to the calendar of that period, on the 3rd Brumaire, *an* IV., that the National Convention, the very day before it ceased to exist, created the Institute of France, in which it was proposed to resuscitate and combine in a single body the old Academies, which two years earlier the same Convention had abolished. The new society was divided into three classes; that of the physical and mathematical sciences, that of the moral and political sciences, and that of literature and the fine arts. These three classes were further subdivided into twenty-four sections,* which were intended to include every branch of secular knowledge from Mathematics down to Elocution. Each section was composed of twelve members, six residing in Paris, and six in the various provinces of France. The separate sections had special meetings for their own particular business, and once a month there was a general gathering of the whole Institute. Members were elected

* These twenty-four sections were as follows:—I. The first class was divided into ten sections: 1, mathematics; 2, mechanical arts; 3, astronomy; 4, experimental physics; 5, chemistry; 6, natural history and mineralogy; 7, botany and general physics; 8, anatomy and physiology; 9, medecine and surgery; 10, rural economy and veterinary art. II. The second class included: 1, analysis of sensations and ideas; 2, morality; 3, social science and legislation; 4, political economy; 5, history; 6, geography. III. The third class comprised: 1, grammar; 2, the languages of antiquity; 3, poetry; 4, antiquities and monuments; 5, painting; 6, sculpture; 7, architecture; 8, music and elocution.

by the entire body, and whilst a musician or a comedian decided on the merits of a botanist or a geometrician, the astronomers and veterinary surgeons assisted in their turn to select the best architect or the best poet. The arrangement betrays the influence of the political theories of a time when the intelligence of voters was less considered than their numbers, and when labourers and artizans were supposed to be competent to choose physicians and judges.

The extreme Republican party have often appealed to the creation of the Institute as an unanswerable proof of the solicitude felt by the government of 1793 for the progress of knowledge. To appreciate the justice of the pretension it is sufficient to remark that it was not the National Convention in the days of its dreadful power and sinister splendour—it was not the National Convention of Robespierre and Danton,—but the National Convention—sinking beneath the weight of its own unpopularity, and impelled by a death-bed repentance— which founded the Institute. It would be difficult to believe that a political assembly which listened to Marat and the butcher Legendre, which admired the style of Père Duchesne and sent André Chenier to the guillotine, could take much interest in literature; or that lovers of science could have shed the blood of Lavoisier after attempting to dishonour him, have massacred Bailly and forced Condorcet to commit suicide. No tinge of scholarship could have remained among legislators who, not content with having closed all the educational establishments, burned or pillaged the most valuable libraries and archives, and seriously asked for a collection of the Laws of Minos to assist them in framing a constitution.* The republic of 1793, that republic of which France is incessantly reminded by the self-called *pure* republican party, detested literature, learning, and science, and, in founding the Institute on the last day of its existence, the Convention only yielded to the outcry of the public, who reproached it with having suppressed, by a barbarous decree, the academies which had once shed such lustre on France.

* Here is a characteristic letter on this subject, the fac-simile of which will be found in the second volume of the *Isographie des Hommes Célèbres*, a collection well known in France:—

'7 Juin, 1793, l'an 2 de la Répub.

'Cher Concitoyen,—Chargé avec quatre de mes collègues de préparer pour Lundi un plan de Constitution, je vous prie en leur nom et au mien de nous procurer sur-le-champ les loix de Minos, qui doivent se trouver dans un recueil de loix Grecques; nous en avons un besoin urgent.

'HÉRAULT DE SÉCHELLES.

'Salut, amitié, fraternité au brave citoyen Déaulnays.'

It is well known that this Hérault de Séchelles was the principal compiler of what is called the *Constitution de l'An III.* He was of an old parliamentarian family, and was certainly one of the most educated members of the Convention.

The

The collection of laws by which the Institute was first regulated, with their subsequent modifications by the different governments which have succeeded in France since 1795, will be found in the *Annuaire de l'Institut de France pour l'année* 1853. In reading the *Annuaire*, it becomes evident at once that the Convention regarded the Institute merely as a literary and scientific machine, acting under the guidance of the ruling power, which was to dictate to the authors and *savants* of the period the course they were to follow in their investigations. The first and fundamental law of the Institute is expressed in a way which assimilates the mental pursuits of a learned society to the manual labour of a company of artizans who worked under the direction of a government agent: 'L'Institut National des Sciences et Arts est destiné.....à suivre, conformément aux lois et arrêtés du Directoire Exécutif, les travaux scientifiques et littéraires qui auront pour objet l'utilité générale et la gloire de la République.' The Republicans of the Convention have here assumed a tone of authority which Louis XIV. himself had refrained from using towards the old Academies. Though he has not the reputation of having allowed too much liberty to his subjects, he knew the value of the men whom he was addressing, and, instead of speaking to them as a master, he 'exhorted them to extend their researches to everything that may be useful and curious, in the various branches of mathematics, in the different processes of the arts, and in all that may relate to natural history or physics.'

In addition to the mischievous control proposed to be exercised by the Executive Directory, the Convention marred its project partly through ignorance—as when they allotted to the same section two sciences so distinct as botany and general physics—and partly by yielding to the prejudices of the time, as in the predominance which was given to practical agriculture. Whilst the Institute was annually to choose twenty persons to travel, at the expense of the State, for the purpose of collecting observations upon farming, it was decided that six would be sufficient to glean, in every part of the world, the facts which related to all other branches of knowledge, including geography. It is only too well known that at a period when, by the help of the *maximum*, the horrors of famine had spread over the whole of France, the Convention adopted a language of hypocritical sensibility, borrowed chiefly from agriculture and gardening, and which would sometimes have led a stranger who entered the chamber of the Committee of Public Safety to believe himself transported to happy Arcadia. There are those still living in Paris who remember Robespierre walking with a large bouquet of flowers in the garden of the Tuileries which had been planted with potatoes! Vegetables were then held in great honour, and were

introduced everywhere, even into the almanack. The French Republican Calendar, decreed at this period by the Convention, and which remained in use for several years, is a work to startle the wildest imagination. The duration of the month, the length of the week, the beginning of the year, are all changed; and in their stead we find an assemblage, at once ridiculous and revolting, of words imported from the Greek, and expressions transferred from the language of the kitchen. The days are divided into ten hours, and the hours into ten minutes. Every day of the year has a separate title, which is generally taken from the farm: one is called *carrot*, another *cabbage*, a third *ass*, a fourth *hog*, and thus through three hundred and sixty days,—the last five of this preposterous year being termed *sansculottides*, in honour of the *sansculottes*. Worse than this merely ridiculous nomenclature, the Convention shocked and insulted all sober feeling by its scandalous impiety, and called *Christmas-day* the *day of the* Dog! In the phraseology of its leaders, in its public festivals, and even in its fashions, the epoch presented an ignoble combination of classical pretension with rustic vulgarity. A cook could not buy her provisions without being forced to blunder through fragments of the learned languages, and the vocabulary of the markets was frequently, in exchange, introduced into the debates of the National Convention. It was by this body, and amidst these circumstances, that the Institute of France was raised out of the ruins of the ancient fabrics of literature, science, and art.

The government of the Directory succeeded to that of the Convention, and the vote relative to the establishment of the Institute was carried into execution under its auspices. Of a hundred and forty-four members of whom the Institute was to be composed, forty-eight were chosen by the Directory, and the other ninety-six were elected by the first forty-eight, whom the government had appointed. If political prejudices had been less strong, it would have been natural to admit into the Institute all the members of the old Academies who were still living in France; but though care was taken, on the contrary, to say or do nothing which could connect the newly-modelled republican body with the former monarchical establishment, yet the functionaries of the Institute were necessarily selected, to a great extent, from these experienced guides. Cuvier, in his *éloge* of Adanson, gives a touching picture of the first reunion after the terrible tempest which had dashed to pieces the vessel, and engulfed so many of the crew:—

'At the summons of the ruling power, and after four years of dispersion, those illustrious men left on all sides the obscurity of their retirement, and met together once more. The impression produced by that meeting can never be effaced—their tears of joy, their reciprocal and eager

eager questions regarding their misfortunes, their retreats, their occupations; their mournful recollections of numbers of their colleagues who had fallen beneath the axe of the executioner; and the pleasing emotion of those who, called for the first time to sit beside men whose genius they had long respected, now also learnt from this affecting sight to appreciate the qualities of their hearts!'

The celebrated characters who were thus again brought together had owed their safety during the Reign of Terror solely to the care which they had taken to court oblivion by concealment. The majority of them had passed the intervening space in misery and privation. The illustrious botanist Adanson, who has endowed science with so many novel and pregnant ideas, was reduced, for want of a lamp, to the necessity of working by the uncertain glimmer of his scanty fire. When summoned to take his place at the Institute, he replied to the invitation that he was unable to attend for want of a pair of shoes. Laplace had taken refuge in the house of a peasant in the country, and was dependent for his subsistence on the price of a gold medal which he had received from a foreign Academy. Indeed, such had been his poverty that for a long while he could not afford to purchase a broom. Lagrange, one of the greatest of mathematicians, was threatened with arrest as a suspected person, and only escaped through a powerful friend who procured a decree from the Committee of Public Safety commanding him to make calculations on a subject which was then of primary importance, the theory of *projectiles*. The Abbé Hauy, the founder of Crystallography, had been thrown into prison, and was strangely saved in some moment of merciful caprice through the casual remark of a citizen that it was 'better to spare a recusant priest than to put a peaceable student to death.' Lalande, equally famous as an astronomer and a scholar, was reduced to the necessity of standing with a telescope in the evening on the *Pont Neuf*, to show the moon to the persons in the street; and he was probably indebted even for his life to that impiety and cynicism which harmonized well with the ideas of the time. At evening parties he never failed to produce a box of spiders and caterpillars, which he ate like sweetmeats as he talked. If he met a person, whether man or woman, whose conversation pleased him, he invariably requested permission to inscribe their names in his Supplement to Sylvain Maréchal's *Dictionnaire des Athées*, which had been originally undertaken at his own suggestion, and in which, upon all sorts of paradoxical pretences, they had inserted such champions of Christianity as St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, Pascal, Bossuet, and Fénélon. A verse of Delille on humming birds, which commenced with the words, '*Et des dieux s'il en est*,' having appeared

appeared in a journal, Lalande added the poet to his list, and hastened to inform him of his canonization. It proved that *s'il en est* was a misprint for *s'ils en ont*, and Delille retorted: 'You are a fool to see in my verses what I never wrote, and not to see in the heavens what is visible to all the world.' Lalande had the daring, nevertheless, to affirm in his Supplement 'that he was prouder of his progress in atheism than of his progress in astronomy;' nor did his insults to religion prevent him from proclaiming that he believed himself possessed of all the virtues of humanity. 'From these virtues,' said a wit, 'it is at least necessary to except humility.'

The learned Benedictines, whose immense labours had thrown a flood of light upon the ecclesiastical and literary history of France, were too much discredited by their profession and piety to be admitted into the Institute, but it comprised from the very commencement so many men of confirmed or rising reputation that it won the public esteem. The mathematical and physical sciences were the richest in representatives of a first-rate order. The dignity inherent in the new body was increased by the inheritance of glory bequeathed them by the old Academies; for, wiser than the government which founded it, the Institute was eager to trace back its pedigree to its honoured predecessors. The efforts it made with this view were manifested in a thousand ways, and particularly by the care it took to complete, as far as possible, the publication of the memoirs of the ancestral societies. The links by which it had striven to connect itself with the past became stronger still when, under Louis XVIII., the different classes resumed their ancient names.

The Academies which preceded the Institute, and from which it now boasts to descend, were four in number. The oldest in date, the *Académie Française*, was founded in 1635, during the reign of Louis XIII., by Cardinal Richelieu, who filled it with his creatures, and who wished to use it to establish his pretended literary superiority over the great Corneille. The *Annuaire des Societés Savantes* gives the following curious account of its origin:—

'The French Academy was founded the first among those which now compose the Institute; it dates from the first half of the seventeenth century. Cardinal Richelieu, having learned that several literary men met on stated days at the house of Conrart, a Protestant who was mixed up in all the politics of the time, to discuss various subjects and communicate their works to one another, he became suspicious of the society. He wished to belong to it, and long and earnestly requested to be admitted a member. All powerful though he was, he was refused. Fearing to brave but resolved to conquer them, he determined to constitute them a royal society. Against this they struggled for

for two years, and, either from connivance with the men of letters, all of whom were influential persons, or from jealousy at the establishment of a new power which might become a rival to themselves, the Parliament declined to register the patent. At length, in 1636, they were obliged to yield. The new society was charged with the duty of perfecting the language, and thence received the name of the *Académie Française.* The Cardinal declared himself its head, under the title of Protector. After Chancellor Séguier, who succeeded Cardinal Richelieu, Louis XIV. took himself the title of Protector, which has been borne ever since by the Kings of France.'

The Parliament bore no good will to Richelieu for encroaching on their political prerogatives, and, when the weighty question of the Academy was referred to them, a member said that it reminded him of the satire of Juvenal where the senate, after ceasing to bear its part in public affairs, was consulted about the dish for a turbot.

The new society fulfilled their instructions by engaging in the compilation of a Dictionary which was designed to be the standard of language for the nation. It did not appear till 1694, and Garrick complimented Johnson on having effected in seven years what it cost forty Frenchmen half a century to accomplish. In truth, their very number was the principal cause of the delay, for, instead of a division of labour, they endeavoured to carry on the work in committee. 'They have all,' said Furetière, 'the art of making long orations on a trifle. They can hardly get over a couple of lines without long digressions, without telling an anecdote, or talking of the news of the day.' 'Every one,' said Boisrobert, 'promises great things; when they meet they do nothing. They have been *six years* employed on the letter *F*, and I should be happy if I were certain of living till they get through *G*.' Colbert, at a loss to understand how the time could be spent, attended a sitting. The word under discussion was *ami*, and there was such a controversy to determine what was meant by a *friend* that the great minister was thenceforth satisfied that it was vain to be impatient. The language, moreover, was in a transition state. Before *Z* was completed *A* had grown antiquated, and the entire road had to be traversed anew.

In 1658 the ex-queen of Sweden, Christina, paid a visit to the Academy, after having just enacted at Fontainebleau the fearful tragedy of the murder of Monaldeschi, her Master of the Horse. The murder excited general indignation, and the Academicians, in receiving the Queen, had the spirit to rebuke her. They invited her to hear a specimen of their Dictionary, and read the word *jeu*, under which occurred the proverbial phrase, '*Game of princes, which only pleases the player,* to

to express the malignant violence of a person in power.' The Queen immediately understood the application, and endeavoured to smile, but the smile was as ghastly as the game of princes she had played. The French Academy were content to confine their satire to their hall of assembly, but it is singular how prone lexicographers have been to make their dictionaries the vehicle of their prejudices or their wrongs. Dr. Johnson's definitions of *Whig*, *pension*, *pensioner*, *oats*, and *excise* are familiar to all the world. A more curious, and less known instance, occurs in the once popular French Dictionary of Richelet, who thus exemplifies the word *escroquer*—'The son of François Herrard de Vitri swindled (*escroqué*) M. Richelet of ten Louisdores, and that scoundrel, instead of retrieving the misconduct of his son by restoring what he had basely swindled (*escroqué*), had the insolence to approve what he had done, and in a foolish note to thank M. Richelet for his generosity.'

When the labours of the Academy at last appeared they disappointed expectation. The philological portion was extremely meagre, no quotations were given from standard authors, and the meanings of words were exclusively illustrated by familiar phrases constructed for the occasion. Repeated revisions have done little to remove these radical defects, and, though a useful work for ordinary purposes, we must look forward to the *historical* dictionary of the language, upon which the forty are at present engaged, for anything like a monument worthy of their great names and long reputation.

The *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* was founded in 1663. In the introduction to the first volume of their Memoirs, which was published in 1717, it is stated that Louis XIV., perceiving that 'France had not yet been sufficiently careful to leave to posterity a just idea of her (by which he meant *his*) greatness, and that the most brilliant actions ran a risk of being forgotten because they were not perpetuated on marble or in bronze, he deemed it for the advantage of the nation to establish an Academy which should devote itself to devising inscriptions, mottoes, and medals.' An enormous volume, entitled *Médailles relatives aux Principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis le Grand*, contains engravings and descriptions of three hundred and eighteen medals commemorative of the reign of this magnificent prince. The new Academy, who were destined to transmit his glory to posterity, consisted at first of only four persons, who were selected from among the members of the *Académie Française*. Louis XIV. called them 'his little academy,' and their occupations deserved no higher appellation. Besides their primary duty of devising medals they were to describe

scribe the King's *fêtes*, select designs for his tapestries, and, what was still more strange, assist Quinault in the composition of his operas,—to choose the subjects, arrange the scenes, and compose the *divertissements*, or, in other words, the *ballets!* It is evident that it was not at the outset an erudite society, nor were the duties exactly worthy of the genius of Boileau and Racine, who were among its earlier members. The Academy was reconstructed in 1701, and out of a frivolous committee of taste, whose aim was to feed the vanity or minister to the pleasures of Louis XIV. by the most hyperbolical designs, and the most arrogant inscriptions, there arose a body which has never been surpassed for the accuracy, the solidity, and the extent of its researches. Before the Revolution it had already published forty-six quarto volumes full of important dissertations on all the branches of history and scholarship; and Gibbon, who constantly quotes the collection, pays it the compliment of saying that no work had been of greater service to him in his labours. The seventeenth century, which produced Descartes, Pascal, and Fermat in philosophy, and Corneille, Molière, Racine, Boileau, Bossuet, and Fénélon in literature, had also given birth to several prodigies of learning. Everybody knows by name, and every scholar by its use, the admirable glossary of Ducange, which is not merely a dictionary of the barbarous Latin of the middle ages, but contains the most enormous collection of facts on the early history of modern Europe which was ever perhaps brought together by a single man. A learned cotemporary observed that what astonished him most was that Ducange had spent only thirty years upon the work. What he had done for modern Latin he next accomplished for the later Greek, and he was one of the editors of the series of Byzantine historians, which consists, with its supplements, of upwards of fifty folio volumes. The Benedictine monks, combining their labours, published their celebrated editions of the fathers, and could boast the names of Montfaucon and Mabillon, whose prodigious works on antiquity, on the monuments of the French monarchy, in short, on every branch of chronological and archæological learning, have never been surpassed in indefatigable diligence and scrupulous accuracy. Never was there a completer contrast than between the patient concentration of these earnest scholars, and the hasty, discursive sciolism of our superficial age.

The *Académie de Peinture*, founded in 1648, never played an important part under the monarchy; but it was far otherwise with the old *Académie des Sciences*, which, established in 1666, and remodelled in 1699, soon outstripped the rest in European reputation. Though the *Académie Française* could boast the names

names of Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, Fénélon, and Voltaire, their works did not proceed from the body to which they belonged, whereas the *Académie des Sciences* was the vehicle for communicating the researches of its members to the world, and shone with the lustre of the numerous rays of which it thus became the focus. Nor did it stop at the ornaments of France, but enhanced and extended its fame by adopting such men as Peter the Great, Sir Isaac Newton, Leibnitz, Boerhaave, Linnæus, and a host of others who were scarcely less distinguished. Louis XIV., who wished for panegyrists everywhere, did not diminish the favour with which the Academy was regarded abroad by bestowing pensions on a certain number of foreign *savants*. The abstruse pursuits of these philosophers became even popular as well as celebrated through the *éloges* of Fontenelle, who for many years was the Secretary of the Academy, and succeeded in interesting a prodigious number of readers in the lives and labours of his colleagues. The ignorant, said Voltaire, understood, and the learned admired him. As a mathematician and man of science he did not belong to the highest rank, and he playfully alluded to the circumstance when he said, on presenting his *Géométrie de l'Infini* to the Regent Orleans, 'There, Sir, is a book that only eight men in Europe can understand, and the author is not one of the eight.' As a writer, again, he has never been classed among the rarest masters of language and style, but in the combination of author and natural philosopher he may challenge comparison with any name in the world. His *éloges*, free from the usual extravagance of panegyrics, and the tawdry commonplaces of pretentious declamation, are remarkable for their liveliness, simplicity, and elegance; and unite, in admirable proportions, biographic details with scientific exposition. In describing his colleagues he set forth their qualities both of heart and intellect, and taught the public to love alike the philosophy and the philosophers.

Such were the separate Academies which formed the basis of the new National Institute. In that period of change and violence the tyrant of to-day was the slave or victim of to-morrow, and another master was now rapidly ascending the steps of a throne from which so many aspirants had been precipitated in turn. Notwithstanding the eagerness with which the Institute had opened its doors to General Buonaparte by electing him, on the 25th of December, 1797, a member of the section of Mechanics, he quickly employed his power to dismember the society to which he had the honour to belong. As the whole course of his government proved, he dreaded free discussion, and had no toleration for any intellectual pursuit which might end in sapping the

the sandy foundations of despotism. The lengths to which he would fain have carried his censorship may be judged by an apostrophe he addressed to M. Suard. 'Your Tacitus,' he exclaimed, 'was only a declaimer and an impostor who calumniated Nero,—yes, I say, *calumniated*, because Nero, after all, was regretted by the people. What a misfortune for princes to have such historians.' 'That may be true,' replied M. Suard, 'but what a misfortune for the people if there were not such historians to restrain and terrify bad princes.' The aversion which he felt for the historians of the past was infinitely stronger for the speculators on the present, whom he contemptuously called *idéologues*. Two or three years, accordingly, after he became First Consul, he suppressed the class of moral and political philosophy. The Institute was then arranged in four divisions: viz., Mathematical and Physical Sciences; French Language and Literature; Ancient History and Literature; and the Fine Arts. The number of members was altered, entire sections disappeared, others were called into being, the links which connected the different classes were loosened, and, what was the most important change of all, the elections, which had hitherto been perfectly free, were declared invalid until they had received the approbation of the government.

The sequel corresponded with the commencement, and under the Empire the Institute remained in complete subjection. Napoleon protected mathematics and physics because he knew that those who cultivated them cared little for politics, and generally submitted to any government which gave them pensions and titles. Neither was he indifferent to the advantages which might accrue to his most cherished science—the art of war—and the professional motive was aided by his personal regard for members like Monge, Berthollet, Fourier, Laplace, and Lagrange, some of whom had accompanied him to Egypt, and for whom he retained a strong regard. He equally encouraged the arts, because he was well aware that the splendid monuments of architecture, sculpture, and painting were so far from provoking inconvenient discussions that they served, on the contrary, to amuse the people and dazzle their imaginations. But as for the literature of the Empire, which only permitted panegyrics, nothing could be poorer, and it would have profited more by a little liberty than by all the tinsel with which Napoleon decked his flatterers. Not only was the censorship exercised over books and newspapers, but it was also applied to the oration which every member of the class of French Language and Literature pronounced in public on the day of his admission. On account of a few words which he had introduced into

into his speech, and which he refused to modify, Chateaubriand was virtually prevented from taking his seat at the Institute during the imperial rule.

With his constant desire to gain renown and produce effect, Napoleon established decennial prizes, which gave rise in 1808 to a series of interesting reports by the different classes of the Institute on the progress of all the branches of human knowledge since 1789. It is said that the Emperor had expressed a wish that the labours of the entire civilized world should be included in the review; but, on looking through the collection, it is evident that the writers clearly understood that France must occupy the first place. This was the patriotism which best pleased Napoleon, and, what was no less gratifying, they joined to the flattery of the nation a fulsome and undignified adulation of its head, which became so much the vogue that the greatest men did not scruple to employ it. It is painful to find the illustrious Cuvier himself, in his Report on the progress of Natural History, addressing the Emperor in such terms as these: 'A word from your Majesty can create a work which will as far surpass that of Aristotle by the extent of the subjects which it will embrace, as your actions exceed in splendour those of the Macedonian conqueror.' The same tone is everywhere apparent. It is Napoleon that is to direct and inspire discoveries, and the *one* word of his Majesty goes for more than the genius and achievements of the discoverers.

At the restoration the Institute was again re-organized. The four old Academies resumed their names, and some members were excluded who had been among the bitterest enemies of the house of Bourbon. This was an encroachment upon the liberties of the society; but the men who thought it proper that the Directory in forming the Institute should summon only a portion of the old Academicians—the men who silently submitted to the violent suppression by Napoleon of a whole department of science, could not complain that Louis XVIII. should erase the names of politicians who had both voted for the execution of Louis XVI. and assisted in the revolution which brought Napoleon from Elba to Paris. Gradually, however, this distrust ceased, and, after a few attempts at resistance, the government no longer opposed the election of persons who had formerly figured in the hostile ranks. Under Louis Philippe the Institute enjoyed, if not an unlimited, at least an ample freedom, and during the ministry of M. Guizot the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, whose very existence had been intolerable to Napoleon, was once more re-established. The same liberty of speech and action has been far from continuing down to the present time. Some of

of the members were expelled during the late republic, and M. Fortoul, who was the Minister of Public Instruction, prohibited the Academy from proposing last year for one of its annual prizes the 'History of Parliamentary Eloquence in England.' The Academy which might bow with a semblance of self-respect to the genius and power of the first Napoleon could not consent to take its orders from the mouth of M. Fortoul, and as it refused to provide a second subject there was no award. Apparently the Minister was of opinion that the history of parliamentary eloquence in England would not be conducive to 'the glory of France,' which is what the Institute is charged by the terms of its foundation to promote.

After all its remodellings the Institute is now composed of five Academies, which, in the official *Annuaire*, are arranged in the following order: the *Académie Française*, the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, the *Académie des Sciences*, the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, and the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The meetings are held at the Palais Mazarin, a large building on the banks of the Seine, which, with its fine library, was founded by the Cardinal two centuries ago for the benefit of the public. The administration of the Institute is tolerably uniform. Besides agents to regulate its general affairs each Academy has its *bureau*, composed of a president or director,* a vice-president elected by the members for a fixed period, and of one or more perpetual secretaries, who are appointed for life. These bureaux are the managers for their respective societies—especially the perpetual secretaries, who enjoy an unusual amount of consideration and influence. They receive five times the salary of the ordinary members,† and, apart from their office, are generally among the most distinguished personages and best writers of their time.

Although the *Académie des Sciences* has the highest reputation abroad, it is the *Académie Française* which in France—that is, in Paris—excites the greatest interest. The forty members of whom it is composed are not only the most popular authors of the day —they are not only the men who, in poetry or prose, in the public journals, or from the professor's chair, have the ear of the largest number of persons—but they are also the men who, for

* In the *Académie Française* the President takes the title of Director, and the Vice-President that of Chancellor.

† The salary of a perpetual Secretary is 6000 francs, or 240*l.* per annum. Every titular member of the Institute receives an annual sum of 1200 francs, or 48*l.*, besides a *droit de présence*, which averages five francs a sitting, that is, about 300 francs a-year. At the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Inscriptions*, there are also increased allowances made to the members of the commissions to which the government has intrusted the direction of particular works, such as the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, &c.

thirty

thirty years, have taken the most prominent part in political affairs, and who have been conspicuous actors in the critical moments which have decided the fate of the country. Indeed, power of speech has become one of the chief qualifications for admission, and, accordingly, every orator who has played a distinguished part in politics is eager to obtain such a testimonial to his success as is implied in his adoption by the Academy. But, since vacancies are not of frequent occurrence, it often happens that, at one election, there are several candidates with conflicting claims—as authors, orators, prose writers or poets,—who obtain the suffrages of different fractions of the assembly. When the rival aspirants are men who have been much before the world, a contest becomes, particularly towards the close, a matter of intense excitement to a large portion of Parisian society. Drawing-rooms are in commotion; fashionable ladies pen dozens of beseeching billets; newspapers write up their editors or allies; the friends of the competitors move heaven and earth; even ministers of State exert their authority, and for several days everybody who reads, writes, or thinks is engaged in canvassing. When the election is over, the interest is diverted to another point. The successful member is required—as indeed was the custom in all times—to read, at a public sitting, an *éloge* of the academician he succeeds, and the president in return sets forth the merits of their new associate. These *receptions*, as they are called, are generally thronged by all the fashion of Paris. Splendid equipages crowd the avenues to the Institute; the hall is filled to overflowing, and it is a common sight to see ladies of the highest rank and in their richest attire battling with one another for seats several hours before the proceedings commence. Curiosity, which with them is the most powerful of passions, not only overcomes their natural politeness, but even their care for their dress. At length a roll of drums is heard; the soldiers (for nothing can be done in France without soldiers) present arms, and the Academicians enter the semicircular space reserved for their use. On a signal from the president, the new member rises amid the profoundest silence, and delivers an oration which often ranks among the masterpieces of French eloquence, and which the president strives to emulate by as brilliant a reply.

If the *reception* always passed in this routine manner, the excessive eagerness to be present would no longer exist. But it is generally known beforehand that the speakers will seize the opportunity to treat directly or indirectly on the great subjects of the day. Sometimes it is literary, sometimes religious and political systems, which are brought into collision. The discussion, if we may so call it, though sometimes animated for a prepared and intercommunicated dialogue, is always courteous

and

and complimentary, for the *Académie Française* prides itself as much on maintaining the old traditions of urbanity as in preserving the strictest purity of language. A good example of these intellectual duels, in which there is the report and the flash of the pistol, without the ball, occurred not long since on the admission of the Count de Montalembert, who for many years has been the champion of the ultra-Catholic party in France, and whose constant aim has been to ruin the University for the benefit of the Jesuits. His predecessor, M. Droz, a writer of considerable merit, had passed through all the phases of political opinion, commencing with an admiration for revolutions, and ending with thorough monarchical and conservative principles. The occasion afforded M. de Montalembert a pretext for touching upon all the questions of Church and State which he has most at heart, and deciding them according to the exclusive notions of his party. On that day it happened that the president of the Academy was a man who presented in everything the most complete contrast to M. de Montalembert,—a Protestant was confronted with an ultra-Catholic, and the former Grand Master of the University with its deadliest opponent. Without in the slightest degree infringing the laws of courtesy, and while manifesting the utmost personal goodwill towards his antagonist, M. Guizot firmly maintained in his answer the principles of which he has been the earnest supporter through life. 'You know, sir,' he began, 'that it was said by our Lord Jesus Christ, *In my Father's house are many mansions*;' and starting from this point he demonstrated to M. de Montalembert that his impetuous zeal was but little in harmony with the cause of Christianity. Nothing could be more attractive at the moment than the dignified debate. To the somewhat monkish countenance and rather unctuous oratory of M. de Montalembert, oppose the severe profile and commanding eloquence of M. Guizot; imagine the champions in the presence of a numerous and enthusiastic audience, consisting of the warmest partizans of their several systems, and of all the most distinguished politicians who had spent their lives in kindling and directing the passions of their fellow-citizens; imagine this at a time when liberty of speech was suspended, when the press was gagged, when parliamentary discussion was at an end—and it is easy to conceive what expectation was excited by these speeches, and what a frenzy of applause accompanied their delivery. So great was the effect that the French government would allow them to be published in the newspapers only in a mutilated form. In the official edition which was printed for the Institute they may be read in their integrity.

It is not only on the *reception* of a new member that the *Académie*

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Académie Française comes into direct communication with the public. Every year there is a solemn meeting at which prizes are bestowed upon those who have produced upon given subjects the best works in prose or verse. At the same time there is another distribution of a less usual kind, that of the *prizes of virtue*. They were instituted by M. de Montyon, a celebrated French philanthropist, who, in 1782, entrusted various sums to the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Sciences*, to be annually conferred upon persons who had either distinguished themselves by worthy actions, or had published books or inventions of a useful character. When the Convention swept away the prizes of virtue, and were doing their utmost to eradicate the thing, M. de Montyon emigrated to England. He had retained possession of his immense fortune, and on his return to France in 1816 he renewed and augmented his gift. He bequeathed a further endowment at his death, which took place in 1820, and the two academies are now the dispensers of a considerable income. *Virtue prizes* are said to be of Chinese origin; but whatever effects they may have produced at the other end of the world, it may well be doubted whether it is expedient with us to make money the representative sign of those duties, which are denominated virtuous precisely because they are thought to be thoroughly disinterested. Add to which there is the difficulty of estimating the moral purity of an action, and the still greater difficulty of pronouncing upon the relative merits of the deeds of rival competitors, and of ticketing each with its proper market price.* The Academy, who are the appraisers, will estimate, for instance, at 3000 francs, the virtue of a fireman who has rushed into the flames to save the life of a child, and at only 500 francs the virtue of a servant who, for thirty years, has affectionately tended on a poor and helpless master. As might be expected, when the object is public effect, the heroism which is momentary, ostentatious, and dramatic, usually fetches far higher sums than the heroism of prolonged and obscure self-denial. But let us for a moment admit the wisdom of the proceeding, and enter the hall in which the prizes are distributed.

The President of the Academy, surrounded by the members of the Institute, and a numerous auditory, delivers a speech in which the heroes of the day are portrayed generally in a pompous style. After having exhausted all the flowers of rhetoric, and all the

* In some parts of the continent prizes are given for cleanliness, and when the candidates are numerous the judges must be embarrassed to decide who has the whitest skin and clothes. A M. Plée, in a recently published little work entitled *Manuel Elémentaire d'Hygiène*, expresses his belief that these rewards will be shortly abolished, because everybody will be convinced of the necessity of frequent washing both for their persons and linen. It will be long enough before the prizes for virtue are abandoned on similar grounds.

wealth

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France et de l'Etranger, publié sous les auspices du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.* Paris. 1846.

2. *Annuaire de l'Institut de France pour l'année* 1853. Paris. 1853.

3. *Discours prononcés dans la séance publique tenue par l'Académie Française pour la réception de M. le Comte de Montalembert, le 5 Février*, 1852.

4. *Notice Historique sur la Vie et les Travaux de M. Rossi.* Par M. Mignet, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. Paris. 1849.

5. *Comptes Rendus hebdomadaires des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences.* Par MM. les Secrétaires Perpétuels. Paris. 1835-1853.

IT was on the 25th of October, 1795, or, according to the calendar of that period, on the 3rd Brumaire, *an* IV., that the National Convention, the very day before it ceased to exist, created the Institute of France, in which it was proposed to resuscitate and combine in a single body the old Academies, which two years earlier the same Convention had abolished. The new society was divided into three classes; that of the physical and mathematical sciences, that of the moral and political sciences, and that of literature and the fine arts. These three classes were further subdivided into twenty-four sections,* which were intended to include every branch of secular knowledge from Mathematics down to Elocution. Each section was composed of twelve members, six residing in Paris, and six in the various provinces of France. The separate sections had special meetings for their own particular business, and once a month there was a general gathering of the whole Institute. Members were elected

* These twenty-four sections were as follows:—I. The first class was divided into ten sections: 1, mathematics; 2, mechanical arts; 3, astronomy; 4, experimental physics; 5, chemistry; 6, natural history and mineralogy; 7, botany and general physics; 8, anatomy and physiology; 9, medecine and surgery; 10, rural economy and veterinary art. II. The second class included: 1, analysis of sensations and ideas; 2, morality; 3, social science and legislation; 4, political economy; 5, history; 6, geography. III. The third class comprised: 1, grammar; 2, the languages of antiquity; 3, poetry; 4, antiquities and monuments; 5, painting; 6, sculpture; 7, architecture; 8, music and elocution.

by the entire body, and whilst a musician or a comedian decided on the merits of a botanist or a geometrician, the astronomers and veterinary surgeons assisted in their turn to select the best architect or the best poet. The arrangement betrays the influence of the political theories of a time when the intelligence of voters was less considered than their numbers, and when labourers and artizans were supposed to be competent to choose physicians and judges.

The extreme Republican party have often appealed to the creation of the Institute as an unanswerable proof of the solicitude felt by the government of 1793 for the progress of knowledge. To appreciate the justice of the pretension it is sufficient to remark that it was not the National Convention in the days of its dreadful power and sinister splendour—it was not the National Convention of Robespierre and Danton,—but the National Convention—sinking beneath the weight of its own unpopularity, and impelled by a death-bed repentance—which founded the Institute. It would be difficult to believe that a political assembly which listened to Marat and the butcher Legendre, which admired the style of Père Duchesne and sent André Chenier to the guillotine, could take much interest in literature; or that lovers of science could have shed the blood of Lavoisier after attempting to dishonour him, have massacred Bailly and forced Condorcet to commit suicide. No tinge of scholarship could have remained among legislators who, not content with having closed all the educational establishments, burned or pillaged the most valuable libraries and archives, and seriously asked for a collection of the Laws of Minos to assist them in framing a constitution.* The republic of 1793, that republic of which France is incessantly reminded by the self-called *pure* republican party, detested literature, learning, and science, and, in founding the Institute on the last day of its existence, the Convention only yielded to the outcry of the public, who reproached it with having suppressed, by a barbarous decree, the académies which had once shed such lustre on France.

* Here is a characteristic letter on this subject, the fac-simile of which will be found in the second volume of the *Isographie des Hommes Célèbres*, a collection well known in France:—

'7 Juin, 1793, l'an 2 de la Répub.

'Cher Concitoyen,—Chargé avec quatre de mes collègues de préparer pour Lundi un plan de Constitution, je vous prie en leur nom et au mien de nous procurer sur-le-champ les loix de Minos, qui doivent se trouver dans un recueil de loix Grecques; nous en avons un besoin urgent.

'HÉRAULT DE SÉCHELLES.

'Salut, amitié, fraternité au brave citoyen Desaulnays.'

It is well known that this Hérault de Séchelles was the principal compiler of what is called the *Constitution de l'An III.* He was of an old parliamentarian family, and was certainly one of the most educated members of the Convention.

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The collection of laws by which the Institute was first regulated, with their subsequent modifications by the different governments which have succeeded in France since 1795, will be found in the *Annuaire de l'Institut de France pour l'année* 1853. In reading the *Annuaire*, it becomes evident at once that the Convention regarded the Institute merely as a literary and scientific machine, acting under the guidance of the ruling power, which was to dictate to the authors and *savants* of the period the course they were to follow in their investigations. The first and fundamental law of the Institute is expressed in a way which assimilates the mental pursuits of a learned society to the manual labour of a company of artizans who worked under the direction of a government agent: 'L'Institut National des Sciences et Arts est destiné.....à suivre, conformément aux lois et arrêtés du Directoire Exécutif, les travaux scientifiques et littéraires qui auront pour objet l'utilité générale et la gloire de la République.' The Republicans of the Convention have here assumed a tone of authority which Louis XIV. himself had refrained from using towards the old Academies. Though he has not the reputation of having allowed too much liberty to his subjects, he knew the value of the men whom he was addressing, and, instead of speaking to them as a master, he 'exhorted them to extend their researches to everything that may be useful and curious, in the various branches of mathematics, in the different processes of the arts, and in all that may relate to natural history or physics.'

In addition to the mischievous control proposed to be exercised by the Executive Directory, the Convention marred its project partly through ignorance—as when they allotted to the same section two sciences so distinct as botany and general physics—and partly by yielding to the prejudices of the time, as in the predominance which was given to practical agriculture. Whilst the Institute was annually to choose twenty persons to travel, at the expense of the State, for the purpose of collecting observations upon farming, it was decided that six would be sufficient to glean, in every part of the world, the facts which related to all other branches of knowledge, including geography. It is only too well known that at a period when, by the help of the *maximum*, the horrors of famine had spread over the whole of France, the Convention adopted a language of hypocritical sensibility, borrowed chiefly from agriculture and gardening, and which would sometimes have led a stranger who entered the chamber of the Committee of Public Safety to believe himself transported to happy Arcadia. There are those still living in Paris who remember Robespierre walking with a large bouquet of flowers in the garden of the Tuileries which had been planted with potatoes! Vegetables were then held in great honour, and were

introduced everywhere, even into the almanack. The French Republican Calendar, decreed at this period by the Convention, and which remained in use for several years, is a work to startle the wildest imagination. The duration of the month, the length of the week, the beginning of the year, are all changed; and in their stead we find an assemblage, at once ridiculous and revolting, of words imported from the Greek, and expressions transferred from the language of the kitchen. The days are divided into ten hours, and the hours into ten minutes. Every day of the year has a separate title, which is generally taken from the farm: one is called *carrot*, another *cabbage*, a third *ass*, a fourth *hog*, and thus through three hundred and sixty days,—the last five of this preposterous year being termed *sansculottides*, in honour of the *sansculottes*. Worse than this merely ridiculous nomenclature, the Convention shocked and insulted all sober feeling by its scandalous impiety, and called *Christmas-day* the *day of the* Dog! In the phraseology of its leaders, in its public festivals, and even in its fashions, the epoch presented an ignoble combination of classical pretension with rustic vulgarity. A cook could not buy her provisions without being forced to blunder through fragments of the learned languages, and the vocabulary of the markets was frequently, in exchange, introduced into the debates of the National Convention. It was by this body, and amidst these circumstances, that the Institute of France was raised out of the ruins of the ancient fabrics of literature, science, and art.

The government of the Directory succeeded to that of the Convention, and the vote relative to the establishment of the Institute was carried into execution under its auspices. Of a hundred and forty-four members of whom the Institute was to be composed, forty-eight were chosen by the Directory, and the other ninety-six were elected by the first forty-eight, whom the government had appointed. If political prejudices had been less strong, it would have been natural to admit into the Institute all the members of the old Academies who were still living in France; but though care was taken, on the contrary, to say or do nothing which could connect the newly-modelled republican body with the former monarchical establishment, yet the functionaries of the Institute were necessarily selected, to a great extent, from these experienced guides. Cuvier, in his *éloge* of Adanson, gives a touching picture of the first reunion after the terrible tempest which had dashed to pieces the vessel, and engulfed so many of the crew:—

'At the summons of the ruling power, and after four years of dispersion, those illustrious men left on all sides the obscurity of their retirement, and met together once more. The impression produced by that meeting can never be effaced—their tears of joy, their reciprocal and

eager questions regarding their misfortunes, their retreats, their occupations; their mournful recollections of numbers of their colleagues who had fallen beneath the axe of the executioner; and the pleasing emotion of those who, called for the first time to sit beside men whose genius they had long respected, now also learnt from this affecting sight to appreciate the qualities of their hearts!'

The celebrated characters who were thus again brought together had owed their safety during the Reign of Terror solely to the care which they had taken to court oblivion by concealment. The majority of them had passed the intervening space in misery and privation. The illustrious botanist Adanson, who has endowed science with so many novel and pregnant ideas, was reduced, for want of a lamp, to the necessity of working by the uncertain glimmer of his scanty fire. When summoned to take his place at the Institute, he replied to the invitation that he was unable to attend for want of a pair of shoes. Laplace had taken refuge in the house of a peasant in the country, and was dependent for his subsistence on the price of a gold medal which he had received from a foreign Academy. Indeed, such had been his poverty that for a long while he could not afford to purchase a broom. Lagrange, one of the greatest of mathematicians, was threatened with arrest as a suspected person, and only escaped through a powerful friend who procured a decree from the Committee of Public Safety commanding him to make calculations on a subject which was then of primary importance, the theory of *projectiles*. The Abbé Hauy, the founder of Crystallography, had been thrown into prison, and was strangely saved in some moment of merciful caprice through the casual remark of a citizen that it was 'better to spare a recusant priest than to put a peaceable student to death.' Lalande, equally famous as an astronomer and a scholar, was reduced to the necessity of standing with a telescope in the evening on the *Pont Neuf*, to show the moon to the persons in the street; and he was probably indebted even for his life to that impiety and cynicism which harmonized well with the ideas of the time. At evening parties he never failed to produce a box of spiders and caterpillars, which he ate like sweetmeats as he talked. If he met a person, whether man or woman, whose conversation pleased him, he invariably requested permission to inscribe their names in his Supplement to Sylvain Maréchal's *Dictionnaire des Athées*, which had been originally undertaken at his own suggestion, and in which, upon all sorts of paradoxical pretences, they had inserted such champions of Christianity as St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, Pascal, Bossuet, and Fénélon. A verse of Delille on humming birds, which commenced with the words, '*Et des dieux s'il en est*,' having appeared

appeared in a journal, Lalande added the poet to his list, and hastened to inform him of his canonization. It proved that *s'il en est* was a misprint for *s'ils en ont*, and Delille retorted: 'You are a fool to see in my verses what I never wrote, and not to see in the heavens what is visible to all the world.' Lalande had the daring, nevertheless, to affirm in his Supplement 'that he was prouder of his progress in atheism than of his progress in astronomy;' nor did his insults to religion prevent him from proclaiming that he believed himself possessed of all the virtues of humanity. 'From these virtues,' said a wit, 'it is at least necessary to except humility.'

The learned Benedictines, whose immense labours had thrown a flood of light upon the ecclesiastical and literary history of France, were too much discredited by their profession and piety to be admitted into the Institute, but it comprised from the very commencement so many men of confirmed or rising reputation that it won the public esteem. The mathematical and physical sciences were the richest in representatives of a first-rate order. The dignity inherent in the new body was increased by the inheritance of glory bequeathed them by the old Academies; for, wiser than the government which founded it, the Institute was eager to trace back its pedigree to its honoured predecessors. The efforts it made with this view were manifested in a thousand ways, and particularly by the care it took to complete, as far as possible, the publication of the memoirs of the ancestral societies. The links by which it had striven to connect itself with the past became stronger still when, under Louis XVIII., the different classes resumed their ancient names.

The Academies which preceded the Institute, and from which it now boasts to descend, were four in number. The oldest in date, the *Académie Française*, was founded in 1635, during the reign of Louis XIII., by Cardinal Richelieu, who filled it with his creatures, and who wished to use it to establish his pretended literary superiority over the great Corneille. The *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes* gives the following curious account of its origin:—

'The French Academy was founded the first among those which now compose the Institute; it dates from the first half of the seventeenth century. Cardinal Richelieu, having learned that several literary men met on stated days at the house of Conrart, a Protestant who was mixed up in all the politics of the time, to discuss various subjects and communicate their works to one another, he became suspicious of the society. He wished to belong to it, and long and earnestly requested to be admitted a member. All powerful though he was, he was refused. Fearing to brave but resolved to conquer them, he determined to constitute them a royal society. Against this they struggled for

for two years, and, either from connivance with the men of letters, all of whom were influential persons, or from jealousy at the establishment of a new power which might become a rival to themselves, the Parliament declined to register the patent. At length, in 1636, they were obliged to yield. The new society was charged with the duty of perfecting the language, and thence received the name of the *Académie Française*. The Cardinal declared himself its head, under the title of Protector. After Chancellor Séguier, who succeeded Cardinal Richelieu, Louis XIV. took himself the title of Protector, which has been borne ever since by the Kings of France.'

The Parliament bore no good will to Richelieu for encroaching on their political prerogatives, and, when the weighty question of the Academy was referred to them, a member said that it reminded him of the satire of Juvenal where the senate, after ceasing to bear its part in public affairs, was consulted about the dish for a turbot.

The new society fulfilled their instructions by engaging in the compilation of a Dictionary which was designed to be the standard of language for the nation. It did not appear till 1694, and Garrick complimented Johnson on having effected in seven years what it cost forty Frenchmen half a century to accomplish. In truth, their very number was the principal cause of the delay, for, instead of a division of labour, they endeavoured to carry on the work in committee. 'They have all,' said Furetière, 'the art of making long orations on a trifle. They can hardly get over a couple of lines without long digressions, without telling an anecdote, or talking of the news of the day.' 'Every one,' said Boisrobert, 'promises great things; when they meet they do nothing. They have been *six years* employed on the letter *F*, and I should be happy if I were certain of living till they get through *G*.' Colbert, at a loss to understand how the time could be spent, attended a sitting. The word under discussion was *ami*, and there was such a controversy to determine what was meant by a *friend* that the great minister was thenceforth satisfied that it was vain to be impatient. The language, moreover, was in a transition state. Before *Z* was completed *A* had grown antiquated, and the entire road had to be traversed anew.

In 1658 the ex-queen of Sweden, Christina, paid a visit to the Academy, after having just enacted at Fontainebleau the fearful tragedy of the murder of Monaldeschi, her Master of the Horse. The murder excited general indignation, and the Academicians, in receiving the Queen, had the spirit to rebuke her. They invited her to hear a specimen of their Dictionary, and read the word *jeu*, under which occurred the proverbial phrase, '*Game of princes, which only pleases the player,*

to

to express the malignant violence of a person in power.' The Queen immediately understood the application, and endeavoured to smile, but the smile was as ghastly as the game of princes she had played. The French Academy were content to confine their satire to their hall of assembly, but it is singular how prone lexicographers have been to make their dictionaries the vehicle of their prejudices or their wrongs. Dr. Johnson's definitions of *Whig*, *pension*, *pensioner*, *oats*, and *excise* are familiar to all the world. A more curious, and less known instance, occurs in the once popular French Dictionary of Richelet, who thus exemplifies the word *escroquer*—'The son of François Herrard de Vitri swindled (*escroqué*) M. Richelet of ten Louisdores, and that scoundrel, instead of retrieving the misconduct of his son by restoring what he had basely swindled (*escroqué*), had the insolence to approve what he had done, and in a foolish note to thank M. Richelet for his generosity.'

When the labours of the Academy at last appeared they disappointed expectation. The philological portion was extremely meagre, no quotations were given from standard authors, and the meanings of words were exclusively illustrated by familiar phrases constructed for the occasion. Repeated revisions have done little to remove these radical defects, and, though a useful work for ordinary purposes, we must look forward to the *historical* dictionary of the language, upon which the forty are at present engaged, for anything like a monument worthy of their great names and long reputation.

The *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* was founded in 1663. In the introduction to the first volume of their Memoirs, which was published in 1717, it is stated that Louis XIV., perceiving that 'France had not yet been sufficiently careful to leave to posterity a just idea of her (by which he meant *his*) greatness, and that the most brilliant actions ran a risk of being forgotten because they were not perpetuated on marble or in bronze, he deemed it for the advantage of the nation to establish an Academy which should devote itself to devising inscriptions, mottoes, and medals.' An enormous volume, entitled *Médailles relatives aux Principaux Événements du Règne de Louis le Grand*, contains engravings and descriptions of three hundred and eighteen medals commemorative of the reign of this magnificent prince. The new Academy, who were destined to transmit his glory to posterity, consisted at first of only four persons, who were selected from among the members of the *Académie Française*. Louis XIV. called them 'his little academy,' and their occupations deserved no higher appellation. Besides their primary duty of devising medals they were to describe

scribe the King's *fêtes*, select designs for his tapestries, and, what was still more strange, assist Quinault in the composition of his operas,—to choose the subjects, arrange the scenes, and compose the *divertissements*, or, in other words, the *ballets!* It is evident that it was not at the outset an erudite society, nor were the duties exactly worthy of the genius of Boileau and Racine, who were among its earlier members. The Academy was reconstructed in 1701, and out of a frivolous committee of taste, whose aim was to feed the vanity or minister to the pleasures of Louis XIV. by the most hyperbolical designs, and the most arrogant inscriptions, there arose a body which has never been surpassed for the accuracy, the solidity, and the extent of its researches. Before the Revolution it had already published forty-six quarto volumes full of important dissertations on all the branches of history and scholarship; and Gibbon, who constantly quotes the collection, pays it the compliment of saying that no work had been of greater service to him in his labours. The seventeenth century, which produced Descartes, Pascal, and Fermat in philosophy, and Corneille, Molière, Racine, Boileau, Bossuet, and Fénélon in literature, had also given birth to several prodigies of learning. Everybody knows by name, and every scholar by its use, the admirable glossary of Ducange, which is not merely a dictionary of the barbarous Latin of the middle ages, but contains the most enormous collection of facts on the early history of modern Europe which was ever perhaps brought together by a single man. A learned cotemporary observed that what astonished him most was that Ducange had spent only thirty years upon the work. What he had done for modern Latin he next accomplished for the later Greek, and he was one of the editors of the series of Byzantine historians, which consists, with its supplements, of upwards of fifty folio volumes. The Benedictine monks, combining their labours, published their celebrated editions of the fathers, and could boast the names of Montfaucon and Mabillon, whose prodigious works on antiquity, on the monuments of the French monarchy, in short, on every branch of chronological and archæological learning, have never been surpassed in indefatigable diligence and scrupulous accuracy. Never was there a completer contrast than between the patient concentration of these earnest scholars, and the hasty, discursive sciolism of our superficial age.

The *Académie de Peinture*, founded in 1648, never played an important part under the monarchy; but it was far otherwise with the old *Académie des Sciences*, which, established in 1666, and remodelled in 1699, soon outstripped the rest in European reputation. Though the *Académie Française* could boast the names

names of Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, Fénélon, and Voltaire, their works did not proceed from the body to which they belonged, whereas the *Académie des Sciences* was the vehicle for communicating the researches of its members to the world, and shone with the lustre of the numerous rays of which it thus became the focus. Nor did it stop at the ornaments of France, but enhanced and extended its fame by adopting such men as Peter the Great, Sir Isaac Newton, Leibnitz, Boerhaave, Linnæus, and a host of others who were scarcely less distinguished. Louis XIV., who wished for panegyrists everywhere, did not diminish the favour with which the Academy was regarded abroad by bestowing pensions on a certain number of foreign *savants*. The abstruse pursuits of these philosophers became even popular as well as celebrated through the *éloges* of Fontenelle, who for many years was the Secretary of the Academy, and succeeded in interesting a prodigious number of readers in the lives and labours of his colleagues. The ignorant, said Voltaire, understood, and the learned admired him. As a mathematician and man of science he did not belong to the highest rank, and he playfully alluded to the circumstance when he said, on presenting his *Géométrie de l'Infini* to the Regent Orleans, 'There, Sir, is a book that only eight men in Europe can understand, and the author is not one of the eight.' As a writer, again, he has never been classed among the rarest masters of language and style, but in the combination of author and natural philosopher he may challenge comparison with any name in the world. His *éloges*, free from the usual extravagance of panegyrics, and the tawdry commonplaces of pretentious declamation, are remarkable for their liveliness, simplicity, and elegance; and unite, in admirable proportions, biographic details with scientific exposition. In describing his colleagues he set forth their qualities both of heart and intellect, and taught the public to love alike the philosophy and the philosophers.

Such were the separate Academies which formed the basis of the new National Institute. In that period of change and violence the tyrant of to-day was the slave or victim of to-morrow, and another master was now rapidly ascending the steps of a throne from which so many aspirants had been precipitated in turn. Notwithstanding the eagerness with which the Institute had opened its doors to General Buonaparte by electing him, on the 25th of December, 1797, a member of the section of Mechanics, he quickly employed his power to dismember the society to which he had the honour to belong. As the whole course of his government proved, he dreaded free discussion, and had no toleration for any intellectual pursuit which might end in sapping the

the sandy foundations of despotism. The lengths to which he would fain have carried his censorship may be judged by an apostrophe he addressed to M. Suard. 'Your Tacitus,' he exclaimed, 'was only a declaimer and an impostor who calumniated Nero,—yes, I say, *calumniated*, because Nero, after all, was regretted by the people. What a misfortune for princes to have such historians.' 'That may be true,' replied M. Suard, 'but what a misfortune for the people if there were not such historians to restrain and terrify bad princes.' The aversion which he felt for the historians of the past was infinitely stronger for the speculators on the present, whom he contemptuously called *idéologues*. Two or three years, accordingly, after he became First Consul, he suppressed the class of moral and political philosophy. The Institute was then arranged in four divisions: viz., Mathematical and Physical Sciences; French Language and Literature; Ancient History and Literature; and the Fine Arts. The number of members was altered, entire sections disappeared, others were called into being, the links which connected the different classes were loosened, and, what was the most important change of all, the elections, which had hitherto been perfectly free, were declared invalid until they had received the approbation of the government.

The sequel corresponded with the commencement, and under the Empire the Institute remained in complete subjection. Napoleon protected mathematics and physics because he knew that those who cultivated them cared little for politics, and generally submitted to any government which gave them pensions and titles. Neither was he indifferent to the advantages which might accrue to his most cherished science—the art of war—and the professional motive was aided by his personal regard for members like Monge, Berthollet, Fourier, Laplace, and Lagrange, some of whom had accompanied him to Egypt, and for whom he retained a strong regard. He equally encouraged the arts, because he was well aware that the splendid monuments of architecture, sculpture, and painting were so far from provoking inconvenient discussions that they served, on the contrary, to amuse the people and dazzle their imaginations. But as for the literature of the Empire, which only permitted panegyrics, nothing could be poorer, and it would have profited more by a little liberty than by all the tinsel with which Napoleon decked his flatterers. Not only was the censorship exercised over books and newspapers, but it was also applied to the oration which every member of the class of French Language and Literature pronounced in public on the day of his admission. On account of a few words which he had introduced into

into his speech, and which he refused to modify, Chateaubriand was virtually prevented from taking his seat at the Institute during the imperial rule.

With his constant desire to gain renown and produce effect, Napoleon established decennial prizes, which gave rise in 1808 to a series of interesting reports by the different classes of the Institute on the progress of all the branches of human knowledge since 1789. It is said that the Emperor had expressed a wish that the labours of the entire civilized world should be included in the review; but, on looking through the collection, it is evident that the writers clearly understood that France must occupy the first place. This was the patriotism which best pleased Napoleon, and, what was no less gratifying, they joined to the flattery of the nation a fulsome and undignified adulation of its head, which became so much the vogue that the greatest men did not scruple to employ it. It is painful to find the illustrious Cuvier himself, in his Report on the progress of Natural History, addressing the Emperor in such terms as these: 'A word from your Majesty can create a work which will as far surpass that of Aristotle by the extent of the subjects which it will embrace, as your actions exceed in splendour those of the Macedonian conqueror.' The same tone is everywhere apparent. It is Napoleon that is to direct and inspire discoveries, and the *one* word of his Majesty goes for more than the genius and achievements of the discoverers.

At the restoration the Institute was again re-organized. The four old Academies resumed their names, and some members were excluded who had been among the bitterest enemies of the house of Bourbon. This was an encroachment upon the liberties of the society; but the men who thought it proper that the Directory in forming the Institute should summon only a portion of the old Academicians—the men who silently submitted to the violent suppression by Napoleon of a whole department of science, could not complain that Louis XVIII. should erase the names of politicians who had both voted for the execution of Louis XVI. and assisted in the revolution which brought Napoleon from Elba to Paris. Gradually, however, this distrust ceased, and, after a few attempts at resistance, the government no longer opposed the election of persons who had formerly figured in the hostile ranks. Under Louis Philippe the Institute enjoyed, if not an unlimited, at least an ample freedom, and during the ministry of M. Guizot the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, whose very existence had been intolerable to Napoleon, was once more re-established. The same liberty of speech and action has been far from continuing down to the present time. Some of

of the members were expelled during the late republic, and M. Fortoul, who was the Minister of Public Instruction, prohibited the Academy from proposing last year for one of its annual prizes the 'History of Parliamentary Eloquence in England.' The Academy which might bow with a semblance of self-respect to the genius and power of the first Napoleon could not consent to take its orders from the mouth of M. Fortoul, and as it refused to provide a second subject there was no award. Apparently the Minister was of opinion that the history of parliamentary eloquence in England would not be conducive to 'the glory of France,' which is what the Institute is charged by the terms of its foundation to promote.

After all its remodellings the Institute is now composed of five Academies, which, in the official *Annuaire*, are arranged in the following order: the *Académie Française*, the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, the *Académie des Sciences*, the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, and the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The meetings are held at the Palais Mazarin, a large building on the banks of the Seine, which, with its fine library, was founded by the Cardinal two centuries ago for the benefit of the public. The administration of the Institute is tolerably uniform. Besides agents to regulate its general affairs each Academy has its *bureau*, composed of a president or director,* a vice-president elected by the members for a fixed period, and of one or more perpetual secretaries, who are appointed for life. These bureaux are the managers for their respective societies—especially the perpetual secretaries, who enjoy an unusual amount of consideration and influence. They receive five times the salary of the ordinary members,† and, apart from their office, are generally among the most distinguished personages and best writers of their time.

Although the *Académie des Sciences* has the highest reputation abroad, it is the *Académie Française* which in France—that is, in Paris—excites the greatest interest. The forty members of whom it is composed are not only the most popular authors of the day —they are not only the men who, in poetry or prose, in the public journals, or from the professor's chair, have the ear of the largest number of persons—but they are also the men who, for

* In the *Académie Française* the President takes the title of Director, and the Vice-President that of Chancellor.

† The salary of a perpetual Secretary is 6000 francs, or 240*l.* per annum. Every titular member of the Institute receives an annual sum of 1200 francs, or 48*l.*, besides a *droit de présence*, which averages five francs a sitting, that is, about 300 francs a-year. At the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Inscriptions*, there are also increased allowances made to the members of the commissions to which the government has intrusted the direction of particular works, such as the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, &c.

thirty

thirty years, have taken the most prominent part in political affairs, and who have been conspicuous actors in the critical moments which have decided the fate of the country. Indeed, power of speech has become one of the chief qualifications for admission, and, accordingly, every orator who has played a distinguished part in politics is eager to obtain such a testimonial to his success as is implied in his adoption by the Academy. But, since vacancies are not of frequent occurrence, it often happens that, at one election, there are several candidates with conflicting claims—as authors, orators, prose writers or poets,—who obtain the suffrages of different fractions of the assembly. When the rival aspirants are men who have been much before the world, a contest becomes, particularly towards the close, a matter of intense excitement to a large portion of Parisian society. Drawing-rooms are in commotion; fashionable ladies pen dozens of beseeching billets; newspapers write up their editors or allies; the friends of the competitors move heaven and earth; even ministers of State exert their authority, and for several days everybody who reads, writes, or thinks is engaged in canvassing. When the election is over, the interest is diverted to another point. The successful member is required—as indeed was the custom in all times—to read, at a public sitting, an *éloge* of the academician he succeeds, and the president in return sets forth the merits of their new associate. These *receptions*, as they are called, are generally thronged by all the fashion of Paris. Splendid equipages crowd the avenues to the Institute; the hall is filled to overflowing, and it is a common sight to see ladies of the highest rank and in their richest attire battling with one another for seats several hours before the proceedings commence. Curiosity, which with them is the most powerful of passions, not only overcomes their natural politeness, but even their care for their dress. At length a roll of drums is heard; the soldiers (for nothing can be done in France without soldiers) present arms, and the Academicians enter the semicircular space reserved for their use. On a signal from the president, the new member rises amid the profoundest silence, and delivers an oration which often ranks among the masterpieces of French eloquence, and which the president strives to emulate by as brilliant a reply.

If the *reception* always passed in this routine manner, the excessive eagerness to be present would no longer exist. But it is generally known beforehand that the speakers will seize the opportunity to treat directly or indirectly on the great subjects of the day. Sometimes it is literary, sometimes religious and political systems, which are brought into collision. The discussion, if we may so call it, though sometimes animated for a prepared and intercommunicated dialogue, is always courteous

and

and complimentary, for the *Académie Française* prides itself as much on maintaining the old traditions of urbanity as in preserving the strictest purity of language. A good example of these intellectual duels, in which there is the report and the flash of the pistol, without the ball, occurred not long since on the admission of the Count de Montalembert, who for many years has been the champion of the ultra-Catholic party in France, and whose constant aim has been to ruin the University for the benefit of the Jesuits. His predecessor, M. Droz, a writer of considerable merit, had passed through all the phases of political opinion, commencing with an admiration for revolutions, and ending with thorough monarchical and conservative principles. The occasion afforded M. de Montalembert a pretext for touching upon all the questions of Church and State which he has most at heart, and deciding them according to the exclusive notions of his party. On that day it happened that the president of the Academy was a man who presented in everything the most complete contrast to M. de Montalembert,—a Protestant was confronted with an ultra-Catholic, and the former Grand Master of the University with its deadliest opponent. Without in the slightest degree infringing the laws of courtesy, and while manifesting the utmost personal goodwill towards his antagonist, M. Guizot firmly maintained in his answer the principles of which he has been the earnest supporter through life. 'You know, sir,' he began, 'that it was said by our Lord Jesus Christ, *In my Father's house are many mansions;*' and starting from this point he demonstrated to M. de Montalembert that his impetuous zeal was but little in harmony with the cause of Christianity. Nothing could be more attractive at the moment than the dignified debate. To the somewhat monkish countenance and rather unctuous oratory of M. de Montalembert, oppose the severe profile and commanding eloquence of M. Guizot; imagine the champions in the presence of a numerous and enthusiastic audience, consisting of the warmest partizans of their several systems, and of all the most distinguished politicians who had spent their lives in kindling and directing the passions of their fellow-citizens; imagine this at a time when liberty of speech was suspended, when the press was gagged, when parliamentary discussion was at an end—and it is easy to conceive what expectation was excited by these speeches, and what a frenzy of applause accompanied their delivery. So great was the effect that the French government would allow them to be published in the newspapers only in a mutilated form. In the official edition which was printed for the Institute they may be read in their integrity.

It is not only on the *reception* of a new member that the *Académie*

Académie Française comes into direct communication with the public. Every year there is a solemn meeting at which prizes are bestowed upon those who have produced upon given subjects the best works in prose or verse. At the same time there is another distribution of a less usual kind, that of the *prizes of virtue.* They were instituted by M. de Montyon, a celebrated French philanthropist, who, in 1782, entrusted various sums to the *Académie Française*, and the *Académie des Sciences*, to be annually conferred upon persons who had either distinguished themselves by worthy actions, or had published books or inventions of a useful character. When the Convention swept away the prizes of virtue, and were doing their utmost to eradicate the thing, M. de Montyon emigrated to England. He had retained possession of his immense fortune, and on his return to France in 1816 he renewed and augmented his gift. He bequeathed a further endowment at his death, which took place in 1820, and the two academies are now the dispensers of a considerable income. *Virtue prizes* are said to be of Chinese origin; but whatever effects they may have produced at the other end of the world, it may well be doubted whether it is expedient with us to make money the representative sign of those duties, which are denominated virtuous precisely because they are thought to be thoroughly disinterested. Add to which there is the difficulty of estimating the moral purity of an action, and the still greater difficulty of pronouncing upon the relative merits of the deeds of rival competitors, and of ticketing each with its proper market price.* The Academy, who are the appraisers, will estimate, for instance, at 3000 francs, the virtue of a fireman who has rushed into the flames to save the life of a child, and at only 500 francs the virtue of a servant who, for thirty years, has affectionately tended on a poor and helpless master. As might be expected, when the object is public effect, the heroism which is momentary, ostentatious, and dramatic, usually fetches far higher sums than the heroism of prolonged and obscure self-denial. But let us for a moment admit the wisdom of the proceeding, and enter the hall in which the prizes are distributed.

The President of the Academy, surrounded by the members of the Institute, and a numerous auditory, delivers a speech in which the heroes of the day are portrayed generally in a pompous style. After having exhausted all the flowers of rhetoric, and all the

* In some parts of the continent prizes are given for cleanliness, and when the candidates are numerous the judges must be embarrassed to decide who has the whitest skin and clothes. A M. Place, in a recently published little work entitled *Manuel Elémentaire d'Hygiène*, expresses his belief that these rewards will be shortly abolished, because everybody will be convinced of the necessity of frequent washing both for their persons and linen. It will be long enough before the prizes for virtue are abandoned on similar grounds.

wealth

wealth of his most affecting eloquence, the speaker exclaims in a dramatic tone:—'Jeanne, Madeleine (or whatever the name may be), you plunged courageously into a torrent (here follows a poetical description of the torrent) to save a drowning child! You did a virtuous action! The Academy awards you a recompense of 1000 francs. And you, Paul or Jacques, by giving an asylum in your cottage (we omit the description of the cottage and the eulogy of a pastoral life) to a poor deserted orphan, you also did a virtuous action! The Academy therefore awards you a recompense of 800 francs.' Whereupon the men begin to cheer and the ladies to weep. The drama is performed every year on a fixed day, and every year with undiminished applause by actors who strive to surpass each other in eloquence and pathos. Their success is measured by the number of embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs which have been wet with tears, just as the virtue of an action is estimated by the number of crowns which have been pocketed by the worthy recipient.

Now, if imbued with these maxims, and adopting money as a sort of thermometer of virtue, one of the prizemen, feeling desirous to know a few at least of the gentlemen who have just been treating him with so much politeness, should address himself to a neighbour who is better informed than himself, some such dialogue as this might probably ensue:—

'Pray tell me who is that gentleman sitting at the end of the third bench on our left? I like his tranquil and benevolent expression of countenance.'

'That is M. Pouillet, a member of the *Académie des Sciences*, who has written some admirable works on Natural Philosophy. He formerly instructed the princes of the Orleans family in physical science, and has continued so strongly attached to them that he has refused to swear fidelity to the government of Louis Napoleon.'

'His gratitude and his attachment reflect great credit on himself and on the princes who inspired it. He must have received a large sum as a reward for his constancy.'

'On the contrary, he has been deprived of all the offices which he held, and the duties of which he fulfilled to the general satisfaction.'

'Oh!' says the virtuous prizeman, rather confused, 'and who is that tall gentleman of a distinguished appearance, who is sitting in front of us?'

'That is M. Mignet, and the little man by his side is M. Thiers. During the Restoration, when there was courage in the act, M. Mignet published a book in which he occasionally defended the government of 1793 from some aspersions which had been cast upon it, for there is nothing so bad but that it is possible to calumniate it, including even that Republic. Under

Louis Philippe he was Director of the Archives of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and never has the post been filled with greater advantage to historical literature. Unfortunately, however, in 1848, he had the indiscretion to write a letter, in which he said, that to him Italy did not seem to be ripe for a republican government. The French Republic took offence at the sentiment, and dismissed him from his post.'

'I am confounded,' says the novice, 'at what you say: were not those acts virtuous and worthy of a prize? And is it possible—to speak in the pecuniary phraseology that is the order of the day—that he has been fined for his conduct?'

'You are not alone in differing from state functionaries in your ideas of virtue. Even magistrates and academicians cannot always agree, and there is an instance. Look at that gentleman. His name is M. Mérimée, and though an eminent author, and one of the judges of virtue, judges of another kind imprisoned him last year for fifteen days for having been guilty of what several of his colleagues at the Academy called "a good article and a good action," and whom a higher power, Louis Napoleon, has recently appointed a member of the Senate.'

'Oh, it is needless to continue. I find that it is only in the case of poor people and small things that money is the recompense of virtue. For people in a high position rewards and punishments seem constantly to be distributed in France on very different principles.'

The inconsistencies which we have supposed to strike our worthy prizeman are not, however, observed by the auditors, who after alternate sobs and cheers retire from the assembly, persuaded that they themselves have done a virtuous action, and half believing that they have been born into a golden age, in which misfortune is wept over, and merit paid.*

* At the annual meeting of the present year the President of the Academy—M. Viennet—well known for his witty satirical tales, tried to vindicate the *Prix de Vertu*, and announced himself favourable to rewarding by special prizes the civic virtues of the upper classes. But if money is to be the type of virtue, how can he make the public understand that a prize, for once in a life-time, of a hundred pounds, is preferable to the stock-jobbing which is one of the plagues of the country, and often yields such enormous though scandalous gains? Unless he could obtain for civic worth, and moral courage, a degree of prosperity which are seldom their lot, he would soon find that, though his prizes might occasionally afford relief to poverty, they would never prove a bribe to produce good conduct. The Academy must leave consciences to be moulded by higher inducements, and rest satisfied with the influence it exerts by the dispensation of literary premiums. In the present year the public seemed to share our opinion, for they were more impressed by the sight of a young pupil of the *École de Droit*, bearing the illustrious name of Guizot, receiving a medal for his essay on the Greek comic authors, than by all the sums of money which were granted under the title of *Prix de Vertu*. Every one must be gratified at the success of a son of so distinguished a father, and we have this further interest in his selection for the medal that, during his temporary exile four years since, his father had the good sense and good taste (as we think) to send him as a pupil at King's College, London.

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The *Académie Française* is fortunate in its perpetual secretary. M. Villemain, who fills the distinguished office, was appointed while still young, in company with M. Guizot and M. Cousin, to one of those three professorships which shed so much lustre on the early years of the Restoration. France has seldom possessed a more classical writer or a more general scholar, and he lectured with equal success on the Fathers of the Church and on the Parliamentary Orators of England. His works are full of delightful essays on a great variety of subjects, and his sketches of Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, and Byron, deserve to be better known in this country. His popularity as a professor caused him to be elected before the Revolution of 1830 to the Chamber of Deputies. Louis-Philippe made him Minister of Public Instruction, and in 1844 he took an active part in the University question, which was then agitating France. The Ultra-Catholic faction, enraged at their discomfiture, published pamphlets of incredible violence, and M. Villemain was necessarily their chief victim. He unfortunately attached too much importance to their attacks; his health declined, and a brain fever supervened. He soon recovered from his illness and gave a noble proof of his entire disinterestedness by refusing a large donation which the government proposed to bestow upon him as a national recompense. He has since resumed his position at the *Académie Française*, where uniting the authority of age with the respect which was always accorded to his upright character and brilliant talents, he maintains, in spite of all temptations to the contrary, the high tone which befits the representative of the literature of his country.

If individual talent constitutes the strength of the *Académie Française*, a spirit of association and community of labour is the peculiar characteristic of the men who, in the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, devote their energies to learned researches. They have resumed, and worthily continued, the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*,* and the great collection of the *Historiens des Gaules*, which were interrupted at the Revolution by the suppression of all the religious orders. Each of these publications already consists of more than twenty enormous volumes, and the pride which succeeding governments have taken in promoting them is the best tribute to the learned monks who framed the colossal plans, and who, placed above the wants and cares of life, laboured solely from the love of literature and zeal for the reputation of the order of St. Benedict.

* This great work, which is absolutely indispensable to everybody who wishes to master mediæval literary history, was begun in 1733 by three Benedictine monks of the congregation of St. Maur, Dom Rivet, Dom Taillandier, and Dom Clément. Its present editors are Messrs. Lajard, Paulin-Paris, Victor Leclerc, and Littré. A list of the other publications issued under the direction of the *Académie des Inscriptions*, will be found in the *Annuaire de l'Institut*.

Since the re-organization of the Academy at the Revolution several of its members have not been unworthy of its pristine fame. Among the number was Visconti, who reading Greek and Latin at three and a half years old, surpassed in his manhood the whole of Europe in his knowledge of ancient art. So great was his reputation that he was invited to England to value the Elgin Marbles, and he has left a durable monument of his taste and classical lore in the *Iconographie Grecque et Romaine*, and the *Museo Pio Clementino*. Daunou was another of the men who might have competed with our forefathers in application and profundity. He left a convent of Oratorian monks to become at the Revolution a member of the National Convention, and though retaining in his heart his republican principles, he belonged to nearly all the political assemblies which have since succeeded one another, and died in 1840 a peer of France. He rendered great service to historical students by arranging the general archives of France, of which Napoleon had appointed him keeper, and as professor he delivered a course of lectures on Greek and Roman history which did not appear in print till after his death, and which would certainly have been more perfect if the author himself had superintended the publication, but which, in spite of diffuseness and repetitions, are admirable for their completeness, their clearness, and the impartial and intelligent comments which accompany the facts. Napoleon employed him in the conflict with the Pope, and his *Essai Historique sur la puissance temporelle des Papes* is the most solid treatise ever written on the topic. In addition to his other arduous functions he was perpetual secretary to the Academy, and a voluminous contributor to their proceedings; for his knowledge was universal, and he was equal to any demand that could be made upon him, insomuch that the bare titles of his writings are sufficient to fill any reader with amazement. His successor in the keepership of the archives, M. Letronne, was also an academician, and notwithstanding that he died in the prime of life, he left behind him works which are models of sagacious criticism in that particular department of historical inquiry, which rather consists in destroying old theories than in constructing new. Thierry, blind almost from his youth, and since afflicted with paralysis, still happily survives, with many other distinguished members, to complete, it is to be hoped, his great work on the History of the Communes.

France has always possessed a school of celebrated Orientalists, who have largely contributed to the reputation of the *Académie des Inscriptions*. In the seventeenth century appeared the *Bibliothèque Orientale* of D'Herbelot, an immense repertory, which, as subsequently expanded and improved, has become indispensable

dispensable to all who take an interest in kindred studies. In our own day his successors have shone with still greater brilliancy under the direction of M. de Sacy, who, for fifty years, was the revered guide of numerous disciples. Champollion, taught by the discoveries of Dr. Young, assisted in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics; Abel Rémusat rendered Chinese studies almost popular at Paris; Saint-Martin explored with unhoped-for success the language and literature of Armenia; and Chézy introduced into France a knowledge of Sanscrit, which, much as it was cultivated in England, had not hitherto crossed the Channel. His labours were continued by Eugène Burnouf, who sounded all the depths of the old Indian theosophy, and extended his researches to those Median and Assyrian antiquities which are associated with the names of Colonel Rawlinson, Layard, and Dr. Hinckes among ourselves. Like Champollion and Rémusat, like Saint-Martin and Chézy, Burnouf died in the flower of his age, just after the *Académie des Inscriptions* had conferred upon him its highest recompense, by appointing him to the office of perpetual secretary. Fresh recruits are filling up the gaps which have been caused by death, and the present race of Orientalists will not allow France to lose the distinguished position she has won.

None of the classes into which the Institute is divided exercise a more decisive influence in their own department than the *Académie des Beaux Arts.* There has existed for many years at the Villa Medici, at Rome, a school of painting known by the name of the *Académie de France,* at which a certain number of young artists are maintained for a fixed period, at the expense of the State, to study the masterpieces of antiquity and of the Renaissance. The Academy at Paris appoints the director of the Academy at Rome, selects the pupils after a public competition, and makes an annual Report on the works they are required to send home. Nothing can exceed the animation of the sitting at which these prizes are awarded. After a detailed account of all the competing productions, the names of the successful candidates are announced,—a decision which sometimes provokes opposition, and hisses are heard to mingle with the applause. An unsuccessful artist usually believes himself the victim of envy, bad taste, or cabals. He resolves to protest against an injustice, which is one of the axioms of his mind, and forgets that to hiss his antagonist is only another method of cheering himself, with the addition that the vanity is stimulated by malice. Of all the solemnities of the Institute, this is the only one at which such symptoms of petulant self-approval occur. The Reports, as well as the *éloges* of deceased members, are drawn up by the perpetual secretary,—a duty

a duty which is now discharged by M. Raoul-Rochette; for the Academicians, more engaged in handling the brush and chisel than the pen, have modestly selected a member of the *Académie des Inscriptions* to be their official interpreter. As his whole life has been devoted to the study of archæology and of the history of the arts, he has every qualification which can grace the post. Many of the Academicians themselves have displayed eminent merit in their respective pursuits; but it is not our function to dwell here upon individual talent, or to enter upon a field so vast as a general examination of the present state of the Fine Arts. To judge fittingly of the excellencies and failings of the French school, we must visit the palace of Versailles, go through the galleries of the *École des Beaux Arts*, pause before the triumphal *Arc de l'Étoile*, enter the churches and public buildings which are in course of erection, and attend the annual exhibitions which take place in Paris.

The French government is disposed to encourage the arts; but it is by no means inclined to patronize the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, which comprises the most distinguished representatives of all the parties in the State; and it is obvious that to allow the society a freedom of discussion which is denied to Parliament and the press, would be to make it the outlet of every pent-up opinion. Until the ruling power is strong enough to let loose its opponents, a corporation of political philosophers can never hope to enjoy absolute liberty. Many of its members, too, as might be expected, have fallen under the displeasure of the governments which have succeeded since the overthrow of Louis Philippe, for actions done independently of the Academy. In the section of Philosophy, there is M. Cousin, who has been excluded from the Council of Public Instruction, and induced to abandon his chair at the Sorbonne; M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, the learned translator of Aristotle's 'Logic,' who has been obliged to resign his post at the Collége de France, and M. de Rémusat, who has suffered successively imprisonment and exile. In the section of jurisprudence, we find M. Giraud, who has been under a cloud for having opposed the spoliation of the Orleans property, and M. Dupin, compelled, for the same cause, to throw up his position in the Court of Cassation. In the section of political economy, we find M. Léon Faucher; and in the section of history, MM. Guizot, Mignet, Michelet, and Thiers, all of whom have experienced in different degrees the frown of power. The tact and the courage, nevertheless, of individual members enable them to preserve their dignity in their discourses, and the day is not forgotten on which M. Mignet, under the republic of 1849, took occasion, in the course of his *éloge* on M. Rossi, to denounce in stern and magnanimous language

language the pretended patriots who assassinated the only man who was capable perhaps of averting the ruin of Italy.

The *Académie des Sciences*, the last of which it remains for us to speak, has in our own day adopted new methods to gain an ascendancy over the public. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the idea of seeking to obtain popularity by mathematics would have seemed chimerical to men who submitted their abstruse calculations to the exclusive judgment of their peers. At that period, however, of great discoveries, elaborated in silence and solitude, and promulgated without parade, the influence of the *Académie des Sciences* extended far and wide. The most flourishing foreign societies, those for instance of St. Petersburgh and Berlin, commonly published their Memoirs in French; and the prizes proposed at Paris were competed for by the principal philosophers of Europe. The *Académie des Sciences* has now issued from its learned retirement, and addressing itself to the populace wins their sympathy, by the tone of its meetings and official periodicals, and also, it must be confessed, by the utility of its labours when applied to the industrial and mechanical arts. But at the same time, it has lost the preeminence which once caused it to be regarded as incontestably the scientific centre of Europe. The philosophers of Berlin and St. Petersburgh have ceased to pay it tribute. It is rare to receive a communication of importance from any foreigner of eminence; and its prizes are of a nature which, far from exciting the emulation of the great philosophers abroad, can scarcely find first-rate aspirants at home. There is no impartial person who will hesitate to admit that the Paris Academy has fallen from the rank which it formerly held in the scientific world, when the mathematical department alone included the names of Lagrange, Laplace, Carnot, Monge, Legendre, and Lacroix, surrounded by such disciples as Fourier, Poisson, Cauchy, and Binet. It is true that, at a meeting this year, M. Liouville declared that the French were still 'the first geometricians in the world;' but those who are acquainted with the works of the learned Academician, and who have not unreservedly adopted his notions upon what are technically termed *differentials with fractional indices*, might be tempted to remark that when the Institute shone with its highest lustre, Lagrange and Laplace were satisfied with being the first geometricians in the world, without assuring the world of the fact. If we were to refer the question to some impartial and consummate judge—take, for example, M. Gauss, of Göttingen,—he might probably tell us that since the French mathematicians say such flattering things of themselves they can need no praise from any other quarter. 'I could wish,' remarks M. Sainte-Beuve,

Beuve, 'that we should give up proclaiming what is repeated everywhere, in the colleges and even in the Academies, that the French nation is the greatest of all nations, and its literature the most beautiful of all literatures. I should prefer that we were contented to assert that it was *one* of the first, and that we should show some consciousness that the world did not begin and does not end with ourselves.'

In every other branch of knowledge, no less than in mathematics, the Academy has either lost its principal ornaments, or the surviving members who do it the greatest honour belong to an almost extinct generation. Contemporaneously with the illustrious mathematicians we have mentioned, France could boast of Cuvier and Lacépède, in natural history; of Berthollet, Vauquelin, and Gay-Lussac in chemistry; of Malus, Fresnel, Ampère, and Dulong, in physics; of Antoine de Jussieu and Desfontaines, in botany; of Hauy in crystallography; of Delambre, in astronomy; and of Dupuytren, in surgery; while Biot, Thénard, Cauchy, Mirbel, Arago, and Chevreul, are veterans of science, who cannot be set down to the account of our age. The fact is that the ardour once felt for the pure sciences is extremely diminished, and what may be called the younger Academy, such as M. Dumas, M. Elie de Beaumont, and M. Leverrier, give more of their time to the Senate than the Academy, and are more devoted to politics than to physics.

The steps by which the change has been produced are quickly told. Thirty years ago the Academy applied itself quietly to its proceedings, and held weekly meetings from which strangers were excluded, with the exception of a few occasional *savants* of repute. Notwithstanding the opposition of the more prudent members, it gradually allowed its audience to be increased. Journalists were admitted, and, after the events of 1830, the popular flood which had swept away a throne forced open the doors of the Academy, which have never since been closed. This, which was to science no less a revolution than that which had just been effected in the state, was helped forward by men who wished to establish their dominion over the Institute, and who knew that the multitude is the most powerful instrument of despotism, when you have the adroitness to seduce it. From that day forward profound discussions disappeared from the Academy; and the agitators, who sought by all possible means to secure the favour of the crowd, thundered from time to time in the daily journals against the members who resisted the innovations. Newspaper intimidation, which has been employed in politics with fatal success among a people whose military bravery is so far superior to their moral courage, could not fail to exercise an irresistible

irresistible influence upon retired *savants*, who, alarmed by the revolutions which had taken place in their country, were in consternation to find themselves held up to obloquy as bad citizens and persons of retrograde minds. A monopoly of newspapers being impossible, and attacks being sure before long to generate a defence, the aspirants obtained a fresh instrument of domination by persuading the Society to appoint them to publish an account of their Transactions under the title of *Comptes Rendus*. These, in obedience to the principle that the many were to be won at any cost, were often filled with the worthless communications of people of no reputation, to the exclusion of papers of undeniable merit. The Academy became, and continues a sort of committee of journalists; and as all their attention is now bestowed on the hasty preparation of the weekly *Comptes Rendus*—which amount since 1835 to thirty-five enormous quarto volumes—the important collection of memoirs, which was for two centuries the repository of all the treasures of French science, has been sadly neglected, and appears only at long and irregular intervals. Every one will have recognized in M. Arago the promoter of the revolution we have described. To those who should ask him if this was the means by which he expected to raise himself to the pinnacle of scientific reputation, he might probably reply, that in 1848 he attained to the dictatorship, and that that was enough for him.

Few men have been so happily gifted by nature as M. Arago. With uncommon vivacity of mind, a vast intellect, a singular power of oratory, a fine figure, and a handsome countenance, he combined all the qualities which could contribute to solid distinction or effective display. Born just before the outbreak of the Revolution, on the frontier of Spain, and of a family of Spanish descent, he received as his birthright the passions of the south. His education was conducted in accordance with the ideas of a time when the learned languages were completely neglected; and he opposed at a later period the teaching of Latin, with which he had never become familiar, and which—as his own genius could dispense with it—he naturally considered a superfluous accomplishment. What instruction he received he owed to the *École Polytechnique*. There, contrary to the habits of the place, he, comparatively neglected mathematics, in which he was surpassed by several of his comrades, to direct his attention to astronomy and physics. Fired by the brilliant success which he obtained in society, he applied himself more and more to the branches of natural philosophy which secured him such prompt and easily-won applause. From hence, no doubt, we are to date his desire of establishing his supremacy upon the captivating exposition of popular science,

of

of which he is an unsurpassed, and possibly an unrivalled, master. After the Revolution of 1830, he threw himself into the arms of the democratic party, in discontent, as was suspected, at not having been appointed Minister of Public Instruction. Even at the period when he professed moderate opinions, when he was the friend of Marshal Marmont, and was reckoned among the partizans of the Duke d'Angoulême, he showed an excessive susceptibility in his scientific discussions, and his intolerance knew no bounds when he had once enrolled himself in the republican ranks. Everything at the Academy assumed a political colour in his hands. He leagued himself with the journals of the ultra-liberal party, and especially with the *National*, which opened a fire on the *savants* who were not obedient to his will. Works addressed to the Institute were brought into prominence, left in the shade, or criticised with severity, according as they proceeded from friends, neutrals, or enemies. As the republicans were not then so numerous as they afterwards became, they extended their countenance to a class of intriguers, who, while supporting the Government, wished to conciliate the favour of the Opposition, whereby they got honours and places from the Ministry, and sympathy and panegyrics from the empty-handed foe. Abandoning almost entirely the department of discovery, in which he had attained a just and European celebrity, M. Arago devoted himself to delivering popular lectures, and writing those clever essays which entitle him to be ranked among the great authors, as well as among the ablest *savants* of the age. But here again breaks out the leading failing of his brilliant career. He has addressed himself too often to that false and vulgar patriotism which is always sure to find an echo in France, and which consists in attributing all the discoveries of importance to Frenchmen. As we have had our share of scientific geniuses, we have necessarily come in for our share of disparagement. M. Arago indignantly repudiated the claims of the Marquis of Worcester to the invention of the steam-engine,* just as, more recently, he denied that Mr. Adams was the discoverer of Neptune.† In the same way he refused to allow that there was the

* We have not forgotten the violence with which M. Arago, when treating the question in the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* for 1829, accused the English of having sacrificed truth to national prejudices. It may usually be remarked of all partisans that they charge upon others their own particular vice. Mr. Ainger espoused the cause of the English with complete success, amidst the applause of a distinguished and numerous audience.

† It is only by looking through the French newspapers of the year 1846 that the attacks of M. Arago on the claims of Mr. Adams can be rightly appreciated; for the *Comptes Rendus* of the Academy convey but a faint reflection of their impetuosity. At that time M. Arago displayed all the fire of his character, and all the force of his talents, to secure to M. Leverrier the exclusive right to a discovery which he professed to

the slightest merit in the experiment for proving the identity of lightning and electricity which has rendered Franklin immortal, in order that, the name of the American being blotted out, a French abbé (Nollet) might alone receive honour.

In 1830 M. Arago became Perpetual Secretary to the Academy, and certainly no other man could put forth equal claims to the post. By the courtesies of his office he should since have composed the *éloges* of Dulong, who discovered the law of the refrigeration of bodies; of Poisson, who, by establishing the invariability of certain elements of our planetary system, gave the finishing touch to the edifice of Newton; and of several others, whom most Perpetual Secretaries would have thought it an honour to sketch for posterity. M. Arago, however, has passed them by, and sought in the annals of the Revolution for the names of Monge and Condorcet, because, it is to be presumed, they furnished him with fresh opportunities to expound his republican sentiments. Cuvier had said in his *éloge* of Saussure, that though Lavoisier, Condorcet, and Bailly seemed to have an imperious claim upon the homage of the Academy, he had lacked the courage to recall the atrocities of the age which had made them its victims. M. Arago is possessed of more courage than Cuvier; but, as we read his *éloges*, we shall perceive that it was not altogether 'to obtain expiation for the crimes of that disastrous period' (to use the expression of Cuvier), that M. Arago has been searching the annals of the Republic of 1793.

The application of science to utilitarian purposes, which is an honourable distinction of the time, has assisted to increase the number of M. Arago's clients. Every Monday the *Académie des Sciences* opens its sitting at three o'clock, in the presence of a crowded assembly. The desk at which the Perpetual Secretaries * are seated, with the President and Vice-President, is literally piled with letters, memoirs, books, papers, and documents of every description addressed to the Academy, and the larger proportion of them by persons who are almost entirely unknown. The majority of these communications relate to inventions, and the adaptation of science to arts and manufactures. After being read in the Academy the letters are inserted entirely, or in part, in the *Comptes Rendus*, and frequently copied into the newspapers. It is plain that such advertise-

to consider superior to that of the law of gravitation by Newton. Having since quarrelled with his *protégé*, his party at least, if not he himself, has made every possible effort to persuade the ignorant public that the planet of Leverrier does not even exist.

* At the *Académie des Sciences* there are two perpetual secretaries; one for the mathematical sciences (M. Arago), the other for the physical sciences (M. Flourens). The latter, who is an eminent physiologist, does not sympathise, we are assured, with M. Arago's views.

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ments, which cost nothing and are extremely effective, must be eagerly sought by the industrial classes. The Perpetual Secretaries have, it is true, the right of selection, and of proportioning the extent of their notice to the importance of the subject. But with the kind of people that throng the hall of the Academy, with the general preference of the public for utilitarian projects, and with the democratic ideas of M. Arago, we may be certain that, if anything is thrown aside it is not the production of an *ouvrier*. It is curious to observe with what zeal and complacency the patron and servant of the crowd employs his extraordinary gift of exposition in the detailed explanation of some trivial invention, or in entertaining an audience abounding in quidnuncs with the marvels which impose on a vulgar imagination. But inexhaustible when he has to announce showers of frogs,* or any other phenomena more or less doubtful which the ignorant populace greet with applause, he can dispose in two words of an important discovery which would awaken no curiosity in the mass. If we consider that the sittings should properly last but a couple of hours, that they are commenced by going through the minutes of the previous meeting, which sometimes give rise to discussions, and that besides the reading of the reports drawn up by its order, the Academy often resolves itself into a secret committee, to discuss its private affairs, it is self-evident that of the time which remains at its disposal, the correspondence must occupy the principal part. Then, instead of seeing, as we should have expected, the audience taking an interest in the works of the Academy, we see the Academicians met together to hear their Secretaries read the works of the audience. The parts are changed: nor is this all; for the audience assume the privilege to blame or applaud, while the poor Academicians listen in silence. It daily becomes more difficult to obtain a hearing for a purely theoretical paper, or to get up a discussion on the higher branches of scientific research. Not even the eminence of Lord Brougham could gain, as we read some time since in the newspapers, an opening to communicate his beautiful experiments upon light. There was the inexorable law that the endless correspondence must first be gone through, and before the nobodies had been heard out—the time was up. It is not to be questioned that M. Arago is a Samson in intellectual strength, but he might turn his prowess to better account than in pulling down the pillars of the Temple of Science to make sport for the Philistines.

* See in the *Comptes Rendus* the strange communications made by M. Arago at the sittings on the 11th July and 3rd October, 1836. The showers of frogs thus emphatically announced before a gaping crowd were afterwards denied by the naturalists of the Academy; and a discussion arose, of which the *Comptes Rendus*, it is almost needless to be said, present not the slightest trace.

Another

Another bad effect which results from the admission of the public to the *Académie des Sciences*, is the virulence it imparts to the discussions of the members, who are often animated at once by scientific rivalries and political passions. Men who would argue amicably with closed doors, contend for victory in the presence of the crowd, and the serene rigour of philosophic disputation is exchanged for the heated declamation of popular demagogues. From a thousand examples which we might give of the violence of these debates, we will select only one, which occurred at the first meeting of the present year. In delivering, a short time before, the *éloge* of Gay-Lussac, a great chemist and natural philosopher, M. Arago seized the occasion to blame, with much bitterness, the changes which have lately been introduced into the programme of studies at the *Ecole Polytechnique*. The censure, though apparently addressed to the government, was in reality directed against M. Leverrier and his friends, who had been placed on the commission to the exclusion of the friends of M. Arago. It was therefore, in truth, a conflict between the Government party in the Academy and the Republican section, which had hitherto retained a sort of monopoly of the *École Polytechnique*, and had inspired the pupils with the most democratic ideas. At the end of last year M. Leverrier requested that the *éloge* should be published in order that he might reply to the charges contained in it, and at the first January meeting of 1853 M. Faye repeated the demand. Hence grew the war of words, of which an account is preserved in the *Journal Politique et Commercial du Hâvre*, and which, though manifestly written by an adherent of the Arago party, plainly betrays that the bitterness was on one side and the moderation on the other:—

'There is an old proverb which says, that what you do on the first day of the year you do every day after: if this were true, we should have to expect, during the course of 1853, some very stormy meetings at the *Académie des Sciences*, for the first was a perfect tempest. We might really even parody the famous line of Molière:

"Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l'âme des *savans*?"

It was again the *École Polytechnique* which formed the pretext for the quarrel; and it was M. Faye who awkwardly set fire to the magazine. In a manuscript note, which had necessarily been prepared beforehand, he unfortunately took it into his head to find fault with M. Arago's expression in reference to the programme of the School, that it contained things really *unimaginable*. "If I did not protest against such language," he said, "as a member of the Commission which drew up the programme, I should hesitate to appear again before my pupils. I cannot allow it to be believed that I have consented in any degree to diminish the importance of mathematical studies."

'He had hardly ended reading his paper when a formidable adversary suddenly

suddenly rose. It was M. Liouville. "I was not at the last meeting," he said, "but I have read the protest of M. Leverrier, I have just heard yours, and I do not hesitate to say that you are defending a most miserable cause. Yes! in the programme which you have prepared there are things *incredible, unimaginable.*" And with truly marvellous rapidity, M. Liouville quoted a host of examples to give greater weight to his close, accurate, and vigorous argumentation. "You are my pupils," he exclaimed at the close of his speech; "I have assisted you to enter the scientific world, but now I have often cause to regret it."

'M. Leverrier rose to reply. All he wished was that M. Arago should publish his *éloge* of Gay-Lussac, in order that he might answer the passage relative to the *École Polytechnique.* He was delighted to acknowledge that M. Liouville had been his master. He regretted that the friendly feeling which had once subsisted between them had ceased: but it was not his fault. No considerations, however, would prevent him from demanding the publication of the *éloge* with the most energetic perseverance; and he would defend the programme of which he had been in part the author.

'"Your programme," retorted M. Liouville, "is rejected by all who are worthy to bear the name of geometricians, by MM. Sturm, Lainé, Chasles, &c. &c.; and the French geometricians are the first in the world. Europe read it only to hiss it."

'M. Chasles declared that he agreed with M. Liouville, and shared in his opinion. The discussion turned to personality in a most deplorable manner, and the President had great difficulty in restoring tranquillity. As for M. Arago, he contented himself with declaring that he had been quite ready to give his colleagues the manuscript of his *éloge* of Gay-Lussac, which he had brought with him for that purpose; but as it had been demanded in so unbecoming a manner, he should refuse it. He would print his work whenever it suited his convenience to do so. "You have already attempted to use intimidation towards M. Villemain, the Perpetual Secretary of the *Académie Française,*" he said, addressing himself to M. Leverrier. "You did not succeed. You will succeed no better with me; I shall yield no more than M. Villemain has yielded." Some clamour arose at this, but silence was speedily restored, and the formation of the bureau for 1853 was proceeded with.'

'Away with literature,' said Grevius, the scholar, 'if it does not soften the mind and the manners, and if it renders its cultivators more savage than gladiators, and more extravagant than buffoons.' Is there no Grevius in the Academy of Sciences to tell the truth to his brethren? or, if republicans could condescend to take a lesson from royalists, might they not adopt with advantage a rule which was given to their parent body by Louis XIV.?—'The Academy shall carefully watch that, on those occasions when several academicians shall be of different opinions, they shall employ no term of contempt or bitterness regarding one another, either in their speeches or in their writings; and

and even when they combat the opinions of any man of science whatsoever, the Academy shall exhort them to speak of him with proper consideration.'

If the violence of the democratic faction increases, its influence in the Academy appears as clearly to be on the decline. While France was governed by the republic of 1848, and especially while dreading the triumph of the Socialists, the party which wielded the sceptre in the state was also permitted to wield it in the Academy; but since the agitated waters have become tranquil, and it is possible to hope for a few years of quiet, M. Arago and his followers have daily lost ground. Some of his old supporters have accepted employments which bring them into too close a connexion with Louis Napoleon to leave any doubt that they are friendly to the imperial rule, and the result of these secessions was manifested in the election of a member to the Institute on the 9th of February, 1852. The Arago candidate was M. Charles Buonaparte, the author of several works on natural history, who, in his function of President of the Roman Republic, in the time of Mazzini, had won the sympathy of the democratic *savants*. His opponent was M. Francis Delessert, who belongs to a race notorious for its attachment to the Orleans family. Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts on behalf of the late President of the Roman Republic, he was signally defeated, and M. Delessert elected by a large majority.

The choice of academicians is not the only election at which there is a struggle for supremacy. The Institute possesses the right of presenting candidates to the government for a large number of literary and scientific appointments. This privilege, which is exercised with regard to the most important educational institutions—the *École Polytechnique*, for example, the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, the *Musée d'Histoire Naturelle*, and the *Collége de France*—secures the *Académie des Sciences* a most extensive influence. No idea can be formed in England of the legion of placemen beyond the Channel, and who, without exaggeration, are more numerous than the soldiers. Madame de Staël used to say that the most popular constitution which could be established would run in terms like these:—'First and only article —All Frenchmen are public functionaries, and are paid by the state.' Of no class of persons is the witty assertion more true than of the men of science, who are usually poor, and often altogether dependent on their salary. There is no distinction here between republicans and monarchists; everybody, under every government, wants a place: and the only difference during the reign of Louis Philippe between friends or foes was that the former received their pay with prayers for the continuance of his rule, and the latter took it while constantly engaged in schemes

schemes for overthrowing him. The stipend attached to these posts is generally small, varying from 20*l.** to 240*l.* a-year. Accordingly, there is scarcely a *savant* of distinction who does not hold two, three, or even more appointments, which, added together, furnish a tolerable income, but which, as they are not to be got without exertion, force him to be incessantly canvassing for votes. The members of the Institute enter into the competition as well as others; and for the better paid offices they are, strictly speaking, the only candidates. 'When I found,' said the Count d'Artois of a particular period of the reign of Louis XVI., 'that everybody else was holding out his hands, *I* held out my *hat*.' Such is the system which prevails too often with the philosophers—the little men fill their hands, and the great their hats. Pecuniary considerations are a large ingredient in what is termed at the Institute the art of making *combinations*, or of interesting members in the success of an election which sooner or later may result in some advantage to themselves or their friends. The party formed on one side is frequently resisted by a similar organization on the other, and the rival factions, instead of thinking exclusively of the merits of the candidates, are intent upon obtaining a colleague whose support may be of service at a future day.

It might seem at first sight that there was one department of physics which had profited by the politics which have been imported into the placid regions of natural philosophy. For many years, M. Arago, who is the Director of the Observatory at Paris, has employed his position in the Chamber of Deputies, and elsewhere, to obtain large grants from the state for the use of the institution over which he presides. Yet nothing is more notorious than that astronomy is on the decline in France. With all the qualities necessary for success, the very extent of M. Arago's philosophic lore, the universality of his sympathies, the multiplicity of his duties, his eager interest in politics, have prevented his devoting himself with sufficient exclusiveness to the practice of a science which admits of no neglect. It is true that he has sometimes surrounded himself with able men, and was successively the patron of M. de Pontécoulant and of M. Leverrier; but, whether the scholars were not sufficiently docile, or that the master grew jealous of their rising reputation, or that the demon of party troubled the atmosphere and made it not quite so serene as that of the stars, certain it is that the perpetual secretary withdrew suddenly his countenance, and, forgetful of all his former praises, commenced a system of attack. The science suffers while the astronomers dispute.

* The members of the bureau of the *Journal des Savants*, for instance, all of whom are members of the Institute, receive 500 francs (20*l.*) a-year. They are elected by their colleagues, but, as is always the case in France, must be approved by the government.

Much

Much amusement has occasionally been produced by chance persons discovering luminaries in the heavens while the Argus of the Paris Observatory was asleep. The idle promenaders on the *Boulevard des Italiens* detected one evening a magnificent comet, which was not seen by Astronomer Arago and his assistants until the following night. It was only last December that a German artist, M. Goldschmidt, looked out of his window, in the *Rue de Seine* (the street in Paris which is about the least suited for surveying the stars), and distinguished a new planet which had not revealed itself to more knowing eyes. Twenty-six of these bodies, exclusive of Neptune, have now been detected since the beginning of the century—eight by Mr. Hind, at the Regent's Park; seven by M. de Gasparis, at Naples; others at Palermo, at Bremen, at Driesen, at Lilienthal, at Düsseldorf, at Marseilles, and at Markrea in Ireland. Though they have been seen in the foggiest regions, as well as under the clearest skies, Paris (except when M. Goldschmidt looks out of his window) appears unsuited for the purpose, notwithstanding that M. Arago, on the 13th of September, 1852, proposed to the *Académie des Sciences* an infallible method of finding out every planet which remained. Since that period several more have been added to the list,* and not one of them was announced from

* The number of these discoveries has greatly increased since the publication in the Quarterly Review of the article on Meteors, Aerolites, and Shooting Stars. As the complete catalogue is not easily obtained, we give it here, with the date of the discovery and the name of the observer:—

1. 1801	Ceres	Piazzi	Palermo.
2. 1802	Pallas	Olbers I.	Bremen.
3. 1804	Juno	Harding	Lilienthal.
4. 1807	Vesta	Olbers II.	Bremen.
5. 1845	Astrea	Hencke I.	Driesen.
6. 1847	Hebe	Hencke II.	Driesen.
7. 1847	Iris	Hind I.	London.
8. 1847	Flora	Hind II.	London.
9. 1848	Metis	Graham	Markrea.
10. 1850	Hygeia	De Gasparis I.	Naples.
11. 1850	Parthenope	De Gasparis II.	Naples.
12. 1850	Victoria	Hind III.	London.
13. 1850	Egeria	De Gasparis III.	Naples.
14. 1851	Irene	Hind IV.	London.
15. 1851	Eunomia	De Gasparis IV.	Naples.
16. 1852	Psyche	De Gasparis V	Naples.
17. 1852	Thetis	Luther	Düsseldorf.
18. 1852	Melpomene	Hind V.	London.
19. 1852	Fortuna	Hind VI.	London.
20. 1852	Massalia	Chacornac De Gasparis VI.	Marseilles. Naples.
21. 1852	Lutetia	Goldschmidt.	Paris.
22. 1852	Calliope	Hind VII.	London.
23. 1852	Thalia	Hind VIII.	London.
24. 1853	Phocea	Chacornac II.	Marseilles.
25. 1853	———	De Gasparis VII.	Naples.
26. 1853	———	Luther II.	Bilk.

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the Observatory at Paris, where they possessed the infallible method for discovering them all. It may safely be predicted that when M. Arago turns politics out at the door the planets will begin to peep in at the window.

It is not our intention to deny the merits of the *Académie des Sciences*, or to disparage the genius of the great man who for twenty years has been almost its dictator. It may even be admitted that every age has its pernicious tendencies, and that rivalries, cabals, and a desire of domination, were not born with M. Arago. But it is equally indisputable that, from the hour of its foundation, the Academy has never entered upon so dangerous a path, and after climbing to the highest eminence it has begun to descend the hill on the other side. While it is still surrounded with the halo of celebrated names, and before its *prestige* has vanished, it should remember that science is of no party—that, above all, it is not of the party of demagogues; and that the attempt to convert the discoveries of the Aragos and Leverriers into a weekly amusement for the people can only end in banishing severer science in favour of showers of frogs, and declamatory speeches. It is to be hoped that this noble corporation will shake off the dust it has acquired in the arena, and be content for the future, like the academicians of old, to mature, in shade and seclusion, the grand truths of philosophy, preferring the applause of the world and posterity to the transitory clamour of a Monday evening's assembly. The entire Institute is not without its dangers. It has profited enormously by the fostering influence of the state; but governments can stifle by their embraces, as well as strangle by their opposition. If either threats or bribes were to destroy its independence, it would soon cease to be respected itself, or to confer credit on its masters. It must be free to think what it pleases, and to say what it thinks, or the intelligence of the age will find other voices to speak its opinions; and literature, learning, science, and art will no longer be represented by the Institute of France. Englishmen would assuredly deplore its decline; for, besides that our greatest men are proud to be enrolled among its members, jealousy of the achievements of our neighbours has long ceased to be a sentiment with the most ignorant of our people. The language of France has become nearly as necessary to us as our own, and the more familiar we grow with it, the more we learn to admire the genius, and ratify the reputation of the host of luminaries which she has produced for centuries in every department of knowledge.

ART.

ART. II.—*Vitæ S. Thomæ Cantuariensis.* Ed. Giles. London.

EVERY one is familiar with the reversal of popular judgments respecting individuals or events of our own time. It would be an easy, though perhaps an invidious task, to point out the changes from obloquy to applause, and from applause to obloquy, which the present generation has witnessed; and it would be instructive to examine in each case, how far these changes have been justified by the facts. What thoughtful observers may thus notice in the passing opinions of the day, it is the privilege of history to track through the course of centuries. Of such vicissitudes in the judgment of successive ages, one of the most striking is to be found in the conflicting feelings with which different epochs have regarded the contest of Becket with Henry II. During its continuance, the public opinion of England and of Europe was, if not unfavourable to the Archbishop, at least strongly divided. After its tragical close, the change from indifference or hostility to unbounded veneration was instantaneous and universal. This veneration, after a duration of more than three centuries, was superseded, at least in England, by a contempt as general and profound as had been the previous admiration. And now, after three centuries more, the revolution of the wheel of fortune has again brought up, both at home and abroad, worshippers of the memory of St. Thomas of Canterbury, who rival the most undoubting devotee that ever knelt at his shrine in the credulous reigns of the Plantagenet kings. It is not our intention to attempt the adjustment of these various verdicts, and indeed there appears less need of an arbitrator than there might have been some years since. Indications* are not wanting, that the pendulum which has been so violently swung to and fro, is at last about to settle into its proper place; and we may trust that on this, as on many other controverted historical points, a judgment will be pronounced in our own times, which, if not irreversible, is less likely to be reversed than those which have gone before. But it may contribute to the decision upon the merits and defects of Becket if we endeavour to present a more complete picture than has hitherto been drawn of that passage of his career which has left by far the most indelible impression,—its terrible close. Even though the famous catastrophe had not turned the course of events for generations to come, and exer-

* One author, the Rev. J. C. Robertson, of Bekesbourne, may be especially selected as having already taken, in two articles in the English Review of 1846, an impartial survey of the whole struggle, in which he will no doubt be imitated by Dr. Pauli, already known as the learned biographer of Alfred, in his continuation of Lappenberg's History of England.

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cised an influence which is not exhausted yet, it would still deserve to be minutely described from its connexion with the stateliest of English cathedrals, and with the first great poem of the English language.

The labour of Dr. Giles has collected no less than nineteen biographies, or fragments of biographies, all of which appear to have been written within fifty years of the murder, and some of which are confined to that single subject. To these we must add the accounts of the contemporary or nearly contemporary chroniclers—Gervase, Diceto, Hoveden, and, although somewhat later, Brompton; and, what is the most important, because the earliest—the French biography in verse by Guernes, or Garnier, of Pont S. Maxence, which was composed only five years after the event. Dr. Giles has promised a supplement to his valuable work, containing this curious relic—the more interesting from being the sole record which gives the words of the actors in the language in which they spoke. We wish Dr. Giles good speed in his undertaking, and meanwhile avail ourselves of the concluding fragment of the poem which has been published by the great scholar Immanuel Bekker in the Berlin Transactions.

Of these twenty-four narrators, four—Edward Grim, William Fitzstephen, John of Salisbury (who unfortunately supplies but little), and the anonymous author of the Lambeth MS. —claim to have been eye-witnesses. Three others—William of Canterbury, Benedict, afterwards abbot of Peterborough, and Gervase of Canterbury—were monks of the convent, and, though not present at the massacre, were probably somewhere in the precincts. Herbert of Bosham, Roger of Pontigny, and Garnier, were not even in England, but they had been on terms of intercourse more or less intimate with Becket, and the two latter, especially, seem to have taken the utmost pains to ascertain the truth of the facts they relate. From these several accounts we can recover the particulars of the death of Archbishop Becket to the minutest details. It is true that, being written by monastic or clerical historians after the national feeling had been roused to enthusiasm in his behalf, allowance must be made for exaggeration, suppression, and every kind of false colouring which could set off their hero to advantage. It is true, also, that on some few points the various authorities are hopelessly irreconcilable. But still a careful comparison of the narrators with each other, and with the localities, leads to a conviction that on the whole the facts have been substantially preserved, and that, as often happens, the truth can be ascertained in spite, and even in consequence, of attempts to distort and suppress it. If this be so, few occurrences in the middle ages have been so graphically

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and copiously described, and few give such an insight into the manners and customs, the thoughts and feelings, not only of the man himself, but of the entire age, as the eventful tragedy, known successively as the 'martyrdom,' the 'accidental death,' the 'righteous execution,' and the 'murder' of Thomas à Becket.

The year 1170 witnessed the termination of the struggle of ten years between the King and the Archbishop; in July, the first reconciliation had been effected with Henry, in France; in the beginning of December Becket had landed at Sandwich—the port of the monks of Canterbury—and thence entered the metropolitan city, after an absence of six years, amidst the acclamations of the people. The cathedral was hung with silken drapery; magnificent banquets were prepared; the churches resounded with organs and hymns; the palace-hall with trumpets; and the Archbishop preached in the chapter-house on the text, 'Here we have no abiding city, but we seek one to come.'[b] Great difficulties, however, still remained. In addition to the general question of the immunities of the clergy from secular jurisdiction, which was the original point in dispute between the King and the Archbishop, another had arisen within this very year, of much less importance in itself, but which eventually brought about the final catastrophe. In the preceding June Henry, with the view of consolidating his power in England, had caused his eldest son to be crowned King, not merely as his successor, but as his colleague; insomuch that by contemporary chroniclers he is always called 'the young King,' sometimes even 'Henry III.' In the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury the ceremony of coronation was performed by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of London and Salisbury. The moment the intelligence was communicated to Becket, who was then in France, a new blow seemed to be struck at his rights; but this time it was not the privileges of his order, but of his office, that were attacked. The inalienable right of crowning the Sovereigns of England, inherent in the see of Canterbury from the time of Augustine downwards, had been infringed, and with his usual ardour he procured from the Pope, Alexander III., letters of excommunication against the three prelates who had taken part in the daring act. These letters he had with him, unknown to the King, at the time of the reconciliation, and his earliest thought on landing in England was to get them conveyed to the offending bishops, who were then at Dover. They started for France from that port as he landed at Sandwich, leaving however a powerful auxiliary, in the person of Randulf de Broc, a knight to whom the King had granted pos-

[b] Fitzstephen, Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 283.

session

session of the archiepiscopal castle of Saltwood, and who was for this, if for no other reason, a sworn enemy to Becket and his return. The first object of the Archbishop was to conciliate the young King, who was then at Woodstock, and his mode of courting him was characteristic. Three magnificent chargers, of which his previous experience of horses enabled him to know the merits, were the gift by which he hoped to win over the mind of his former pupil; and he himself, after a week's stay at Canterbury, followed the messenger who was to announce his present to the Prince. He passed through Rochester in state, entered London in a vast procession that advanced three miles out of the city to meet him, and took up his quarters at Southwark, in the palace of the aged Bishop of Winchester, Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen.[c] Here he received orders from the young King to proceed no further, but return instantly to Canterbury. In obedience to the command he relinquished his design, and turned for the last time from the city of his birth to the city of his death.

The first open manifestations of hostility proceeded from the family of the Brocs of Saltwood. Before he had left the neighbourhood of London, tidings had reached him that Randulf de Broc had seized a vessel laden with wine from Henry II., and had killed or imprisoned the crew. This injury was promptly repaired at the bidding of the young King, to whom the Archbishop complained of the outrage through the abbot of St. Alban's and the prior of Dover.[d] But the enmity of the Brocs was not so easily allayed. No sooner had the Primate reached Canterbury than he was met by a series of fresh insults. Randulf, he was told, was hunting down his archiepiscopal deer, with his own dogs in his own woods; and Robert, another of the same family, who had been a monk in the novitiate, but had since taken to a secular life, sent out his nephew John to waylay and cut off the tails of a sumpter mule and a horse of the Archbishop. This jest, or outrage (according as we regard it), which occurred on Christmas-eve, took deep possession of Becket's mind.[e] On Christmas-day, after the solemn celebration of the usual midnight mass, he entered the cathedral for the services of a festival which eminently precludes the intrusion of passionate and revengeful thoughts. Before the performance of high mass he mounted the pulpit, and preached on the text (according to the Vulgate version) 'On earth, peace to men of good will.' He began by speaking of the sainted fathers of the church of Canterbury, the presence of whose bones made doubly hallowed the consecrated ground. 'One martyr,' he said, 'they had already'—

[c] Fitzstephen, 284, 285. [d] Ibid., 286. [e] Ibid., 287.

Alfege,

Alfege, murdered by the Danes, whose tomb stood on the north side of the high altar; 'it was possible,' he added, 'that they would soon have another.'[f] The people who thronged the nave were in a state of wild excitement; they wept and groaned, and an audible murmur ran through the church, 'Father, why do you desert us so soon? to whom will you leave us?, But, as he went on with his discourse, the plaintive strain gradually rose into a tone of fiery indignation. 'You would have thought,' says Herbert of Bosham, who was present, 'that you were looking at the prophetic beast, which had at once the face of a man and the face of a lion.' He spoke—the fact is recorded by all the biographers, without any sense of its extreme incongruity—he spoke of the insult of the docked tail[g] of the sumpter-mule, and in a voice of thunder[h] excommunicated Randulf and Robert de Broc; and in the same sentence included the Vicar of Thirlwood, and Nigel of Sackville, the Vicar of Harrow, for occupying those incumbencies without his authority, and refusing access to his officials.[i] He also publicly denounced and forbade communication with the three bishops who, by crowning the young King, had not feared to incroach upon the prescriptive rights of the church of Canterbury. 'May they be cursed,' he said in conclusion, 'by Jesus Christ, and may their memory be blotted out of the assembly of the saints, whoever shall sow hatred and discord between me and my Lord the King.'[k] With these words he dashed the candle on the pavement,[l] in token of the extinction of his enemies; and as he descended from the pulpit, to pass to the altar to celebrate mass, he repeated to his Welsh crossbearer, Alexander, the prophetic words, 'One martyr, St. Alfege, you have already—another, if God will, you will have soon.'[m] The service in the cathedral was followed by the banquet in his hall, at which, although Christmas-day fell this year on a Friday, it was observed that he ate as usual, in honour of the joyous festival of the Nativity.[n] On the next day, Saturday, the Feast of St. Stephen, and on Sunday, the Feast of St. John, he again celebrated mass;[o] and towards the

[f] Fitzstephen, 292.

[g] According to the popular belief, the excommunication of the Broc family was not the only time that Becket avenged a similar offence. Lambard, in his *Perambulations of Kent*, says that the people of Strood, near Rochester, insulted Becket as he rode through the town, and, like the Brocs, cut off the tails of his horses. Their descendants, as a judgment for the crime, were ever after born with horses' tails. Another explanation of the legend was that the inhabitants of Strood were the persons whom St. Augustine is reported to have visited with this curse for fastening a fish's tail to his back. (See Harris's *Kent*, 303.)

[h] Herbert, Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 324.

[i] Fitzstephen, 292.

[k] Grim, Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 68.

[l] Garnier, 17.

[m] Garnier, 71-75.

[n] Herbert, 324.

[o] Fitzstephen, 292.

close

close of the Sabbath, under cover of the night, he sent away, with messages to the King of France and the Archbishop of Sens, his faithful servant Herbert of Bosham, telling him that he would see him no more, but that he was anxious not to expose him to the further suspicions of Henry. Herbert departed with a heavy heart,[p] and with him went Alexander, the Welsh crossbearer. The Archbishop sent off another servant to the Pope, and two others to the Bishop of Norwich, with a letter relating to Hugh Earl of Norfolk. He also drew up a deed appointing his priest William to the chapelry of Penshurst, with an excommunication against any one who should take it from him.[q] These are his last recorded public acts. On the night of the same Sunday[r] he received a warning letter from France, announcing that he was in peril from some new attack. What this was is now to be told.

The three prelates—Roger of Bishop's-bridge, Archbishop of York,[s] Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, and Jocelyn the Lombard, Bishop of Salisbury—having left England as soon as they heard that the excommunication had been issued against them, arrived in France a few days before Christmas,[t] and immediately proceeded to the King, who was then at the castle of Bur, near Bayeux.[u] It was a place already famous in history as the scene of the interview between William and Harold, when the oath was perfidiously exacted and sworn which led to the conquest of England. All manner of rumours about Becket's proceedings had reached the ears of Henry, and he besought the advice of the three prelates. The Archbishop of York answered cautiously, 'Ask counsel from your barons and knights; it is not for us to say what must be done.' A pause ensued; and then it was added—whether by Roger or by some one else does not clearly appear—'As long as Thomas lives, you will have neither good days, nor peaceful kingdom, nor quiet life.'[x] These

[p] Herbert, 324, 325.

[q] Fitzstephen, 292, 293.

[r] Anon. Passio Tertia, Ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 156.

[s] This contest with Becket for the privileges of the see of York, though the most important, was not the only one which Archbishop Roger sustained. It was a standing question between the two archbishops, and Roger maintained the pre-eminence of his see against Becket's successor in a somewhat singular manner. 'In 1176,' says Fuller, 'a synod was called at Westminster, the Pope's legate being present thereat; on whose right hand sat Richard Archbishop of Canterbury, as in his proper place; when in springs Roger of York, and, finding Canterbury so seated, fairly sits him down on Canterbury's lap.'....'It matters as little to the reader as to the writer,' the historian continues, 'whether Roger beat Richard—or Richard beat Roger; yet, once for all, we will reckon up the arguments which each see alleged for its proceedings:' which accordingly follow with his usual racy humour.—Fuller's *Church Hist.*, iii. § 3.

[t] Herbert, 319.

[u] Garnier, 65, who gives the interview in much greater detail than the other chroniclers.

[x] Fitzstephen, 390.

words

words goaded the king into one of those paroxysms of fury to which all the earlier Plantagenet princes were subject, and which was believed by themselves to arise from a mixture of demoniacal blood in their race. It is described in Henry's son John as 'something beyond anger: he was so changed in his whole body that a man would hardly have known him. His forehead was drawn up into deep furrows; his flaming eyes glistened; a livid hue took the place of colour.'[y] Henry himself is said on one occasion to have torn out the eyes of a messenger who brought him bad tidings; and in his previous controversy with Becket, he is represented as having flung down his cap, torn off his clothes, thrown the silk coverlet from his bed, and rolled upon it, gnawing the straw and rushes. Of such a kind was the frenzy which he showed on the present occasion. 'A fellow,' he exclaimed, 'that has eaten my bread has lifted up his heel against me—a fellow that I loaded with benefits dares insult the King and the whole royal family, and tramples on the whole kingdom—a fellow that came to court on a lame sumpter mule sits without hindrance on the throne itself.' 'What sluggard wretches,' he burst forth again and again, 'what cowards have I brought up in my court, who care nothing for their allegiance to their master! not one will deliver me from this low-born priest!'[b] and with these fatal words he rushed out of the room.

There were present among the courtiers four knights, whose names long lived in the memory of men, and on which every ingenuity was exercised to extract from them an evil augury of the deed which has made them famous—Reginald Fitzurse, 'son of the Bear,' and 'of truly bearlike character' (so the Canterbury monks represented it); Hugh de Moreville, 'of the city of death'—of whom a dreadful story was told of his having ordered a young Saxon to be boiled alive on the false accusation of his wife; William de Tracy—a brave soldier, it was said, but 'of parricidal wickedness;' Richard le Brez or le Bret, commonly known as Brito, from the Latinized version of his name in the Chronicles—more fit they say, to have been called the 'Brute.'[c] They are all described as on familiar terms with the King himself, and sometimes, in official language, as gentlemen of the bed-chamber.[d] They also appear to have been brought together by old associations. Fitzurse, Moreville, and Tracy had all sworn homage to Becket as Chancellor. Fitzurse, Tracy, and Bret had all connexions with Somersetshire. Their rank and lineage can even now be accurately traced through the medium of our county his-

[y] Richard of Devizes, § 40.
[b] Will. Cant., Ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 30; Grim. 68; Gervase, 1412.
[c] Will. Cant., 31.
[d] 'Cubicularii,' Gervase, Chron., 1414.

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torians and legal records. Fitzurse was the descendant of Urso, or Ours, who had, under the Conqueror, held Grittleston in Wiltshire, of the Abbey of Glastonbury. His father, Richard Fitzurse, became possessed in the reign of Stephen of the manor of Willeton in Somersetshire, which had descended to Reginald a few years before the time of which we are speaking.[e] He was also a tenant in chief in Northamptonshire, in tail in Leicestershire.[f] Moreville was a man of rank, and held high office, both before and after the murder. He was this very year Justice itinerant of the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, where he inherited the barony of Burgh-on-the-Sands and other possessions from his father Roger and his grandfather Simon. He was likewise forester of Cumberland, owner of the castle of Knaresborough, and added to his paternal property that of his wife, Helwise de Hauteville.[g] Richard the Breton was, it may be inferred from an incident in the murder, intimate with Prince William, the King's brother.[h] He and his brother Edmund had succeeded to their father Simon le Bret, who, it would seem, had given his name to the village of Samford, still called from the family, Samford *Bret*. Tracy had already distinguished himself in war.[i] His family were allied by marriage to the great house of Courtenay,[k] and he held a fee and under-fee in Devonshire.[l]

It is not clear on what day the fatal exclamation of the King was made. Fitzstephen[m] reports it as taking place on Sunday, the 27th of December. Others,[n] who ascribe a more elaborate character to the whole plot, date it a few days before, on Thursday the 24th, —the whole Court taking part in it, and Roger Archbishop of York giving full instructions to the knights as to their future course. However this may be, it was generally believed that they left Bur on the night of the King's fury. They then, it was thought, proceeded by different roads to the coast, and crossed the Channel on the following day. Two of them landed, as was afterwards noticed with malicious satisfaction, at the port of '*Dogs*' near Dover,[o] two of them at Winchilsea,[p] and all four arrived at the same hour[q] at the fortress of Saltwood Castle, the property of the see of Canterbury, but now occupied, as we have seen, by Becket's chief enemy—Dan Randolph of Broc—who came out to welcome them.[r] Here they would doubtless be told of the

[e] Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. p. 487.
[f] Liber Nigri Scaccarii, pp. 216–88.
[g] Foss's Judges of England, i. 279.
[h] Fitzstephen, 303.
[i] Will. Cant., 31.
[k] Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. 514.
[l] Liber Nigri Scaccarii, pp. 115–221.
[m] Fitzstephen, 290.
[n] Garnier, 65, 66; so also Gervase, Chron., 1414.
[o] Grim, 69; Gervase, Chron., 1414.
[p] Garnier, 66.
[q] Fitzstephen, 291.
[r] Garnier, 66.

excommunication

excommunication launched against their host on Christmas-day. In the darkness of the long winter night of the 28th of December[s] it was believed that the conspirators concerted the scheme with candles extinguished, and not even seeing each other's faces. Early in the morning of the next day they issued orders in the King's name[t] for a troop of soldiers to be levied from the neighbourhood to march with them to Canterbury. They themselves mounted their chargers, and galloped along the same Roman road which still conducts the traveller by a straight line of fifteen miles from Saltwood to the city.[u] They proceeded instantly to St. Augustine's Abbey, outside the walls, and took up their quarters with Clarembald, the Abbot.[x]

The abbey was in a state of considerable confusion at the time of their arrival. A destructive fire had ravaged the buildings two years before,[y] and the reparations could hardly have been yet completed. Its domestic state was still more disturbed. It was now nearly ten years since a feud had been raging between the inmates and their abbot, who had been intruded on them in 1161, as Becket had been on the ecclesiastics of the Cathedral,—but with the ultimate difference, that, whilst Becket had become the champion of the clergy, Clarembald had stood fast by the King his patron, which perpetuated the quarrel between the monks and their superior. He would, therefore, naturally be eager to receive the new comers, and with him they concerted measures for their future movements.[z] Having sent orders to the mayor or provost of Canterbury to issue a proclamation in the King's name, forbidding any one to offer assistance to the Archbishop,[a] the knights once more mounted their chargers, and, accompanied by Robert of Broc, who had probably attended them from Saltwood, rode under the long line of wall which still separates the city and the precincts of the cathedral from St. Augustine's monastery, till they reached the great gateway which opened into the court of the Archbishop's palace. They were followed by a band of about a dozen armed men, whom they placed in the house of one Gilbert,[b] which stood hard by the gate.

It was Tuesday the 29th of December. Tuesday, his friends remarked, had always been a significant day in Becket's life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptized—on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton—on a Tuesday he had left the King's court in Normandy—on a Tuesday he had left England on his exile—on a Tuesday he had returned from that exile—it was now on a

[s] Gervase, 66. [t] Grim, 60; Roger, ed. Giles, vol. i. p. 160; Fitzstephen, 293; Garnier, 66.
[u] Garnier, 66, 70. [x] Gervase, Chron., 1412. [y] Thorn's Chronicles, 1818.
[z] Gervase, Chron., 1414. [a] Garnier, 66. [b] Fitzstephen, 296.

Tuesday

Tuesday that the fatal hour came[c]—and (as the next generation observed) it was on a Tuesday that his enemy King Henry was buried—and on a Tuesday that the martyr's relics were translated. Another omen was also remarked. He had told several persons in France that he was convinced he should not outlive the year,[d] and in two days the year would be ended.

That morning he attended mass in the cathedral; then passed a long time in the chapter-house, confessing to two of the monks, and receiving, as seems to have been his custom, three scourgings.[e] The dinner,[f] which took place in the great hall of his palace at three in the afternoon, was now over; the concluding hymn or 'grace' was finished;[g] and Becket had retired to his private room,[h] where he sate on his bed,[i] talking with his friends; whilst the servants, according to the practice which then prevailed, and which may still be seen in our old collegiate establishments, remained in the hall, making their meal of the broken meat which was left. The floor of the hall was strewn with hay and straw, to accommodate those who could not find room on the benches;[k] and the crowd of beggars and poor,[l] who daily received their food from the Archbishop, had gone[m] into the outer yard, and were lingering before their final dispersion. It was at this moment that the four knights dismounted in the court before the hall[n]—the doors were all open, and they passed through the crowd without opposition. Either to avert suspicion or from deference to the feeling of the time, which forbade the entrance of armed men into the peaceful precincts of the cathedral,[o] they left their weapons behind, and their coats of mail were concealed by the usual cape, and tunic,[p] or coat of ordinary life.[q] One attendant, Radulf, an archer, followed them.[r] They were generally known as courtiers; and the servants invited them to partake of the remains of the feast. They declined, and were pressing on, when, at the foot of the staircase leading from the hall to the Archbishop's room, they were met by William Fitz-Nigel, the seneschal,[s] who had just parted from the Primate with a permission to leave his service, and join the King in France. When he saw the knights, whom he immediately recognised, he ran forward and

[c] Alan, ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 377; Matthew Paris, 97. It was the fact of the 29th of December falling on a Tuesday that fixes the date of his death to 1170, not 1171. Gervase, Chron. 1414.

[d] Gervase, 70. b. 25. [e] Anon. Lambeth, ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 121; Roger, 169; Garnier.

[f] For the account of his dinners, see Herbert, 63, 64, 70, 71. [g] Ibid., 70.

[h] Grim, 70; Benedict, ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 55. [i] Roger, 163.

[k] Fitzstephen, 189. [l] Grim, 70; Fitzstephen, 294; Garnier, 66 (*b*).

[m] Grim, 70. [n] Garnier, 66. [o] Fitzstephen, 310. [p] Gervase, 1415.

[q] Grim, 70; Roger, 161. [r] Grim, 70; Anon. Lambeth, 120.

[s] Guenes, 66, 67; Roger, 161; Grim, 60; Fitzstephen, 297.

gave

gave them the usual kiss of salutation, and at their request ushered them to the room where Becket sate. 'My lord,' he said, 'here are four knights from King Henry, wishing to speak to you.'[t] 'Let them come in,' said Becket. It must have been a solemn moment, even for those rough men, when they first found themselves in the presence of the Archbishop. Three of them, Hugh de Moreville, Reginald Fitzurse, and William de Tracy, had known him long before in the days of his splendour as Chancellor and favourite of the king. He was still in the vigour of strength, though in his fifty-third year; his countenance, if we may judge of it from the accounts at the close of the day, still retained its majestic and striking aspect; his eyes were large and piercing;[u] and his tall figure,[x] though really spare and thin, had a portly look from the number of vestments which he wore beneath his ordinary clothes. Round about him sate or lay on the ground the monks or clerks of his household—amongst them, his faithful counsellor, John, Archdeacon of Salisbury, William Fitzstephen his chaplain, and Edward Grim, a Saxon monk, of Cambridge,[y] who had arrived but a few days before on a visit.

When the four knights appeared, Becket, without looking at them, pointedly continued his conversation with the monk who sate next him, and on whose shoulder he was leaning.[z] They, on their part, entered without a word, beyond a greeting exchanged in a whisper to the attendants who stood near the door,[a] and then marched straight to where the Archbishop sate, and placed themselves on the floor at his feet, among the clerks and monks who were reclining around. Radulf the archer sate behind them,[b] on the boards. Becket now turned round for the first time, and gazed steadfastly on each in silence,[c] which he at last broke by saluting Tracy by name. The conspirators continued to look mutely at each other, till Fitzurse,[d] who throughout took the lead, replied, with a scornful expression, 'God help you!' Becket's face grew crimson,[e] and he glanced round at their countenances,[f] which seemed to gather fire from Fitzurse's speech. Fitzurse again broke forth,—'We have a message from the King over the water—tell us whether you will hear it in private, or in the hearing of all.'[g] 'As you wish,' said the Archbishop. 'Nay, as *you* wish,' said Fitzurse.[h] 'Nay, as *you* wish,' said Becket. The monks at the Archbishop's intimation withdrew into an adjoining room; but the doorkeeper ran up and kept the door

[t] Garnier, 67. [u] Herbert, 63. [x] Fitzstephen, 185.
[y] Herbert, 336. [z] Garnier, 67. [a] Benedict, 55.
[b] Roger, 161; Garnier, 67. [c] Roger, 161. [d] Roger, 161.
[e] Grim, 70; Garnier, 67. [f] Roger, 161.
[g] Grim, 70; Roger, 161; Garnier, 67. [h] Roger, 161; Garnier, 67.

ajar,

ajar, that they might see from the outside what was going on.[j] Fitzurse had hardly begun his message, when Becket, suddenly struck with a consciousness of his danger, exclaimed, 'This must not be told in secret,' and ordered the doorkeeper to recall the monks.[k] For a few seconds the knights were left alone with Becket; and the thought occurred to them, as they afterwards confessed, of killing him with the crozier which lay at his feet—the only weapon within their reach.[l] The monks hurried back, and Fitzurse, apparently calmed by their presence, resumed his statement of the complaints of the King. These complaints, which are given by the various chroniclers in very different words, were three in number. 'The King over the water commands you to perform your duty to the King on this side the water, instead of taking away his crown.' 'Rather than take away his crown,' replied Becket, 'I would give him three or four crowns.'[m] 'You have excited disturbances in the kingdom, and the King requires you to answer for them at his court.' 'Never,' said the Archbishop, 'shall the sea again come between me and my church, unless I am dragged thence by the feet.' 'You have excommunicated the bishops, and you must absolve them.' 'It was not I,' replied Becket, 'but the Pope, and you must go to him for absolution.' He then appealed, in language which is variously reported, to the promises of the King at their interview in the preceding July. Fitzurse burst forth, 'What is it you say? You charge the King with treachery.' 'Reginald, Reginald,' said Becket,[n] 'I do no such thing; but I appeal to the archbishops, bishops, and great people, five hundred and more, who heard it, and you were present yourself, Sir Reginald.' 'I was not,' said Reginald, 'I never saw nor heard anything of the kind.' 'You were,' said Becket, 'I saw you.'[o] The knights, irritated by the dialogue, swore again and again, 'by God's wounds,' that they had borne with him long enough.[p] John of Salisbury, the prudent counsellor of the Archbishop, who perceived that matters were advancing to extremities, whispered, 'My lord, speak privately to them about this.' 'No,' said Becket; 'they make proposals and demands which I cannot and ought not to admit.'[q]

He, in his turn, complained of the insults he had received. First came the grand grievances of the preceding week. 'They

[j] Roger, 161; Benedict, 55. [k] Roger, 162; Benedict, 56; Garnier, 67.
[l] Grim, 71; Roger, 162; Garnier, 67. It was probably Tracy's thought, as his was the confession generally known.
[m] Benedict, 56; Garnier, 68.
[n] He was remarkable for the tenacity of his memory, never forgetting what he had heard or learned (Gervase, Chron.).
[o] Benedict, 59; Garnier, 66. [p] Benedict, 60. [q] Roger, 162.

have

have attacked my servants, they have cut off my sumpter-mule's tail, they have carried off the casks of wine that were the King's own gift.'[r] It was now that Hugh de Moreville, the gentlest of the four,[s] put in a milder answer: 'Why did you not complain to the King of these outrages? Why did you take upon yourself to punish them by your own authority?' The Archbishop turned round sharply upon him: 'Hugh! how proudly you lift up your head! When the rights of the Church are violated, I shall wait for no man's permission to avenge them. I will give to the King the things that are the King's, but to God the things that are God's. It is my business, and I alone will see to it.'[t] For the first time in the interview the Archbishop had assumed an attitude of defiance; the fury of the knights broke at once through the bonds which had partially restrained it, and displayed itself openly in those impassioned gestures which are now confined to the half-civilized nations of the south and east, but which seem to have been natural to all classes of mediæval Europe. Their eyes flashed fire;[u] they sprang upon their feet, and rushing close up to him, gnashed their teeth, twisted their long gloves, and wildly threw their arms above their heads. Fitzurse exclaimed, 'You threaten us, you threaten us; are you going to excommunicate us all?' One of the others added, 'As I hope for God's mercy, he shall not do that; he has excommunicated too many already.'[x] The Archbishop also sprang from his couch,[y] in a state of strong excitement. 'You threaten me,' he said, 'in vain; were all the swords in England hanging over my head, you could not terrify me from my obedience to God, and my lord the Pope.[z] Foot to foot shall you find me in the battle of the Lord.[a] Once I gave way. I returned to my obedience to the Pope, and will never more desert it. And besides, you know what there is between you and me; I wonder the more that you should thus threaten the Archbishop in his own house.' He alluded to the fealty sworn to him as Chancellor by Moreville, Fitzurse, and Tracy, which touched the tenderest nerve of the feudal character. 'There is nothing,' they rejoined, with an anger which they doubtless felt to be just and loyal, 'there is nothing between you and us which can be against the King.'[b]

Roused by the sudden burst of passion on both sides, many of the servants and monks, with a few soldiers of the household, hastened into the room, and ranged themselves round the Arch-

[r] Roger, 163; Benedict, 61; Gervase, 1415; Garnier, 68. [s] Benedict, 62.
[t] Roger, 163, 164. [u] Fitzstephen, 296. [x] Garnier, 68.
[y] Garnier, 68. [z] Roger, 163; Benedict, 61; Gervase, 1415.
[a] Benedict, 61. [b] Fitzstephen, 296; Grim, 72; Ann. Passio Quinta, 174.

bishop.

bishop. Fitzurse turned to them and said, 'You who are on the King's side, and bound to him by your allegiance, stand off.' They remained motionless, and Fitzurse called to them a second time, 'Guard him; prevent him from escaping.' The Archbishop said, 'I shall not escape.' On this the knights caught hold of their old acquaintance, William Fitz-Nigel, who had entered with the rest, and hurried him with them, saying, 'Come with us.' He called out to Becket, 'You see what they are doing with me.' 'I see,' replied Becket; 'this is their hour, and the power of darkness.' As they stood at the door they exclaimed, 'It is you who threaten;' and in a deep undertone they added some menace, and enjoined on the servants obedience to their orders.[e] With the quickness of hearing for which he was remarkable,[d] he caught the words of their defiance, and darted after them to the door, entreating them to release Fitz-Nigel;[e] then he implored the temperate Moreville to return[f] and repeat their message;[g] and lastly, in despair and indignation, he struck his neck repeatedly with his hand, and said, 'Here, here you will find me.'[h]

The knights, deaf to his solicitations, kept their course, seizing another soldier as they went, Radulf Morin, and passed through the hall and court, crying, 'To arms! to arms!' A few of their companions had already taken post within the great gateway, to prevent the gate being shut; the rest, at the shout, poured in from the houses where they were stationed hard by, with the watchword 'King's men! King's men!' (Réaux—Réaux!) The gate was instantly closed, to cut off communication with the town; the Archbishop's porter was removed, and in front of the wicket, which was left open, William Fitz-Nigel, and a soldier attached to the household of Clarembald, Simon of Crioil, kept guard on horseback.[i] The knights threw off their capes and coats under a large mulberry-tree in the garden,[k] appeared in their armour, and girt on their swords.[l] Fitzurse armed himself in the porch,[m] with the assistance of Robert Tibia, trencherman of the Archbishop.[n] Osbert and Algar, two of the servants, seeing their approach, shut and barred the door of the hall, and the knights in vain endeavoured to force it open.[o] But Robert de Broc, who had known the

[c] Fitzstephen, 296. [d] Garnier, 69. [e] Fitzstephen, 296.
[f] Fitzstephen, 296. [g] Benedict, 62; Garnier, 69.
[h] Grim, 72; Roger, 163; Garnier, 69 (though he places this speech earlier).
[i] Fitzstephen, 298.
[k] Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672. [l] Garnier, 70.
[m] The porch of the hall, built by Langton about fifty years later, still in part remains. There is a similar porch, in a more complete state, the only fragment of a similar hall, adjoining the palace at Norwich.
[n] Fitzstephen, 297, 298. [o] Fitzstephen, 298; Roger, 165.

palace

palace during the time of its occupation by his uncle Randolf,[p] called out, 'Follow me, gentlemen, I will show you the way;' and got into the orchard behind the kitchen. There was a staircase leading thence to the ante-chamber between the hall and the Archbishop's bedroom. The wooden steps were under repair, and the carpenters had gone to their dinner, leaving their tools on the stairs.[q] Fitzurse seized an axe, and the others hatchets, and thus armed they mounted the staircase to the ante-chamber,[r] broke through an oriel window which looked out on the garden,[s] entered the hall from the inside, attacked and wounded the servants who were guarding it, and opened the door to the assailants.[t] The Archbishop's room was still barred and inaccessible.

Meanwhile Becket, who resumed his calmness as soon as the knights had retired, reseated himself on his couch, and John of Salisbury again urged moderate counsels,[u] in words which show that the estimate of the Archbishop in his lifetime was not so different from the opinion which till lately prevailed, as we are sometimes asked to believe. 'It is wonderful, my Lord, that you never take any one's advice; it always has been, and always is your custom to do and say what seems good to yourself alone.' 'What would you have me do, Dan John?'[x] said Becket. 'You ought to have taken counsel with your friends, knowing as you do that these men only seek occasion to kill you.' 'I am prepared to die,' said Becket. 'We are sinners,' said John, 'and not yet prepared for death; and I see no one who wishes to die without cause except you.'[y] The Archbishop answered, 'Let God's will be done.'[z] The dialogue was interrupted by one of the monks rushing in to announce that the knights were arming. 'Let them arm,' said Becket. But in a few minutes the violent assault on the door of the hall, and the crash of a wooden partition in the passage from the orchard, announced that the danger was close at hand. The monks, with that extraordinary timidity which they always seem to have displayed, instantly fled, leaving only a small body of his intimate friends or faithful attendants.[a] These united in entreating him to take refuge in the cathedral. 'No,' he said; 'fear not; all monks are cowards.'[b] On this some sprang upon him, and endeavoured to drag him there by main force; others urged that it was now five o'clock, that vespers were beginning, and that his duty called him to attend the service.[c] Partly forced, partly

[p] Roger, 165; Benedict, 63.
[q] Grim, 73; Fitzstephen, 298; Garnier, 70.
[r] Roger, 165; Garnier, 70.
[s] Garnier, 70.
[t] Benedict, 63; Garnier, 70.
[u] Fitzstephen, 298; Benedict, 62.
[x] Roger, 164; Garnier, 69.
[y] Garnier, 69.
[z] Roger, 164; Benedict, 62; Garnier, 70.
[a] Garnier, 70.
[b] Roger, 165; Fitzstephen, 298.
[c] Fitzstephen, 299.

persuaded by the argument, he rose and moved, but seeing that his crozier was not, as usual, borne before him, he stopped and called for it.[d] His proper crossbearer, Alexander the Welshman, had, as we have seen, left him for France[e] two days before, and the cross was, therefore, borne by one of his clerks, Henry of Auxerre.[f] They first attempted to pass along the usual passage to the cathedral, which was through the orchard, to the western front of the church. But both court and orchard being by this time thronged with armed men,[g] they turned through a room which conducted to a private door,[h] that was rarely used, and which led from the palace to the cloisters of the monastery. One of the monks ran before to force it, for the key was lost. Suddenly the door flew open as if of itself, and in the confusion of the moment, when none had leisure or inclination to ask how so opportune a deliverance occurred, it was natural for the chroniclers to relate the story which is told, with one exception, in all the narratives of the period—that the bolt came off as though it had merely been fastened on by glue, and left their passage free.[i] The one exception is the account by Benedict, then a monk of the monastery, and afterwards abbot of Peterborough, and his version, compared with that of all the other historians, is an instructive commentary on a thousand fables of a similar kind. Two cellarmen, he says, of the monastery,[k] Richard and William, whose lodgings were in that part of the building, hearing the tumult and clash of arms, flew to the cloister, drew back the bolt from the other side, and opened the door to the party from the palace. Benedict knew nothing of the seeming miracle, as his brethren were ignorant of the timely interference of the cellarmen; but both miracle and explanation would at the moment be alike disregarded. Every monk in that terrified band had but a single thought—to reach the church with their master in safety. The whole march was a struggle between the obstinate attempt of the Primate to preserve his dignity, and the frantic eagerness of his attendants to gain the sanctuary. As they urged him forward, he coloured and paused, and repeatedly asked them what they feared.[l] The instant they had passed through the door which led to the cloisters, the subordinates flew to bar it behind them, which he as peremptorily forbade.[m] For a few steps he walked firmly on, with the crossbearer and the monks before him; halting once, and looking over his right shoulder either to see whether the gate was locked or else if his enemies

[d] Fitzstephen, 299; Benedict, 64. [e] Herbert, 330. [f] Fitzstephen, 299.
[g] Roger, 165. [h] Garnier, 71.
[i] Grim, 73; Roger, 166; Garnier, 71. [k] Benedict, 64. [l] Fitzstephen, 299.
[m] Fitzstephen, 299; Anon. Passio Quinta, 175.

were

were pursuing.[n] Then the same ecclesiastic who had hastened forward to break open the door called out, 'Seize him, and carry him.' Violently he resisted, but in vain. Some pulled him from before, others pushed him from behind;[o] half carried, half drawn, he was borne along the southern and eastern cloister, crying out, 'Let me go, do not drag me.' Thrice they were delayed even in that short passage, for thrice he broke loose from them—twice[p] in the cloister itself, and once in the chapter-house, which opened out of its eastern side.[q] At last they reached the door at the lower north transept of the cathedral, and here was presented a new scene.

The vespers had already begun, and the monks were singing the service in the choir, when two boys rushed up the nave, announcing, more by their terrified gestures than by their words, that the soldiers were bursting into the palace and monastery.[r] Instantly the cathedral was thrown into the utmost confusion; part remained at prayer—part fled into the numerous hiding-places the vast fabric affords; and part went down the steps of the choir into the transept, to meet the little band at the door.[s] 'Come in, come in!' exclaimed one of them, 'come in, and let us die together.' The Archbishop continued to stand outside, and said, 'Go and finish the service. So long as you keep in the entrance, I shall not come in.' They withdrew a few paces, and he stepped within the door, but, finding the whole place thronged with people, he paused on the threshold and asked, 'What is it that these people fear?' One general answer broke forth, 'The armed men in the cloister.' As he turned and said, 'I shall go out to them,' he heard the clash of arms behind.[t] The knights had just forced their way through the door from the palace to the monastery, and were advancing along the northern side of the cloister. They were in mail, with their vizors down, and carried their swords drawn. Three had hatchets.[u] Fitzurse, with the axe he had taken from the carpenters, was foremost, shouting as he came, 'Here, here, king's men!' Immediately behind followed four other knights,[x] and a motley group—some their own followers, some from the town—with weapons, though not in armour, brought up the rear.[y] At this sight, so unwonted in the peaceful cloisters of Canterbury, not probably beheld since the time when the monastery had been sacked by the Danes, the monks within, regardless of all remonstrances, shut the great door of the cathedral, and proceeded to barricade it with iron bars.[z] A loud knocking was

[n] Garnier, 71. [o] Ibid., 71. [p] Roger, 166.
[q] Fitzstephen, 204. [r] Will. Cant., 32. [s] Benedict, 64; Herbert, 330.
[t] Garnier, 74. [u] Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672.
[x] Garnier, 71. [y] Fitzstephen, 300. [z] Herbert, 331; Benedict, 65.

heard from the terrified band without, who, having vainly endeavoured to prevent the entrance of the knights into the cloister, now rushed before them to take refuge in the church.[a] Becket, who had stepped some paces into the cathedral, but was resisting the solicitations of those immediately about him to move up into the choir for safety, darted back, calling as he went, 'Away, you cowards! By virtue of your obedience I command you not to shut the door—the church must not be turned into a castle.'[b] With his own hands he thrust them from the door, opened it himself, and catching hold of the excluded monks, dragged them into the building, exclaiming, 'Come in, come in—faster, faster!'[c]

At this moment the ecclesiastics who had hitherto clung round him fled in every direction; some to the altars in the numerous side chapels, some to the secret chambers with which the walls and roof of the cathedral are filled. Even John of Salisbury, his tried and faithful counsellor, escaped with the rest. Three only remained—Robert, canon of Merton, his old instructor; William Fitzstephen (if we may believe his own account), his lively and worldly-minded chaplain; and Edward Grim, the Saxon monk,[d] who had joined his household only a few days, but who had been with him once before, on the memorable day when he signed the Constitutions of Clarendon, and had ventured to rebuke him for the act. Two hiding-places had been specially pointed out to the Archbishop. One was the venerable crypt of the church, with its many dark recesses and chapels, to which a door then, as now, opened immediately from the spot where he stood; the other was the chapel of St. Blaise in the roof, itself communicating with the triforium of the cathedral, and to which there was a ready access through a staircase cut in the thickness of the wall at the corner of the transept.[e] But he positively refused. A last resource remained to the staunch trio who formed his body guard. They urged him to ascend to the choir, and hurried him, still resisting, up one of the two flights of steps which led from the transept.[f] They no doubt considered that the greater sacredness of that portion of the church would form their best protection. Becket gave way, as when he left the palace, from the thought flashing across his mind that he would die at his post. He would go (such at least was the impression on their minds) to the high altar, and perish in the Patriarchal Chair, in which he and all his pre-

[a] Anon. Lambeth, 121. Herbert (331) describes the knocking, but mistakingly supposes it to be the knights.
[b] Garnier, 71. [c] Benedict, 65. [d] Fitzstephen, 301.
[e] Fitzstephen, 301. [f] Roger, 166.

decessors

decessors from time immemorial had been enthroned.[g] But this was not to be.

What has taken long to describe must have been compressed in action within a few minutes. The knights, who had been checked for a moment by the sight of the closed door, on seeing it unexpectedly thrown open, rushed into the church.[h] It was, we must remember, about five o'clock in a winter evening; the shades of night were gathering round, and were deepened into a still darker gloom within the high and massive walls of the cathedral, which was only illuminated here and there by the solitary lamps that burned before the altars. The twilight,[i] lengthening from the shortest day, which was a fortnight before, was just sufficient to reveal the outline of objects, though not enough to show any one distinctly. The transept in which the knights found themselves was in the same relative position as the existing portion of the cathedral, still known by the name of the 'Martyrdom,' which it obtained within five years after the primate's death. Its arrangements, however, much more closely resembled those which we now see in the corresponding transept on the southern side.[k] Two staircases led from it, one on the east to the northern aisle, one on the west, to the entrance of the choir. At its south-west corner, where it joined the nave, was the little chapel and altar of the Virgin. Its eastern apse was formed by two chapels, raised one above the other; the upper in the roof, containing the relics of St. Blaise, the first martyr whose bones had been brought into the church, and which gave to the chapel a peculiar sanctity; the lower containing[l] the altar of St. Benedict, under whose rule from the time of Dunstan the monastery had been placed. Before and around this altar were the tombs of four Saxon and two Norman archbishops. In the centre of the transept was a pillar, supporting a gallery leading to the chapel of St. Blaise,[m] and hung at great festivals with curtains and draperies. Such was the outward aspect, and such the associations, of the scene which now, perhaps, opened for the first time on the four soldiers, though the darkness, coupled with their eagerness to find their victim, would

[g] Anon. Lambeth, 121; Gervase, Chron., 43.

[h] Fitzstephen, 301.

[i] The 29th of December of that year corresponded (by the change of style) to our 4th of January.

[k] Garnier, 72. i. 74 (b. 11). For the ancient arrangements of 'the martyrdom' we refer the reader to the admirable account of Canterbury Cathedral by Professor Willis, pp. 18, 40, 71, 96.

[l] It may be mentioned, as an instance of Hume's well known inaccuracy, that he represents Becket as taking refuge 'in the church of St. Benedict,' evidently thinking, if he thought at all, that it was a parish church dedicated to that saint.

[m] Garnier, 79, b. 19.

have

have prevented them from noticing anything more than its prominent features. At the moment of their entrance the central pillar exactly intercepted their view of the Archbishop ascending (as would appear from this circumstance) the eastern staircase.[n] Fitzurse, with his drawn sword in one hand, and the carpenter's axe in the other, sprang in first, and turned at once to the right of the pillar. The other three went round it to the left. They could just discern a group of figures mounting the steps,[o] and one of the knights called out to them 'Stay.' Another demanded 'Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the King?' to which no answer was returned. Fitzurse rushed forward, and, stumbling against one of the monks, on the lower step,[p] and still unable to distinguish clearly in the darkness, exclaimed 'Where is the Archbishop?' Instantly the answer came—'Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the Archbishop and Priest of God; what do you wish?'[q]—and from the fourth step,[r] which he had reached in his ascent, with a slight motion of his head, apparently a gesture of some significance to the monks who remembered it,[s] he descended to the transept. Fitzurse sprang back two or three paces, and Becket passing[t] by him took up his station between the central pillar[u] and the massive wall which still forms the south-west corner of what was then the chapel of St. Benedict.[x] Here they gathered round him, with the cry 'Absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated.'[y] 'I cannot do other than I have done,' he replied, and turning[z] to Fitzurse, he added—'Reginald, you have received many favours at my hands; why do you come into my church armed?' Fitzurse planted the axe against his breast, and returned for answer 'You[a] shall die,—I will tear out your heart.' Another, perhaps in kindness, struck him between the shoulders with the flat of his sword, exclaiming 'Fly; you are a dead man.'[b] 'I am ready to die,' replied the prelate, 'for God and the Church, but I warn you in the name of God Almighty to let my men escape.'[c]

The well-known horror which in that age was felt at an act of sacrilege, together with the sight of the crowds who were[g] rushing in from the town through the nave, turned their efforts for the next few moments to carrying him out of the church.[h] Fitzurse threw

[n] Garnier, 72, b. 5. [o] Garnier, 72, 9.
[p] Garnier, 72. 10. [q] Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672; Garnier, 72.
[r] Gervase, Act. Pont., 1672; Garnier, 72. [s] Grim, 75; Roger, 166.
[t] Fitzstephen, 301; Garnier, 72. [u] Fitzstephen, 302; Garnier, 72.
[x] Matt. Paris, 104.
[y] Gervase, Act. Pont., 1673. [z] Will. Cant., 32.
[a] Grim, 79; Garnier, 72. [b] Roger, 166. [b] Grim, 75, 76; Roger, 166.
[c] Garnier, 72; Anon. Passio Quinta, 176; Fitzstephen, 302; Grim, 76; Roger, 166.
[g] Anon. Lamb., 122; Fitzstephen, 302. [h] Grim, 76.

down

down the axe,[i] and tried to drag him out by the collar of his cloak,[k] calling 'Come with us—you are our prisoner.' 'I will not fly, you detestable fellow,'[l] was the reply of the Archbishop, roused to his usual vehemence. The four knights, to whom was now added a subdeacon, Hugh of Horsea, surnamed Mauclerc, chaplain of Robert de Broc,[m] struggled violently to put him on Tracy's shoulders;[n] but Becket set his back against the pillar,[o] and resisted with all his might, whilst Grim[p] threw his arms around him to aid his efforts. In the scuffle Becket fastened upon Tracy, shook him by his coat of mail, and, exerting his great strength, flung him down on the pavement.[q] Fitzurse rejoined the fray, with a drawn sword, and, as he drew near, Becket gave full vent to his anger; the spirit of the Chancellor rose within him, and with a coarse[r] epithet, not calculated to turn away his adversary's wrath, exclaimed, 'You profligate wretch, 'you are my man—you have done me fealty—you ought not to touch me.'[s] Fitzurse, roused to frenzy, retorted—'I owe you no fealty or homage, contrary to my fealty to the King,'[t] and waving the sword over his head, cried 'Strike, strike!' (Ferez, ferez), but merely dashed off the prelate's cap. The Archbishop covered his eyes with his joined hands, bent his neck, and said,[u] 'I commend myself to God, to St. Denys of France, to St. Alfege, and to the saints of the Church.' Meanwhile Tracy, who, since his fall, had thrown off his hauberk to move more easily, sprang forward, and struck[x] a more decided blow. Grim, who up to this moment had his arm round Becket, threw it up to intercept the blade, Becket exclaiming, 'Spare this defence.' The sword lighted on the arm of the monk, which fell wounded or broken;[y] and

[i] Fitzstephen, 302; Benedict, 88. [k] Garnier, 72.
[l] Gervase, Act. Pont., 1673. [m] Roger, 166; Garnier, 71. [n] Roger, 166.
[o] Garnier, 72. 73. 1. [p] Fitzstephen, 302; Garnier, 72.
[q] Benedict, 66; Roger, 166; Gervase, Act. Pont., 1173; Herbert, 331. All but Herbert believe this to have been Fitzurse, but the reference of Herbert to Tracy's confession is decisive.
[r] 'Lenonem appellans,' Roger, 167; Grim, 66. It is this part of the narrative that was so ingeniously, and, it must be confessed, not altogether without justice, selected as the ground of the official account of Becket's death, published by King Henry VIII., and which represented him as having fallen in a scuffle with the knights, in which he and they were equally aggressors.
[s] Grim, 66. [t] Grim, 66; Roger, 167; Garnier, 73.
[u] Garnier, 73. These are in several of the accounts made his last words (Roger, 267; Alan. and Addit. to John of Salisbury, p. 376); but this is clearly the moment when they were spoken.
[x] Garnier, 73.
[y] The words in which this act is described in almost all the chronicles have given rise to a curious mistake:—'Brachium Edwardi *Grim ferè* abscidit.' By running together these two words, later writers have produced the name of 'Grimfere.' Many similar confusions will occur to classical scholars. In most of the mediæval pictures of the murder, Grim is represented as the crossbearer, which is an error. The acting crossbearer, Henry of Auxerre, had doubtless fled.

he

he fled disabled to the[z] nearest altar, probably that of St. Benedict within the chapel. It is a proof of the confusion of the scene, that Grim, the receiver of the blow, as well as most of the narrators, believed it to have been dealt by Fitzurse, while Tracy, who is known to have been[a] the man from his subsequent boast, believed that the monk whom he had wounded was John of Salisbury. The spent force of the stroke descended on Becket's head, grazed the crown, and finally rested on his left shoulder,[b] cutting through the clothes and skin. The next blow, whether struck by Tracy or Fitzurse, was only with the flat of the sword, and again on the bleeding head,[c] which Becket drew back as if stunned, and then raised his clasped hands above it. The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain he said—'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.' At the third blow, which was also from Tracy, he sank on his knees—his arms falling—but his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice, which might just have been caught by the wounded Grim,[d] who was crouching close by, and who alone reports the words—'For the name of Jesus, and the defence of the Church, I am willing to die.' Without moving hand or foot,[e] he fell flat on his face as he spoke, in front of the corner wall of the chapel, and with such dignity that his mantle, which extended from head to foot, was not disarranged. In this posture he received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow, accompanied with the exclamation (in allusion to a quarrel of Becket with Prince William) 'Take[f] this for love of my Lord William, brother of the King.' The stroke was aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head[g]—which, it was remarked, was of unusual size—was severed from the skull, and the sword snapped in two on the marble pavement.[h] Hugh of Horsea,

[z] Will. Cant., 32.
[a] Fitzstephen, 302; Will. Cant., 33; Garnier, 73.
[b] Will. Cant., 33; Garnier, 73. [c] Will. Cant., 32.
[d] Grim, 66. [e] Gervase, Chron., 2466. [f] Fitzstephen, 303.
[g] Grim, 77; Roger, 167; Passio Quinta, 177.
[h] Benedict, 66. For the pavement being marble, see Benedict, 66, and Garnier, 79, b. 19. Baronius (vol. xix. p. 379) calls it 'lapideum pavimentum.' A spot is still shown in Canterbury Cathedral, with a square piece of stone said to have been inserted in the pavement in the place of a portion taken out and sent to Rome. That the spot so marked is precisely the place where Becket fell, is proved by its exact accordance with the localities so minutely described in the several narratives; and that a piece was taken to Rome by the legates in 1173, and deposited in Sta. Maria Maggiore, is also well authenticated (see Baronius, vol. xix. 396). But whether the flagstones now remaining are really the same, must, we fear, remain in doubt. The piece sent to Rome, is ascertained, after diligent inquiry, to be no longer in existence. Another story states that Benedict, when appointed Abbot of Peterborough

Horsea, the subdeacon who had joined them as they entered the church,[j] taunted by the others with having taken no share in the deed, planted his foot on the neck of the corpse, thrust his sword into the ghastly wound, and scattered the brains over the pavement. 'Let us go—let us go,' he said in conclusion; 'the traitor[k] is dead; he will rise no more.'[l]

This was the final act. One only of the four knights had struck no blow. Hugh de Moreville throughout retained the gentler disposition for which he was distinguished, and contented himself with holding back at the entrance of the transept the crowds who were pouring in through the nave.[m]

The murderers rushed out of the church, through the cloisters, into the palace. Tracy, in a confession made long afterwards to Bartholomew Bishop of Exeter, said that their spirits, which had before been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, gave way when the deed was perpetrated, and that they retired with trembling steps, expecting the earth to open and swallow them up.[n] Such, however, was not their outward demeanour, as it was recollected by the monks of the place. With a savage burst of triumph[o] they ran, shouting, as if in battle, the royal watchword[p]—'The King's men, the King's men!' wounding, as they went, a servant of the Archdeacon of Sens for lamenting the murdered Prelate.[q] Robert de Broc, as knowing the palace, had gone before to take possession of the private apartments. There they broke open the desks and writing-cases, and seized many papal bulls, charters,[r] and other documents, which Randulph de Broc sent to the King. They then traversed the whole of the palace, plundering gold and silver vases;[s] the magnificent vestments and utensils employed in the services of the church; the furniture and books of the monks' rooms, and, lastly, the horses from the stables, on which Becket had prided himself to the last.[t] The amount of plunder was estimated by Fitzstephen at 2000 marks. To their great surprise they found two haircloths among the effects of the Archbishop, and threw them away. As the murderers left the

Peterborough in 1177, being vexed at finding that his predecessor had pawned or sold the relics of the abbey, returned to Canterbury, and carried off, amongst other memorials of St. Thomas, the stones of the pavement which had been sprinkled with his blood, and had two altars made from them for Peterborough Cathedral. Still, as the whole floor must have been flooded, he may have removed only those adjacent to the flagstone from which the piece was taken—a supposition with which the present appearance of the flagstone remarkably corresponds.

[j] Benedict (66) ascribes this to Brito; the anonymous Passio Quinta (177) to Fitzurse; Herbert (345), to Robert de Broc.

[k] Fitzstephen, 303; Roger, 268; Benedict, 67; Garnier, 74. [l] Grim, 78.

[m] Roger, 108; Grim, 77; Garnier, 74. [n] Herbert, 351. [o] Grim, 79.

[p] Garnier, 74, b. 1; Grim, 79; Roger, 168; Fitzstephen, 305.

[q] Garnier, 75. [r] Garnier, 74. [s] Fitzstephen, 306; Garnier, 75.

[t] Herbert, 352.

cathedral,

cathedral, a tremendous storm of thunder and rain burst over Canterbury, and the night fell in thick darkness[u] upon the scene of the dreadful deed.

The crowd was every instant increased by the multitudes flocking in from the town on the tidings of the event. There was still at that moment, as in his lifetime, a strong division of feeling —horror was expressed, not at the murder, but at the sacrilege; and Grim overheard even one of the monks declare that the Primate had paid a just penalty for his obstinacy,[x] and was not to be lamented as a martyr. Others said, 'He wished to be king, and more than king—let him be king, let him be king.'[y]

At last, however, the cathedral was cleared, and the gates shut;[z] and for a time the body lay entirely deserted. It was not till the night had quite closed in that Osbert, the chamberlain of the Archbishop, entered with a light, found the corpse lying on its face, and cut off a piece of his shirt to bind up the frightful gash on the head. The doors of the cathedral were again opened, and the monks returned to the spot. Then, for the first time, they ventured to give way to their grief, and a loud lamentation resounded through the stillness of the night. When they turned the body with its face upwards, all were struck by the calmness and beauty of the countenance: a smile still seemed to play on the features—the colour on the cheeks was fresh—and the eyes were closed as if in sleep.[a] The top of the head, wound round with Osbert's shirt, was bathed in blood, but the face was marked only by one faint streak that crossed the nose from the right temple to the left cheek.[b] Underneath the body they found the axe which Fitzurse had thrown down, and a small iron hammer, brought, apparently, to force open the door; close by were lying the two fragments of Le Bret's broken sword, and the Archbishop's cap, which had been struck off in the beginning of the fray. All these they carefully preserved. The blood, which, with the brains, were scattered over the pavement, they collected and placed in vessels; and as the enthusiasm of the hour increased, the bystanders, who already began to esteem him a martyr, cut off pieces of their clothes to dip in the blood, and anointed their eyes with it. The cloak and outer pelisse, which were rich with sanguinary stains, were given to the poor—a proof of the imperfect apprehension as yet entertained of the value of these relics, which a few years afterwards would have been literally worth their weight in gold, and which were then sold for some trifling sum.[c]

[u] Fitzstephen, 314. [x] Grim, 79, 80. [y] Grim, 67.
[a] Roger, 169. [z] Will. Cant., 33. [b] Benedict, 68.
[c] Benedict, 68.

After

After tying up the head with clean linen, and fastening the cap over it, they placed the body on a bier, and carried it up the successive flights of steps which led from the transept through the choir —'the glorious choir,' as it was called, 'of Conrad'—to the high altar, in front of which they laid it down. The night was now far advanced, but the choir was usually lighted—and probably, therefore, on this great occasion—by a chandelier with twenty-four wax tapers. Vessels were placed underneath the body to catch any drops of blood that might[d] fall, and the monks sat weeping around.[e] The aged Robert, canon of Merton, the earliest friend and instructor of Becket, and one of the three who had remained with him to the last, consoled them by a narration of the austere life of the martyred prelate which hitherto had been only known to himself, as the confessor of the ascetic dignitary, and to Brun the valet.[f] In proof of it he thrust his hand under the garments and showed the monk's habit and haircloth shirt which he wore next his skin. This was the one thing wanted to raise the enthusiasm of the bystanders to the highest pitch. Up to that moment there had been a jealousy of the elevation of the gay chancellor to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The primacy involved the abbacy of the cathedral monastery, and the primates therefore had been, with two exceptions, always chosen from the monks. The fate of these two had, we are told, weighed heavily on Becket's mind. One was Stigand, the last Saxon archbishop, who ended his life in a dungeon, after the Conquest; the other was Elsey, who had been appointed in opposition to Dunstan, and who, after having triumphed over his predecessor Odo by dancing on his grave, was overtaken by a violent snow-storm in passing the Alps, and, in spite of the attempts to resuscitate him by plunging his feet in the bowels of his horse, was miserably frozen to death. It now for the first time appeared that Becket, though not formally a monk, had virtually become one by his secret austerities. The transport of the fraternity on finding that he had been one of themselves, was beyond all bounds. They burst at once into thanksgivings, which resounded through the choir; fell on their knees; kissed the hands and feet of the corpse, and called him by that name of 'Saint Thomas'[g] by which he was so long known to the European world. At the sound of the shout of joy there was a general rush to the choir, to see the saint in sackcloth who had hitherto been known as the chancellor in purple and fine linen.[h] A new enthusiasm was kindled by the spectacle; Arnold, a monk, who was goldsmith to the monastery, was sent back, with others,

[d] Benedict, 69. [e] Roger, 168; Garnier, 76, 10. [f] Garnier, 45.
[g] Herbert, 327. [h] Fitzstephen, 308; Gervase, Chron., 1416.

to

to the transept to collect in a basin any vestiges of the blood and brains, now become so precious; and benches were placed across the spot, to prevent its being desecrated by the footsteps of the crowd.[l] This perhaps was the moment that the great ardour of the citizens first began for washing their hands and eyes with the blood. One instance of its application gave rise to a practice which became the distinguishing characteristic of all the subsequent pilgrimages to the shrine. A citizen of Canterbury dipped a corner of his shirt in the blood, went home, and gave it, mixed in water, to his wife, who was paralytic, and who was said to have been cured. This suggested the notion of mixing the blood with water, which, endlessly diluted, was kept in innumerable vials, to be distributed to the pilgrims;[k] and thus, as the palm[l] was a sign of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and a scallop-shell of a pilgrimage to Compostella, so a vial or bottle became the mark of a pilgrimage to Canterbury.[l]

Thus passed the night; and it is not surprising that in[m] the red glare of an Aurora Borealis, which, after the stormy evening, lighted up the midnight sky, the excited populace, like that at Rome after the murder of Rossi, should fancy that they saw the blood of the martyr go up to heaven; or that, as the wax-lights sank down in the cathedral, and the first streaks of the grey winter morning broke through the stained windows of Conrad's choir, the monks who sate round the corpse should imagine that the right arm of the dead man was slowly raised in the sign of the cross, as if to bless his faithful followers.[n]

Early in the next day a rumour or a message came to the monks that Robert de Broc forbade them to bury the body among the tombs of the archbishops, and that he threatened to drag it out, hang it on a gibbet, tear it with horses, cut it to pieces,[o] or throw it into some pond or sink to be devoured by swine or birds of prey, as a fit portion for the corpse of his master's enemy. 'Had St. Peter so dealt with the King,' he said, 'by the body of St. Denys, if I had been there I would have driven my sword into his skull.'[p] They accordingly closed[q] the doors, which apparently had remained open through the night to admit the populace, and determined to bury the corpse in the crypt. Thither they carried it, and in that venerable vault proceeded to their mournful task, assisted by the Abbot of Boxley and the Prior of Dover, who had come to

[l] Fitzstephen, 308.
[l] Garnier, 78.
[n] Anon. Passio Quinta, 156.
[k] Fitzstephen, 309.
[m] Fitzstephen, 304.
[o] Fitzstephen, 309; Anon. Lambeth, 134; Benedict, 69; Roger, 168; Herbert, 327; Grim, 81; Garnier, 76.
[p] Garnier, 76.
[q] Gervase, Chron., 1417.

advise

advise with the Archbishop about the vacancy of the Priory at Canterbury. A discussion seems to have taken place whether the body should be washed, according to the usual custom, which ended in their removing the clothes for the purpose. The mass of vestments in which he was wrapt is almost incredible, and appears to have been worn chiefly for the sake of warmth, and in consequence of his naturally chilly temperament. First, there was the large brown mantle, with white fringes of wool; below this there was a white surplice, and again below this a white fur garment of lamb's wool. Next these were two short woollen pelisses, which were cut off with knives and given away, and under these the black cowled garment of the Benedictine[r] order, and the shirt[s] without sleeves or fringe that it might not be visible on the outside. The lowermost covering was the hair-cloth, which had been made of unusual roughness, and within the haircloth was the warning[t] letter he had received on the night of the 27th. The existence of the penitential garb had been pointed out on the previous night by Robert of Merton; but, as they proceeded in their task, their admiration increased. The haircloth encased the entire body, down to the knees; the hair drawers,[u] as well as the rest of the dress, being covered on the outside with linen, that it might escape observation; and the whole so fastened together as to admit of being readily taken off for his daily scourgings,[x] of which yesterday's portion was still apparent in the stripes on his body.[y] Such austerity had hitherto been unknown to English saints, and the marvel was increased by the sight[z]—to our notions so revolting—of the innumerable vermin with which the haircloth abounded,—boiling over with them, as one account describes it, like water[a] in a simmering caldron. At the dreadful spectacle all the enthusiasm of the previous night revived with double ardour. They looked at each other in silent wonder; then exclaimed, 'See, see what a true monk he was, and we knew it not;' and burst into alternate fits of weeping and laughter, between the sorrow of having lost such a head, and the joy of having found such a saint.[b] The discovery of so much mortification, combined with the more prudential reasons for hastening the funeral, induced them to abandon the thought of washing a corpse already, as it was thought, sufficiently sanctified, and they at once proceeded to lay it out for burial.

Over the haircloth, linen shirt, monk's cowl, and linen hose,[c]

[r] Matt. Paris, 104. [s] Garnier, 77; Herbert, 330.
[t] Fitzstephen, 203; Roger, 169; Benedict, 20. [u] Garnier, 76.
[x] Anon. Passio Tertia, 156. [y] Garnier, 77. [z] Roger, 169; Fitzstephen.
[a] Roger, 169. [b] Roger, 169; Garnier, 77, b. 30.
[c] Fitzstephen; Benedict, 70; Matt. Paris, 104.

they

they put first the dress in which he was ordained, and which he had himself desired to be preserved[d]—namely, the alb, superhumeral, chrismatic, mitre, stole, and mapula; and, over these, according to the usual custom in Archiepiscopal funerals, the Archbishop's insignia, namely, the tunic, dalmatic, chasuble, the pall with its pins, the chalice, the gloves, the ring, the sandals, and the pastoral staff[e]—all of which, being probably kept in the treasury of the cathedral, were accessible at the moment. Thus arrayed he was laid by the monks—amongst whom was the Chronicler Gervase—in a new marble sarcophagus[f] which stood in the ancient crypt,[g] immediately at the back of the shrine of the Virgin,[h] between the altars of St. Augustine and St. John the Baptist.[k] The remains of the blood and brains were placed outside the tomb, and the doors of the crypt closed against all entrance.[m] No mass was said over the Archbishop's grave;[n] for from the moment that armed men had entered, the church was supposed to have been desecrated: the pavement of the cathedral[o] was taken up; the bells ceased to ring; the walls were divested of their hangings; the crucifixes were veiled; the altars stripped, as in Passion week; and the services were conducted without chanting[p] in the chapter-house. This desolation continued till the next year, when Odo the Prior, with the monks, took advantage of the arrival of the Papal legates, who came to make full inquiry into the murder, to request their influence with the bishops to procure a reconsecration. The task was intrusted[q] to the Bishops of Exeter and Chester; and on the 21st of December, the Feast of S. Thomas the Apostle, 1171, Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter, again celebrated mass, and preached a sermon on the text, 'For the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed[r] my soul.'

Within three years the popular enthusiasm was confirmed by the highest authority of the Church. In 1172 legates were sent by Alexander III. to investigate the alleged miracles, and they carried back to Rome the tunic stained with blood, and a piece of the pavement on which the brains were scattered—relics which

[d] Garnier, 77.
[e] Grim, 82; Anon. Passio Tertia, 156; Anon. Passio Quinta, 178.
[f] Grim, 82; Benedict, 70; Gervase, Chron., 1417.
[g] Benedict, 70; Addit. ad Alan., 377; Matt. Paris, 104.
[h] Fitzstephen, 309; Gervase, Act. Pont., 1673.
[k] Alan. 338. Fitzstephen, 311; M. Paris, 105; Garnier, 75. The arrangements of this part of the crypt were altered within the next fifty years; but the spot is still ascertainable.
[m] Gervase, Chron., 1417. [n] Fitzstephen, 310; M. Paris, 45; Diceto, 558.
[o] Diceto, 558. [p] Gervase, Chron., 1417. [q] Gervase, 1421. [r] M. Paris, 105.

were

were religiously deposited in the Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore. In 1173 a Council was called at Westminster to hear letters read from the Pope, authorising the invocation of the martyr as a saint. All the bishops who had opposed him were present, and, after begging pardon for their offence, expressed their acquiescence in the decision of the Pope. In the course of the same year he was regularly canonized, and the 29th of December was set apart as the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

A wooden altar, which remained unchanged through the subsequent alterations and increased magnificence of the Cathedral, was erected on the site of the murder, and in front of the ancient stone wall of St. Benedict's Chapel. It was this which gave rise to the mistaken tradition, repeated in books, in pictures, and in sculptures, that the prelate was slain whilst praying at the altar.[u] It remained till the time of Erasmus, who saw it, with the fragments of Le Bret's sword placed upon it, from which it derived its name of the 'Altare ad punctum ensis.' The crypt in which the body had been laid so hastily and secretly became the most sacred spot in the church, and, even after the 'translation' of the relics, in 1220, to the upper church, continued to be known down to the time of the Reformation as 'Becket's[x] Tomb,' and was visited by pilgrims with a reverence only second to that with which they regarded the shrine itself. The history of this Shrine is a distinct chapter in the eventful story.

It remains for us now to follow the fate of the murderers. On the night of the deed the four knights rode to Saltwood, leaving Robert de Broc in possession of the palace, whence, as we have seen, he brought or sent the threatening message to the monks on the morning of the 30th. They vaunted their deeds to each other, and it was then that Tracy claimed the glory of having wounded John of Salisbury. The next day they rode forty miles to one of the archiepiscopal palaces, and ultimately proceeded to Knaresborough Castle, a royal fortress then in the possession of Hugh de Moreville, where they remained for a year.[y]

[s] Baronius, xix. 396. A fragment of the tunic and portions of the brain tied up in small blue bags are still shown in the reliquiary of this church at Rome. The stone, as we have said, has long since disappeared. A tooth of the Saint is shown at the Church dedicated to him at Verona, a hand at Florence, and part of the arm in the Chapel of the English College at Rome. [t] M. Paris, 106.

[u] The gradual growth of the story is curious:—1. The posthumous altar of the martyrdom is represented as standing there at the time of his death. 2. This altar is next confounded with the altar within the chapel of St. Benedict. 3. This altar is again transformed into the High Altar. And, 4. In these successive changes the furious altercation is converted into an assault on an unprepared and saintly worshipper, kneeling before the altar.

[x] See Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, i. 26. [y] Brompton, 1064; Diceto, 557.

From

From this moment they disappear for a time in the black cloud of legend with which the monastic historians have enveloped their memory. Dogs, it was pretended, refused to eat the crumbs that fell from their table.[z] Struck with remorse, they went to Rome to receive the sentence of Pope Alexander III., and by him were sent to expiate their sins in the Holy Land. Moreville, Fitzurse, and Brito—so the story continues—after three years' fighting, died, and were buried, according to some accounts, in front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, according to others, in front of the church of Montenegro,[a] with an inscription over their graves,—

'Hic jacent miseri qui martyrisaverunt
Beatum Thomam Archiepiscopum Cantuariensem.'

Tracy alone, it was said, was never able to accomplish his vow. The crime of having struck the first blow[b] was avenged by the winds of heaven, which always drove him back. He was at last seized at Cosenza in Apulia with a dreadful disorder, which caused him to tear his flesh from his bones, and there he died miserably, after having made his confession to the Bishop of the place. His fate was long remembered among his descendants in Gloucestershire, and gave rise to the distich that—

'The Tracys
Have always the wind in their faces.'[c]

Such is the legend. The real facts are curiously at variance with it, and show how little trust can be placed in this entire class of mediæval traditions. By a singular reciprocity the principle for which Becket had contended—that priests should not be subjected to the secular courts—prevented the trial of a layman for the murder of a priest by any other than a clerical tribunal. The consequence was, that the perpetrators of what was thought the most heinous crime since the Crucifixion could be visited with no other penalty than excommunication. That they should have performed a pilgrimage to Palestine is in itself not improbable, but they seem before long to have recovered their position. Even within the first two years of the murder they were living at court on familiar terms with the king, and constantly joined him in the pleasures of the chace.[d] Moreville, who had been justice itinerant in the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland at the time of

[a] Brompton, 1064.

[z] Baronius, xix. 399. The legend hardly aims at probabilities. What the 'Church of the Black Mountain' may be we know not; but any one who knows anything of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre will remember that its front is, and always must have been, a square of public resort to all the pilgrims of the world, where no tombs either of murderer or saint could have ever been placed.

[b] 'Primus percussor,' Baronius, xix. p. 399.

[c] Foss's Judges, i. 279, 280.

[d] Gervase, 1422.

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the murder, was discontinued from his office the ensuing year; but in the first year of King John he is recorded as paying twenty-five marks and three good palfreys for holding his court so long as Helwise his wife should continue in a secular habit. He procured about the same period a charter for a fair and market at Kirk Oswald,[e] and died shortly afterwards, leaving two daughters.[f] The sword he used at the murder is stated by Camden to have been preserved in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and it is now said to be attached to his statue at Brayton Castle. Tracy was, within four years from the murder, justiciary of Normandy; was present at Falaise in 1174, when William King of Scotland did homage to Henry II., and in 1176 was succeeded in his office by the Bishop of Winchester. He died and was buried at Morthoe in Devonshire, where he had estates, still known by the name of Woolacombe Tracy. Hence, perhaps, his selection of Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter, as his confessor. The tomb which is shown as his grave seems really to be that of the clergyman of the parish in the fourteenth century, called *Sir* William de Tracy, according to the custom of those times.[h] There is, however, a memorial of his connexion with the murder, in the ruins which still remain of the Priory of Woodspring, on the banks of the Bristol Channel. This priory was founded by William de Courtnay, descendant of Tracy, in the honour of the Trinity, the Virgin, and *St. Thomas of Canterbury*.[i] Fitzurse is said to have gone over to Ireland, and there to have become the ancestor of the M'Mahon family in the north of Ireland—M'Mahon being the Celtic translation of Bear's son.[k] On his flight, the estate which he held in the Isle of Thanet, Barham or Berham Court, lapsed to his kinsman Robert of Berham—Berham being, as it would seem, the English, as M'Mahon was the Irish version, of the name Fitzurse.[ii] His estate of Willeton, in Somersetshire, he made over, half to the knights of St. John the year after the murder, probably in expiation—the other half to his brother Robert, who built the chapel of Willeton.[kk] The descendants of the family lingered for a long time in the neighbourhood under the same name, successively corrupted into Fitzour, Fishour, and Fisher. The family of Bret or Brito was carried on through his daughter Maud, who gave lands to the Priory of St. Thomas, at Woodspring, and his granddaughter Alice, who in 1238 continued the benefaction,

[e] Leyton's Cumberland, p. 127. [f] Fuller's Worthies.
[h] Polehill's History of Devonshire.
[i] Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. 514. [k] Fuller's Worthies.
[ii] Harris's Kent, 313. [kk] Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. 487.

in the hope 'that the intercession of the glorious martyr might never be wanting to her and her children.'[l]

The figures of the murderers may be seen in representations of the martyrdom, which on walls, or in painted windows, or ancient frescoes have survived the attempted extermination of all the monuments of the traitor Becket by King Henry VIII. Sometimes three, sometimes four are given, but always so far faithful to history, that Moreville is stationed aloof from the massacre. Two vestiges of such representations still remain in Canterbury Cathedral. One is a painting on a board, now greatly defaced, and kept near the tomb of King Henry IV., over which it formerly stood. It is engraved in Carter's Ancient Sculptures, and, through the help of the engraving, the principal figures can still be dimly discerned. There is the common mistake of making the archbishop kneel at the altar, and of representing Grim as the bearer of the cross. The knights are carefully distinguished from one another. Fitzurse, with two bears on his coat—for they are usually discriminated by their armorial bearings—is depicted as inflicting the fatal stroke. Bret, with boars' heads, and Tracy, in red and yellow armour, appear each to have already dealt a blow. Moreville, distinguished by fleurs-de-lis, stands apart, and on the ground lies the cap of their victim stained with blood. The other is a sculpture over the south porch, where Erasmus states that he saw the figures of 'the three murderers,' with their names of 'Tuscus, Fuscus, and Berrus,' underneath. These figures have disappeared; and it is as difficult to imagine where they could have stood, as it is to explain the origin of the names they bore; but in the portion which remains there is a representation of an altar surmounted by a crucifix, placed between figures of St. John and the Virgin, and marked as the altar of the martyrdom—'altare ad punctum ensis,'—by sculptured fragments of a sword, which lie at its foot.[m]

But the great expiation still remained. The King had gone from Bur to Argenton, a town situated on the high table-land of southern Normandy. There the news first reached him, and he instantly shut himself up for three days, refused all food[n] except milk of almonds, rolled himself in sackcloth and ashes, vented his grief in frantic lamentations, and called God to witness

[l] Collinson's Somersetshire, iii. 543.

[m] Perhaps the most singular deviation from historical truth in the pictorial representations of the murder is to be found in the modern altar-piece of the church of St. Thomas, which forms the chapel of the English college at Rome. The saint is represented in a monastic garb on his knees before the altar of a Roman Basilica; and behind him are the three knights, in complete classical costume, brandishing daggers like those of the assassins of Cæsar.

[n] Vita Quadrip., p. 143.

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that he was in no way responsible for the Archbishop's death, unless that he loved him too little.[o] He continued in this solitude for five weeks, neither riding, nor transacting public business, but exclaiming again and again, 'Alas! alas! that it ever happened.'[p]

The French King, the Archbishop of Sens, and others, had meanwhile written to the Pope denouncing Henry in the strongest language as the murderer, and calling for vengeance upon his head.[q] What all expected was an excommunication of the King, and an interdict of the kingdom. Henry, as soon as he was roused from his retirement, sent off as envoys to Rome the Archbishop of Rouen, the Bishop of Worcester, and others of his courtiers, to avert the dreaded penalties by announcing his submission. The Archbishop of Rouen returned on account of illness, and Alexander III., who occupied the Papal See, and who after long struggles with his rival had at last got back to Rome, refused to receive the rest. He was, in fact, in the eyes of Christendom, not wholly guiltless himself, in consequence of the lukewarmness with which he had fought Becket's fights; and it was believed that he, like the King, had shut himself up on hearing the news as much from remorse as from grief. At last, by a bribe of 500 marks,[r] an interview was effected on the heights of ancient Tusculum—not yet superseded by the modern Frascati. Two Cardinals, Theodore Bishop of Portus, and Albert Chancellor of the Papal See, were sent to Normandy to receive the royal penitent's submission,[s] and an excommunication was pronounced against the murderers on Maundy Thursday,[t] which is still the usual day for the delivery of Papal maledictions. The worst of the threatened evils—excommunication and interdict—were thus avoided: but Henry still felt so insecure, that he crossed over to England, ordered all the ports to be strictly guarded to prevent the admission of the fatal document, and refused to see any one who was the bearer of letters.[u] It was during this short stay that he visited for the last time the old Bishop of Winchester,[x] Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen, well known as the founder of the beautiful hospital of St. Cross, when the dying old man added his solemn warnings to those which were resounding from every quarter with regard to the deed of blood. From England Henry crossed St. George's Channel to his new conquests in Ireland, and it was on his return from the expedition that the first public

[o] M. Paris, 125. Gervase, 1418. Diceto, 556.
[p] Vita Quadrip., 146.
[q] Brompton, 1064.
[r] Brompton, 1068.
[s] Gervase, 1418.
[t] Gervase, 1419.

expression

expression of his penitence was made at the Council held by the legates at Avranches, in Normandy.

The great Norman cathedral of that beautiful city stood on what was perhaps the finest situation of any cathedral in Christendom, — on the brow of the high ridge which sustains the town of Avranches, and looking over the wide bay, in the centre of which stands the sanctuary of Norman chivalry and superstition, the majestic rock of St. Michael, crowned with its fortress and chapel. Of this vast cathedral one granite pillar alone has survived the storm of the French Revolution, and that pillar marks the spot where Henry performed his first penance for the murder of Becket. It bears an inscription with these words:—'Sur cette pierre, ici, à la porte de la cathédrale d'Avranches, après le meurtre de Thomas Becket, Archévêque de Cantorbéry, Henri II., Roi d'Angleterre et Duc de Normandie, reçut à genoux, des légats du Pape, l'absolution apostolique, le Dimanche, xxii Mai, MCLXXII.'

The council was held in the church on Ascension-day. On the following Sunday the King swore on the Gospels that he had not ordered or wished the Archbishop's murder; but that, as he could not put the assassins to death, and feared that his fury had instigated them to the act, he was ready on his part to make all satisfaction,—adding, of himself, that he had not grieved so much for the death of his father or mother.[y] He next swore adhesion to the Pope, restitution of the property of the see of Canterbury, and renunciation of the customs of Clarendon; and further promised, if the Pope required, to go a three-years' crusade to Jerusalem, or Spain, and to support 200 soldiers for the Templars.[z] After this he said aloud, 'Behold, my Lords Legates, my body is in your hands; be assured that whatever you order, whether to go to Jerusalem, or to Rome, or to St. James [of Compostella], I am ready to obey.' The spectators, whose sympathy is usually with the sufferer of the hour, were almost moved to tears.[a] He was thence led by the legates to the porch, where he knelt, but was raised up, brought into the church, and reconciled. The young Henry, at his father's suggestion, was also present, and, placing his hand in that of Cardinal Albert,[b] promised to make good his father's oath. The Archbishop of Tours was in attendance, that he might certify the penance to the French king.

Two years passed again, and the fortunes of the King grew darker and darker with the rebellion of his sons. It was this which led to the final and greater penance at Canterbury. He

[y] Diceto, 557.
[z] [a] Gervase, 1422.
[z] Alan., in Vita Quadrip., 147.
[b] Alan., Vita Quadrip., 147, 148.

was

was conducting a campaign against Prince Richard in Poitou when the Bishop of Winchester arrived with the tidings that England was in a state of general revolt. The Scots had crossed the border, under their King; Yorkshire was in rebellion, under the standard of Mowbray; Norfolk, under Bigod; the midland counties, under Ferrers and Huntingdon; and the Earl of Flanders and Prince Henry were meditating an invasion of England from Flanders. All these hostile movements were further fomented and sustained by the revival of the belief, not sufficiently dissipated by the penance at Avranches, that the King had himself been privy to the murder of the saint who had now been canonized, and whose fame and miracles were increasing year by year. It was on Midsummer-day that the Bishop found the King at Bonneville.[c] So many messages had been daily despatched, and so much importance was attached to the character of the Bishop of Winchester, that the Normans, on seeing his arrival, exclaimed, 'The next thing that the English will send over to fetch the King will be the Tower of London itself.'[d] Henry saw at once the emergency. That very day, with Eleanor, Margaret, his son and daughter John and Joan, and the princesses, wives of his other sons, he set out for England. He embarked, in spite of the threatening weather, and ominous looks of the captain. A tremendous gale sprang up, and the King uttered a public prayer on board the ship, that, 'if his arrival in England would be for good, it might be accomplished; if for evil, never.'

The wind abated, and he arrived at Southampton on Monday, the 8th of July.[e] From that moment he began to live on the penitential diet of bread and water, and deferred all business till he had fulfilled his vow. He rode to Canterbury with speed, avoiding towns as much as possible, and on Friday, the 12th of July, approached the sacred city by the usual road from London over the Forest of Blean. The first view of the central tower, with the gilded angel at the summit, was just before he reached the ancient village and hospital of Harbledown. This hospital or leperhouse, now venerable with the age of seven centuries, was then fresh from the hands of its founder Lanfranc. Whether it had yet obtained the relic of the saint—the upper leather of his shoe, which Erasmus saw, and which remained in the almshouse almost down to our own day—does not appear; but they halted there, as was the wont of all pilgrims,[f] and made a gift of 40 marks to the little church. And now, as he climbed the steep

[c] Diceto, 576.
[d] Ibid.
[e] The chroniclers have made a confusion between June and July; but *July* is right.—Hoveden, 308.
[f] Garnier, 79.

road

road beyond the hospital, and descended on the other side of the hill, the whole view of the cathedral burst upon him, rising, not indeed in its present proportions, but still with its three towers and vast front, and he leaped off his horse, and went on foot to the outskirts of the town. Here, at St. Dunstan's[g] church, he paused again, entered the edifice with the prelates who were present, stripped off his ordinary dress, and walked through the streets in the guise of a penitent pilgrim—barefoot, and with no other covering than a woollen shirt, and a cloak thrown over it to keep off rain.[h]

So, amidst a wondering crowd—the rough stones of the streets marked with the blood that started from his feet—he reached the cathedral. There he knelt, as at Avranches, in the porch, then entered the church and went straight to the scene of the murder in the north transept. Here he knelt again, and kissed the sacred stone on which the Archbishop had fallen, the prelates standing round to receive his confession. Thence he was conducted to the crypt, where he again knelt, and with groans and tears kissed the tomb, and remained long in prayer. At this stage of the solemnity Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London—the ancient opponent and rival of Becket—addressed the monks and bystanders, announcing to them the King's penitence for having by his rash words unwittingly occasioned the perpetration of a crime of which he himself was innocent, and his intention of restoring the rights and property of the church, and bestowing 40 marks yearly on the monastery to keep lamps burning constantly at the martyr's tomb.[i] The King ratified all that the bishop had said, requested absolution, and received a kiss of reconciliation from the prior. He knelt again at the tomb, removed the rough cape or cloak which had been thrown over his shoulders, but still retained the woollen shirt to hide the haircloth[k] which was visible to near observation next his skin, placed his head and shoulders in the tomb, and there received five strokes from each bishop and abbot who was present, beginning with Foliot,[l] who stood by with the 'balai' or monastic rod in his hand, and three[m] from each of the eighty monks. Fully absolved he resumed his clothes, but was still left in the crypt—on the bare ground, with bare[n] feet still unwashed from the muddy streets, and passed the whole night fasting. At early matins he rose and went round the altars and shrines of the upper church, then returned to the

[g] Garnier, 79.
[h] Ibid., 71. He was present.
[i] Grim, 86.
[k] Garnier, 80.
[l] Newburgh alone (118, I) represents the penance as having taken place in the chapter-house, doubtless as the usual place for discipline.
[m] Grim, 86.
[n] Diceto, 575.

tomb,

tomb, and finally, after hearing mass, set off, with one of the usual phials of Canterbury pilgrims, containing water mixed with the martyr's blood, and rode to London, which he reached in a week.[o]

So deep a humiliation of so great a prince was unparalleled within the memory of that generation. The submission of Theodosius to Ambrose, of Louis the Debonnaire at Soissons, of Otho III. at Ravenna, of Edgar[p] to Dunstan, of the Emperor Henry IV. to Gregory VII., were only known as matters of history. It is not surprising that the usual figure of speech by which the chroniclers express it should be 'the mountains trembled at the presence of the Lord' — 'the mountain of Canterbury smoked before Him who[p] touches the hills and they smoke.' The auspicious consequences were supposed to be immediate. The King had arrived in London on Sunday, and was so completely exhausted by the effects of the long day and night at Canterbury, that he was seized with a dangerous fever. On the following Thursday,[q] at midnight, the guards were roused by a violent knocking at the gates. The messenger, who announced that he brought good tidings, was reluctantly admitted into the King's bedroom. The King, starting from his sleep, said, 'Who art thou?'[r] The lad answered, 'I am the boy of your faithful Count Ralph of Glanville, and I come to bring you good tidings.' 'Is our good Ralph well?' asked the King. 'He is well,' answered the boy; 'and he has taken your enemy the King of the Scots prisoner at Richmond.' The King was thunderstruck; the boy repeated his message, and produced the letters confirming it.[s] The King leaped from his bed, and returned thanks to God and *St. Thomas*.[t] The victory had taken place on the very Saturday on which he had left Canterbury,[u] after having made his peace with the martyr.[s] On that same Saturday the fleet with which his son had intended to invade England from Flanders[b] was driven back, and he returned to France.[c]

Thus ended this great tragedy. Its effects on the constitution

[o] Garnier, 80. [p] Grim, 86.
[q] Garnier, 80. [r] Gervase, Chron., 1427. [s] Ibid.
[t] Grim, 86.
[u] Brompton, 1095. The effect of this story is heightened by Gaufridus Vosiensis (Script. Rer. Franc., 443), who speaks of the announcement as taking place in Canterbury cathedral, after mass was finished.
[s] Brompton, 1096. [b] M. Paris, p. 130.
[c] A lively representation of Henry's penance is to be seen in Carter's Ancient Sculptures (p. 50). The King is represented as kneeling, crowned but almost naked, before the shrine. Two great officers, one bearing the sword of State, stand behind him. The monks in their black Benedictine robes are defiling round the shrine, each with a large rod in his hand directed towards the bare shoulders of the King.

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of the country, and on the religious feeling not only of England but of Europe, would open a new field on which we have no intention to enter. It is enough if, from the narrative we have given, a clearer notion can be formed of that remarkable event than is to be derived from the works either of his professed apologists or professed opponents—if the scene can be more fully realized, the localities more accurately identified, the man and his age more clearly understood. If there be any who still regard Becket as an ambitious and unprincipled traitor, plotting for his own aggrandisement against the welfare of the monarchy, they will perhaps be induced, by the account of his last moments, to grant to him the honour, if not of a martyr, at least of an honest and courageous man, and to believe that such restraints as the religious awe of high character, or sacred place and office, laid on men like Henry and his courtiers, are not to be despised in any age, and in that lawless and cruel time were almost the only safeguards of life and property. If there be any who are glad to welcome or stimulate attacks, however unmeasured in language or unjust in fact, against bishops and clergy, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, in the hope of securing the interests of Christian liberty against priestly tyranny, they may take warning by the reflection, that the greatest impulse ever given in this country to the cause of sacerdotal independence was the reaction produced by the horror consequent on the deed of Fitzurse and Tracy. Those, on the other hand, who, in the curious change of feeling that has come over our age, are inclined to revive the ancient reverence for St. Thomas of Canterbury, as the meek and gentle saint of holier and happier times than our own, may, perhaps, be led to modify their judgment by the description, taken not from his enemies but from his admiring followers, of the violence, the obstinacy, the furious words and acts, which deformed even the dignity of his last hour, and well nigh turned the solemnity of his 'martyrdom' into an unseemly brawl. They may learn to see in the brutal conduct of the assassins—in the abject cowardice of the monks—in the unchristian mortifications and the unchristian passions of Becket himself—how little ground there is for that paradise of faith and love which some modern writers find for us in the age of the Plantagenet kings.[d] And for those who believe that an

[d] One of the ablest of Becket's recent apologists (Oxanam, *Les Deux Chanceliers*), who combines with his veneration for the Archbishop that singular admiration which almost all continental Catholics entertain for the late 'Liberator' of Ireland, declares that on O'Connell, if on any character of this age, the mantle of the saint and martyr has descended. Perhaps the readers of our narrative will think that, in some respects, the comparison of the Frenchman is true in another sense than that in which he intended it. So fixed an idea has the similarity become in the minds of foreign Roman

an indiscriminate maintenance of ecclesiastical claims is the best service they can render to God and the Church, and that opposition to the powers that be is enough to entitle a bishop to the honours of a saint and a hero, it may not be without instruction to remember that the Constitutions of Clarendon, which Becket spent his life in opposing, and of which his death procured the repeal, are now incorporated in the English law, and are regarded without a dissentient voice as among the wisest and most necessary of English institutions; that the especial point for which he surrendered his life was not the independence of the clergy from the encroachments of the Crown, but the personal and now forgotten question of the superiority of the see of Canterbury to the see of York; and, lastly, that the wretched superstitions of which the shrine of St. Thomas became the centre ended by completely alienating the affections of thinking men from his memory, and rendering the name of Becket a by-word of reproach as little proportioned to his real deserts as had been the reckless veneration paid to it by his worshippers in the middle ages.

ART. III.—*Louis XVII., sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort; Captivité de la Famille Royale au Temple, ouvrage enrichi d'Autographes, de Portraits, et de Plans.* Par M. A. de Beauchesne. 2 vols. Paris. 1852.

THE deep obscurity that covered the last eighteen months of the life of the son of Louis XVI., and the mystery in which his death and burial were so strangely and, as it seemed, so studiously involved, gave to the general sympathy that his fate naturally excited an additional and somewhat of a more romantic interest. Of the extent of this feeling we have evidence more conclusive than respectable in the numerous pretenders that have successively appeared to claim identity with him. We really forget how many there have been of these '*Faux-Dauphins*,' but four—of the names of Hervagault, Bruneau, Naundorf, and Richemont—played their parts with a degree of success that confirms the observation that, however great the number of *knaves* in the world may be, they are always sure to find an ample proportion of *fools* and *dupes*. Not one of those cases

Roman Catholics, that in a popular life of S. Thomas, published as one of a series at Prague, under the authority of the Archbishop of Cologne, the concluding moral is an appeal to the example of 'the most glorious of laymen,' as Pope Gregory XVI. called Daniel O'Connell, who as a second Thomas strove and suffered for the liberties of his country and his church.

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appeared to us to have reached even the lowest degree of probability, nor would they be worth mentioning but that they seem to have stimulated the zeal of M. A. de Beauchesne to collect all the evidence that the fury of the revolution and the lapse of time might have spared, as to the authentic circumstances of his life and death in the Tower of the Temple.

M. de Beauchesne states that a great part of his own life has been dedicated to this object. He has—he tells us—made himself familiar with all the details of that mediæval prison-house; he has consulted all the extant records of the public offices which had any connexion with the service of the Temple—he has traced out and personally communicated with every surviving individual who had been employed there, and he has even sought secondhand and hearsay information from the octogenarian neighbours and acquaintances of those who were no more. This statement would lead us to expect more of novelty and originality than we have found—for, in truth, M. de Beauchesne has added little—we may almost say nothing essential—to what had been already so copiously detailed in the respective memoirs of MM. Hue, Cléry, and Turgy, and of the Duchess d'Angoulême, who were inmates of the Temple, and in the *Mémoires Historiques* of M. Eckard, which is a judicious and interesting summary of all the fore-named authorities. From these well-known works M. de Beauchesne borrows full three-fourths of his volumes, and, though he occasionally cites them, he does not acknowledge the extent of his obligations—particularly to M. Eckard—as largely as we think he should have done. An ordinary reader is too frequently at a loss to distinguish what rests on M. de Beauchesne's assertions from what he copies from others. This uncertainty—very inconvenient in an historical work—is seriously increased by his style of writing, which is so *ampoulé* and rhetorical as sometimes leaves us in doubt whether he is speaking literally or metaphorically; for instance, in detailing the pains he has taken, and his diligent examination of persons and places from which he could hope any information, he exclaims:—

'*For twenty years I shut myself up in that tower—I lived in it*—traversed all its stairs and apartments, nay, pried into every hole and corner about it.'—p. 4.

Who would suppose that M. de Beauchesne never was in the Tower at all—perhaps never saw it!—for it was demolished by Buonaparte, and the site built over, near fifty years ago. He only means that his *fancy* has inhabited the Tower, &c., in the same sense that he afterwards says,—

'I have repeopled it—I have *listened* to the sighs and sobs of the victims—I have *read* from the writings on the walls the complaints,

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the pardons, the farewells!—I have *heard* the echoes repeating these wailings.'—*Ib.*

Such a style may not be, we admit, inconsistent with the truth of his narrative, but it renders it vague and suspicious, and contrasts very disagreeably with the more interesting simplicity of the original works to which we have referred.

M. de Beauchesne flatters himself that he is neither credulous nor partial. We think he is somewhat off both, but we entertain no doubt of his sincerity. We distrust his judgment, but not his good faith. Indeed, the most valuable of his elucidations are the documents which he has copied from the revolutionary archives, and which speak for themselves; and, on the whole, the chief merit that we can allow to his work is that it collects and brings together—with some additional explanation and confirmation—all that is known—all perhaps that can be known—of that melancholy and, to France, disgraceful episode in her history—the Captivity of the Temple, and especially of the life and death of Louis XVII.

Louis Charles, the second son and fourth child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles on the 27th of March, 1785, and received the title of *Duke of Normandy*. On the death of his elder brother (who was born in 1781, and died in 1789, at the outset of the Revolution) he became heir-apparent to the Throne, but, in fact, heir to nothing but persecution, misfortune, and martyrdom. Less partial pens than M. de Beauchesne's describe the child as extremely handsome, large blue eyes, delicate features, light hair curling naturally, limbs well formed, rather tall for his years, with a sweet expression of countenance not wanting in either intelligence or vivacity —to his family he seemed a little angel—to the Court a wonder—to all the world a very fine and promising boy. We not only forgive, but can assent to, M. de Beauchesne's metaphorical lament over him as a lily broken by a storm and withered in its earliest bloom.*

Within *two hours* after the death of the first Dauphin (on the 4th of June, 1789) the Revolution began to exhibit its atrocious disregard of not merely the Royal authority, but of the ordinary dictates of humanity and the first feelings of nature. The Chamber of the *Tiers Etat* (it had not yet usurped the title of *National Assembly*) sent a deputation on business to the King, who had shut himself up in his private apartment to indulge his sorrow. When the deputation was announced, the King answered that this recent misfortune would prevent his receiving it *that day.*

* This image had been before produced on a medal struck in 1816 by M. Tiroliet under the auspices of M. de Chateaubriand, which represented *a lily broken by the storm*, with the legend *Cecidit ut flos.*—*Turgy*, 314.

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They rudely insisted on their right of audience as representatives of the people: the King still requested to be spared: the demagogues were obstinate—and to a third and more peremptory requisition the unhappy father and insulted monarch was forced to yield, with, however, the touching reproof of asking—'Are there then *no fathers* among them?'

A month later the Bastille was taken, and on the 6th of October another insurrection stormed the Palace of Versailles, massacred the Guards, and led the Royal family in captivity to Paris. We pass over the three years of persecution which they had to endure in the palace-prison of the Tuileries till the more tremendous insurrection and massacre of the 10th of August swept away even the mockery of monarchy and sent them prisoners to the Temple—an ancient fortress of the Knights Templars, built in 1212, into the dungeons of which, uninhabited for ages, and less fit for their decent reception than any common prison, they were promiscuously hurried.

Of this edifice, and its internal divisions and distributions for its new destiny, M. de Beauchesne has given us half-a-dozen plans, somewhat larger but hardly so satisfactory as we already possessed in Cléry's work. It was a huge and massive tower, not unlike 'the tower of Julius, London's lasting shame,' and stood like it in a large inclosure of inferior and more modern constructions. One of these, though called the *Palace*, was in truth only the 'Hotel' of the *Prior of the Order*, in right of which nominal office it had been for several years the abode of the penultimate Prince de Conti, and is frequently mentioned in the letters of Walpole and Madame du Deffand, and all the memoirs of the time. It was latterly the town residence of the Comte d'Artois. Here the Royal family arrived at seven in the evening of Monday, the 13th of August, and supposed that they were to be lodged—the King even examined the apartments with a view to their future distribution; but this would have been too great an indulgence, and when bedtime came they were painfully surprised at being transferred to the more inconvenient, rigorous, and, above all, *insulting* incarceration of the *Tower*.

The Tower was so surrounded by its own appurtenances and by the neighbouring houses that it was not easily visible from the adjoining streets, and it may be doubted whether any of its new inhabitants (unless perhaps the King) had ever set eyes on it. M. Hue tells us that when he was conducted to it that night to prepare a bed for the King he had no idea what it was, and was lost in wonder at the dark and gigantic object, so different from anything he had seen before.

Though appearing to be one, and generally called the Tower, it

it was composed of two distinct parts. The greater of the two was a massive square, divided into five or six stories and above 150 feet high, exclusive of a lofty pyramidal roof, and it had at each of its four angles large circular turrets with conical roofs, so sharp that M. Hue at first mistook them for steeples. This tower had been of old the *keep*—the treasury and arsenal of the knights, and was accessible only by a single small door in one of the turrets, opening on a winding stone staircase. The door was so low that when the Queen, after the King's death, was torn from her children, and dragged through it to her last prison in the Conciergerie, she struck her forehead violently against it. On being asked if she was hurt, she only said, '*Nothing can hurt me now.*' This portion of the tower had in later times merely served as a depository for lumber. The second division of the edifice, called, when any distinction was made, the *Little Tower*, was attached, but without any internal communication, to the north side of its greater neighbour; it was a narrow oblong, with smaller turrets at its salient angles. Both the towers had in a marked degree the dungeon character of their age, but the lesser had been subdivided into apartments for the residence of the Keeper of the Archives of the Order. It was into this side of the building, scantily supplied by the modest furniture of the archivist, that the Royal family were offensively crowded during two or three months, while internal alterations—wholly inadequate for comfort or even decency, and ridiculously superfluous as to security—were in progress in the large tower, destined for their ultimate reception. The Gothic dungeon was not, however, thought sufficiently secure; bars, bolts, and blinds additionally obscured the embrasure windows—doors of ancient oak were made thicker or reinforced with iron, and new ones were put up on the corkscrew stairs already difficult enough to mount. The Abbé Edgeworth, who attended the King in his last moments, thus describes the access to his apartment:—

'I was led across the court to the door of the tower, which, though very narrow and very low, was so overcharged with iron bolts and bars that it opened with a horrible noise. I was conducted up a winding stairs so narrow that two persons would have difficulty in getting past each other. At short distances these stairs were cut across by barriers, at each of which was a sentinel—these sentinels were all true *sans culottes*, generally drunk—and their atrocious acclamations, re-echoed by the vast vaults which covered every story of the tower, were really terrifying.'

Considerable works were also undertaken for external security. The Towers were isolated by the destruction of all the lesser buildings immediately near them, and the walls round the whole inclosure

inclosure were strengthened and raised. The execution of the plans was intrusted, as a boon for his revolutionary zeal, to a mason who had acquired the distinctive appellation of the *Patriot Pallay* by the noisy activity which he displayed in the removal of the ruins of the Bastille, for which he had obtained a contract. On the subject of these works a remark of the young Prince is related by M. de Beauchesne, which may be taken as one example out of many of the caution with which his anecdotes must be received. When told that Pallay was the person employed to raise the walls, the Prince is reported to have observed that '*it was odd that he who had become so famous for levelling one prison should be employed to build another.*'* The observation, though obvious enough, seems to us above a child of that age, and, moreover, we find it made by *M. Hue as his own* in a *note* in his memoirs, and he certainly cannot be suspected of pilfering a *bon mot* from the Dauphin.

The selection of this dungeon for the Royal family, and the wanton and almost incredible brutality with which from first to last they were all treated by their various jailers, constitute altogether a systematic series of outrages which we have never seen satisfactorily, nor even probably, accounted for. The heads of the King, Queen, and Madame Elizabeth fell, we know, in the desperate struggle of Brissot, Roland, Danton, and Robespierre to take each other's and to save their own. But why these royal victims, and after them the two children, should have been deprived of the common decencies and necessaries of life—why they should have been exposed to the most sordid wants, to the lowest personal indignities, to the vulgar despotism of people taken (as it were for the purpose) from the lowest orders of society —that is the enigma; and this is our conjectural explanation.

The National Assembly which had sent the King to prison, and its successor, the Convention, which deposed him, seemed to the eyes of the world sufficiently audacious, tyrannical, and brutal, but there was a power which exceeded them in all such qualities, and under which those terrible Assemblies themselves quailed and trembled—the *Commune* or Common Council of the City of Paris. To this corporation, which arose out of the 10th of August, and directed the massacres of September, the Con-

* It is worth observing that at the taking the *Bastille* on the 14th July, 1789, there were found but six or seven prisoners, three of them *insane*, who were afterwards sent to madhouses; the rest for forgery and scandalous offences unfit for public trial. There was no *state prisoner*. On the 27th of the same month of July, in 1794, *the fifth year of liberty*, the prisons of Paris contained 8913 prisoners: to this number must be added 2637, who had passed *in the preceding year* from the prisons to the scaffold. When Buonaparte demolished the Temple, which he had previously used as a state prison, there were seventeen prisoners removed to Vincennes.

vention

vention as a body owed its existence, and its most prominent Members their individual elections. Inflated with these successes, it arrogated to itself, under its modest *municipal* title, a power insultingly independent even of the Assembly and the Government. It was composed, with rare exceptions, of tradesmen of a secondary order—men only known even in their own low circles by the blind and noisy violence of their *patriotism*—by a rancorous enmity to all that they called aristocracy, and by the most intense and ignorant prejudices against the persons and characters of the royal family. To the tender mercies of these vulgar, illiterate, and furious demagogues that family was implicitly delivered over—*they* it was that, contrary to the original intention of the ministers and the Convention, assigned the Tower of the Temple as the royal prison—they it was that named *from amongst themselves* all the official authorities, who selected them for their brutality, and changed them with the most capricious jealousy so as to ensure not merely the safe custody of the prisoners, but the wanton infliction of every kind of personal indignity. And to such a degree of insolent independence had they arrived, that even Committees of the Convention which visited the Temple on special occasions were controlled, contradicted, rebuked, and set at defiance by the shoemakers, carpenters, and chandlers who happened to be for the moment the delegates of the *Commune*. The parties in the Convention were so perilously struggling for the destruction of each other, that they had neither leisure nor courage to grapple with the Commune, and they all,—and especially the more moderate, already trembling for their own heads,—were not sorry to leave to those obscure agents the responsibility and odium of such a persecution.

> 'Assensere omnes; et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
> Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.
> Jamque dies infanda aderat!'

But the *infanda dies*—the 21st January—in which they all thus concurred, did not save the Girondins from the 31st October—nor the Dantonists from the 16th Germinal—nor Robespierre from the Neuf Thermidor!

To the usurped, but conceded supremacy of the Commune, and the vulgar habits and rancorous feeling of the majority of its members, may, we suspect, be more immediately attributed the otherwise inexplicable brutalities of the Temple.

Every page of the works of Hue, Cléry, Madame Royale, and M. de Beauchesne exhibit proofs of the wanton outrages of the Commune and their tools. The last gives us, from the archives of that body, an early instance, which we quote the rather

rather because it was not a mere individual caprice but an official deliberation. In reading it, we must keep in remembrance the peculiar character of the prison.

'*Commune de Paris, 29th Sept.* 1792, *the fourth year of Liberty and first of Equality and the Republic.*

Considering that the custody of the prisoners of the Temple becomes every day more difficult by the concert and designs which they may form amongst themselves, the Council General of the Commune feel it their imperious duty to prevent the abuses which might facilitate the *evasion* of those traitors: they therefore decree—

'1. That Louis and Antoinette shall be separated.

'2. That each prisoner shall have a separate dungeon (*cachot*).

'3. That the valet de chambre shall be placed in confinement.

'4. That the citizen Hébert [the infamous Hébert, of whose crimes even Robespierre and Danton grew tired or afraid] shall be added to the five existing Commissaries.

'5. That this decree shall be carried into effect this evening—immediately—even to taking from them the plate and other table utensils (*argenterie et les accessoires de la bouche*). In a word, the Council General gives the Commissaries full power to do *whatever* their prudence may suggest for the safe custody of these *hostages.*'

Soup-spoons and silver forks a means of *escape!* In virtue of this decree the King was removed *that night* to the second story (the third, reckoning the ground floor) of the great tower (his family remaining in the smaller one), where no furniture had been prepared for his use but a temporary bed, while his *valet-de-chambre* sat up in a chair. The dispersion of the rest was postponed; and they were for some time permitted, not without difficulty, to dine with the King. A month later the ladies and children were also transferred to an apartment in the great tower, immediately *over* the King's. On the 26th October a fresh decree directed that the prince should be removed from his mother's to his father's apartment, under the pretext that the boy was too old (seven years and six months) to be left in the hands of women; but the real object was to afflict and insult the Queen.

For a short time after the whole family had been located in the great tower, though separated at night and for a great portion of the day, they were less unhappy—they had their meals together and were allowed to meet in the garden, though always strictly watched and habitually insulted. They bore all such outrages with admirable patience, and found consolation in the exercise of whatever was still possible of their respective duties. The King pursued a regular course of instruction for his son—in writing, arithmetic, geography, Latin, and the history of France—the ladies carried on the education of the young princess, and

were

were reduced to the necessity of mending not only their own clothes, but even those of the King and prince; which, as they had each but one suit, Madame Elizabeth used to do after they were in bed.

This mode of life lasted only to the first week in December, when, with a view no doubt to the *infanda dies*, a new set of Commissaries was installed, who watched the prisoners *day and night* with increased insolence and rigour. At last, on the 11th December, the young prince was taken back to the apartment of his mother—the King was summoned to the bar of the Convention, and, on his return in the evening, was met by an order for his total separation from the whole of his family. The absurdity of such an order surprised, and its cruelty revolted, even *his* patience. He addressed a strong remonstrance to the Convention on the barbarous interdiction: that Assembly, on the 1st December, came to a resolution allowing him to communicate with his family; but it was hardly passed when it was objected to by Tallien, who audaciously announced that, even if they adhered to the vote, *the Commune would not obey it.* This was conclusive, and the debate terminated in a declaration 'that the King might, till the definitive judgment on his case, see his children, on condition, however, that *they should have no communication with either their mother or their aunt.*' The condition rendered the permission derisory as to his daughter, and the King was so convinced of the grief that a renewed separation from her son would cause to the Queen, that he sacrificed his own feelings, and the decree became, as it was meant to be, wholly inoperative. He never saw any of his family again till the eve of his death.

To what we already knew of that scene, M. de Beauchesne has added an anecdote new to us, for which he quotes *in his text* the direct authority of the Duchess of Angoulême:—

'My father, at the moment of parting from us for ever, made us promise never to think of avenging his death. He was well satisfied that we should hold sacred these his last instructions; but the extreme youth of my brother made him desirous of producing a still stronger impression on him. He took him on his knee and said to him, "My son, you have heard what I have said; but as an *oath* has something more sacred than words, *hold up your hand, and swear* that you will accomplish the last wish of your father." My brother obeyed, bursting out into tears, and this touching goodness redoubled ours.'—p. 448.

There can be no doubt that this anecdote represents truly the sentiments of the King—as he had already expressed them in that portion of his will which was specially addressed to his son—but we own that the somewhat dramatic scene here described seems hardly

hardly reconcilable with the age of the child or the sober simplicity of his father's character. Nor are we satisfied with M. de Beauchesne's statement of his authority; for, after giving it in the *text* as *directly* from the lips or pen of the Duchess d'Angoulême herself, he adds in a foot-note a reference to '*Fragments of unpublished Memoirs of the Duchess of Tourzel.*' But as Cléry, who was an anxious eye-witness, and describes minutely the position and attitudes of all the parties, does not mention any such demonstration or gesture, we suspect that this *ceremony of an oath* is an *embroidery* on the plain fact as stated by Madame Royale.—*Royal Mem.*, p. 200.*

The next day Louis XVI. ceased to live. He died under the eyes of an hundred thousand enemies and of but one solitary friend—his confessor; yet there was no second opinion in this hostile crowd as to the courage and dignity of his deportment from first to last, and it is only within these few years that we have heard insinuations, and even assertions (contradictory in themselves), that he exhibited both fear and fury—struggled with his executioner, and endeavoured to prolong the scene in the expectation of a rescue. We have against such injurious imputations the sacred evidence of that single friend—the official testimony of the Jacobin Commissioners, who were appointed to superintend the execution, and the acquiescence of the vast assemblage that encircled the scaffold. But M. de Beauchesne has discovered at once the source of this calumny and its complete refutation, in two contemporaneous documents, so curious in every way, that we think them worth producing *in extenso*, though the fact is already superabundantly established without them.

In a newspaper, called *Le Thermomètre du Jour*, of the 13th February, 1793 (*three weeks only after the execution*), there appeared this anecdote:—

'When the *condamné* ascended the scaffold' (it is Sanson the executioner himself who has related the fact, and who has employed the term *condamné*), "I was surprised at his assurance and courage; but at the roll of the drums which drowned his voice at the movement of my assistants to lay hold of him, his countenance suddenly changed, and he exclaimed hastily three times, '*I am lost*' (*je suis perdu*)!" This circumstance, corroborated by another which Sanson equally narrated—namely that "the *condamné* had supped heartily the preceding evening and breakfasted with equal appetite that morning"—shows that to the very moment of his death he had reckoned on being saved. Those who kept him in this delusion had no doubt the design of giving him an

* See the volume published by Murray in 1823, under the title of '*Royal Memoirs*,' in which there is a translation of the Duchess d'Angoulême's most interesting '*Account of what passed at the Temple from the Imprisonment of the Royal Family to the Death of the Dauphin*.'

appearance

appearance of courage that might deceive the spectators and posterity—but the roll of the drums dissipated this false courage, and contemporaries and posterity may now appreciate the real feelings of the guilty tyrant.'—i. 479.

We—who now know from the evidence of the Abbé Edgeworth and Cléry how the king passed that evening, night, and morning, and that the only *break of his fast* was by the reception of the Holy Communion—are dispensed from exposing the falsehood and absurdity of this statement; but it met an earlier and even more striking refutation.

Our readers may recollect (Q. R., Dec. 1843, v. 73, p. 250), that Sanson (Charles Henry) was a man more civilized both in manners and mind than might be expected from his terrible occupation. On reading this article in the paper, Sanson addressed the following letter to the editor, which appeared in the *Thermomètre* of the 21st:—

'*Paris*, 20 *Feb.*, 1793, 1*st year of the French Republic.*

'Citizen—A short absence has prevented my sooner replying to your article concerning Louis Capet. But here is the exact truth as to what passed. On alighting from the carriage for execution, he was told that he must take off his coat. He made some difficulty, saying that they might as well execute him as he was. On [our] representation that that was impossible, he himself assisted in taking off his coat. He again made the same difficulty when his hands were to be tied, but he offered them himself when the person who accompanied him [his confessor] had told him that it was his last sacrifice [the Abbé Edgeworth had suggested to him that the Saviour had submitted to the same indignity]. Then he inquired whether the drums would go on beating as they were doing. We answered that we could not tell, and it was the truth. He ascended the scaffold, and advanced to the front as if he intended to speak; but we again represented to him that the thing was impossible. He then allowed himself to be conducted to the spot, when he was attached to the instrument, and from which he exclaimed in a loud voice, "*People, I die innocent.*" Then turning round to us, he said, "Sir, I die innocent of all that has been imputed to me. I wish that my blood may cement the happiness of the French people."

'These, Citizen, were his last and exact words. The kind of little debate which occurred *at the foot of the scaffold* turned altogether on his not thinking it necessary that his coat should be taken off, and his hands tied. He would also have wished to cut off his own hair. [He had wished to have it done early in the morning by Cléry, but the municipality would not allow him a pair of scissars.]

'And, as an homage to truth, I must add that he bore all this with a *sang froid* and firmness which astonished us all. I am convinced that he had derived this strength of mind from the principles of religion, of which no one could appear more persuaded and penetrated.

'You may be assured, Citizen, that there is the truth in its fullest light. I have the honour to be your fellow Citizen,—Sanson.'

This remarkable letter is made additionally interesting by some minute errors of orthography and grammar, which show that it was the unaided production of the writer. M. de Beauchesne adds that Sanson never assisted at another execution, and that he died, *within six months*, of remorse at his involuntary share in the royal murder. The last particular is contrary to all other authorities, and is a strong confirmation of the suspicion forced upon us that M. de Beauchesne is inclined to exaggerate, and, as he thinks, embellish the incidents of his story. Sanson did *not* die soon after the King's death, nor even retire from the exercise of his office till 1795, when he obtained the reversion for his son and a pension for himself (*Dubois, Mém. sur Sanson*). Mercier saw and describes him in the streets and theatres of Paris in 1799 (*Nouv. Tab., c.* 102), and Dubois states him to have died on the 4th of July, 1806. M. de Beauchesne follows up this certainly erroneous statement by another, which we fear is of the same class. He says that Sanson *left by his will* a sum for an expiatory mass for the soul of Louis XVI., to be celebrated on the 21st of January in every year; that his son and successor, Henry Sanson, who survived till the 22nd August, 1840, religiously provided for its performance in his parish church of St. Laurent; and when the Revolution of 1830 had repealed the public commemoration of the martyrdom, the private piety of the executioner continued to record *his* horror of the crime. M. de Beauchesne gives no authority for his statement, which, whatever probability it might have had if Sanson had made his will and died within a few months of the King's death, surely requires some confirmation when we find the supposed testator living a dozen years later.

We are now arrived at the *reign of Louis XVII.* His uncle, the Comte de Provence, assumed the regency of his kingdom; the armies of Condé and of La Vendée proclaimed him by his title; and from all the principal courts of Europe, with which France was not already at war, the republican envoys were at once dismissed. In short he was King of France everywhere but in France. There he was the miserable victim of a series of personal privation and ill-usage, such as never, we suppose, were before inflicted on a child of his age, even in the humblest condition of life.

After the death of the King, the family remained together in the Queen's apartment, but under equal if not increased supervision and jealousy. M. de Beauchesne has found in the records of the *Commune* a slight but striking instance of the spirit which still presided over the Temple.

'*Commune*

'*Commune of Paris, Sitting of the 25th Jan*, 1793.

'The female citizen Laurent, calling herself the nurse of *Madame Première* [to distinguish the young Princess from *Madame* Elizabeth], has solicited the Council to be allowed to see *her child*, now confined in the Temple, and offers to stay with her until it shall be otherwise ordered. The Council General passes to the order of the day, because *it knows nobody of the name of "Madame Première."*'—ii. p. 12.

The only indulgence the prisoners received was, that they might put on mourning. When the Queen first saw her children in it, she said, 'My poor children, you will wear it long, but I for ever;' and she never after left her own prison-room, even to take the air for the short interval allowed them, in the garden, because she could not bear to pass the door of the apartment which had been the King's.

The royal prisoners had now no other attendants but a low man of the name of Tison, and his wife, who had been originally sent to the Temple to do the menial and rougher household work. Their conduct at first had been decent; but at length their tempers became soured by their own long confinement (for they were strictly kept close also), and especially by being suddenly interdicted from receiving the visits of their daughter, to whom they were much attached. These vexations they vented on their prisoners. Tison was moreover, as might be expected from the selection of him for the service of the Temple, a zealous Republican. He was therefore much offended at the sympathy which two of the municipals, Toulan and Lepitre, showed for the captives, and denounced these persons and another *converted* municipal of the name of Michonis as having undue intelligence with the ladies; and though these men escaped death for the moment, they were all subsequently guillotined on these suspicions. A more rigorous set of Commissaries were now installed by Hébert, by whom the royal family were subjected to new interrogations, searches, privations, and indignities. Their condition became so miserable that even the Tisons were shocked at the mischief their denunciations had done, and both soon showed signs of repentance, especially the woman, who actually went mad from anxiety and remorse. She began by falling into a deep and restless melancholy, accusing herself of the crimes she had witnessed, and of the murders which she foresaw of the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the three Municipals. The derangement gradually amounted to fury, and she was after some delay removed to a madhouse. One of the strangest vicissitudes of this long tragedy was, that, while the unhappy woman remained in the Temple, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth watched

watched over, and endeavoured by their charitable care and consolations to sooth the malady of their former persecutor.

The spirit of the new Commissaries will be sufficiently exhibited by one anecdote. The little Prince (not yet eight years old) had been accustomed to sit at table on a higher chair. One of these men, an apostate priest, Bernard * by name, who had lately been selected to conduct the King to the scaffold, saw n this incident a recognition of the royalty of the child, and took the first opportunity, when the prisoners were going to dinner, of seating himself on that very chair. Even Tison was revolted and had the courage to remonstrate with Bernard, representing that the child could not eat comfortably on a lower chair; but the fellow persisted, exclaiming aloud, 'I never before saw prisoners indulged with chairs and tables. Straw is good enough for them.' (p. 49.) And, strangest of all, after what we have seen of the state of the Temple, new walls and works were made externally, and what more affected the prisoners, wooden-blinds (*abat-jours*) were fixed to all the windows that had them not already.

About this time (7th or 8th May), the boy fell sick, and the Queen solicited that M. Brunier, his ordinary physician, should be allowed to attend him. The Commissaries for several days not only disregarded but laughed at her request. At last the case looked more serious, and was brought before the Council of the Commune, where, after two days' debate, they came to this resolution:—

'Having considered the representation of the Commissaries on duty in the Temple, stating that little Capet is sick, Resolved that the doctor ordinarily employed in the prisons shall attend the little Capet, seeing *that it would be contrary to the principle of equality to allow him to have any other.*'—ii. p. 51.

The *date* prefixed to the resolution is worthy of its contents. '10 *Mai*, 1793; 2*de de la République*, 1*er de la Mort du Tyran.*' It is, our readers will observe, bad French, and, moreover, nonsense, but its import on such an occasion is but too intelligible. The prison doctor, however, M. Thierry, acted like a man of humanity and honour. He secretly consulted M. Brunier, who was acquainted with the child's constitution, and, for the three weeks that his attendance lasted, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, who never quitted the child's pillow, had every reason to be satisfied with M. Thierry.

This illness, though so serious that Madame Royale thought her brother had *never* recovered from it, made no noise; for all other interests were at the moment stifled in the great struggle

* He was guillotined with Robespierre.

between

between the Jacobins and the Girondins, which ended, on the celebrated 31st of May, in the overthrow of the latter. Hitherto the general Government—that is, the Convention—busy with its internal conflicts—had, as far as we are informed, left the Temple to the discretion of the Commune—but it now (9th July) intervened directly, and a decree of the Committee of Public Safety directed the separation of 'the son of Capet' from his mother and his transfer to the hands of a tutor (*instituteur*), to be chosen still by the municipals (ii. p. 67). It was 10 o'clock at night—the sick child was asleep in a bed without curtains, to which he had hitherto been accustomed—but his mother had hung a shawl over it, to keep from his eyes the light by which she and Madame Elizabeth were sitting up later than usual mending their clothes. The doors suddenly opened with a loud crash of the locks and bolts, and six Commissaries entered—one of them abruptly and brutally announcing the decree of separation. Of the long scene that ensued we can only give a summary. The Queen was thrown into an agony of surprise, terror, and grief. She urged all that maternal tenderness could suggest, and even descended to the humblest prayers and supplications against the execution of such an unnatural decree. The child awoke in the utmost alarm, and when they attempted to take him clung to his mother—the mother clung with him to the posts of the bed—violence was attempted, but she held on—

'At last one of the Commissaries said, "It does not become us to fight with women—call up the guard." Madame Elizabeth exclaimed—"No, for God's sake, no; we submit—we cannot resist—but at least give us time to breathe—let the child sleep here the rest of the night. He will be delivered to you to-morrow." No answer. The Queen then prayed that he might at least remain in the Tower, where she might still see him. One of the Commissaries answered in the most brutal manner and *tutoyant* the Queen—"We have no account to give you, and it is not for you to question the intentions of the nation. What? you make such a to-do, because, forsooth, you are separated from your child, while our children are sent to the frontiers to have their brains knocked out by the bullets which you bring upon us." The ladies now began to dress the boy—but never was a child so long a dressing—every article was successively passed from one hand to another—put on and taken off, replaced, and drenched with tears. They thus delayed the separation by a few minutes. The Commissaries began to lose patience. At last the Queen, gathering up all her strength, placed herself in a chair with the child standing before her—put her hands on his little shoulders, and, without a tear or a sigh, said, with a grave and solemn voice—"My child, we are about to part. Bear in mind all I have said to you of your duties when I shall be no longer near you to repeat it. Never forget God who thus tries you, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, kind, and

your

your father will look down from heaven and bless you." Having said this she kissed him and handed him to the Commissaries: one of whom said—"Come, I hope you have done with your sermonising—you have abused our patience finely." "You might have spared your lesson," said another, who dragged the boy out of the room. A third added—"Don't be uneasy—the nation, always great and generous, will take care of his education:"—and the door closed!'—ii. 71.

That same night the young King was handed over to the tutelage and guardianship of the notorious Simon and his wife, of whose obscure history M. de Beauchesne has not disdained to unravel the details. He has traced out some octogenarians of their own—that is, the lowest—class, who knew them, and from these and other sources he has collected a series of circumstances ignoble in themselves, but curious in their moral and political import. The traditionary details related at an interval of fifty years by the gossips of Madame Simon would not obtain much credit, but the substance of the sad story is confirmed by abundant evidence. Anthony Simon, of the age (in 1794) of 58, was above the middle size—stout built—of a very forbidding countenance, dark complexion, and a profusion of hair and whiskers—by trade a shoemaker, working in his own lodgings, which were accidentally next door to Marat in the *Rue des Cordeliers*, afterwards *de l'Ecole de Médecine*, and close to the Club of the Cordeliers—of which he was an assiduous attendant. This neighbourhood impregnated him with an outrageous degree of *civism*, and procured his election into the *Commune*, whence he was delegated to be Commissary in the Temple. There the patronage of Marat, his own zeal in harassing the prisoners, and especially his activity in seconding the denunciations of the Tisons, procured him the office of Tutor to the young King. His wife, Mary-Jane Aladame, was about the same age—very short, very thick, and very ill favoured. She had been but a few years married, and too late in life to have children, which exasperated her natural ill temper. Both were illiterate, and in manners what might be expected in such people. Their pay for the guardianship of the young Capet was, says the decree of the Commune, to be the same as that of the Tisons for their attendance on Capet senior, 500 francs (20*l.*) a month. This was significant—the *tutor* of the young King was to have the same wages as the household drudges of the whole family. They were moreover subjected to the hard conditions—Simon, of *never* losing sight of his prisoner—and both, of never quitting the Tower for a moment on any pretext whatsoever without special permission, which was only and rarely granted to the wife. It was in such occasional visits to her own lodgings that she had

those

those communications with her neighbours as to what passed in the interior of the Temple, to which M. de Beauchesne attaches more importance than we think they deserve. We applaud his zeal for tracing out and producing *valeat quantum* every gleam of evidence on so dark a subject; but we should have little confidence in this class of details. We know, however, from Madame Royale's short notes, enough of the characters of the Simons and of the system of mental and bodily torture to which the poor child was exposed, to believe that his common appellations were '*animal*,'—'*viper*,'—'*toad*,'—'*wolf-cub*,' garnished with still more brutal epithets, and sometimes accompanied by corporal punishment.

At half-past 10 on the night we have just described, the young King and his astonishing tutor were installed in the apartment on the third story of the Tower, which had been his father's, but which was now, strange to say, additionally strengthened and rendered still more gloomy and incommodious for the custody of the son. For the two first days he wept incessantly, would eat nothing but some dry bread—refused to go to bed, and never spoke but to call for his 'mother.' He could not comprehend his position, nor why he was so treated, but on the third day hunger and the threats of Simon reduced him to a kind of silent submission, which however did not mitigate the vexations with which the tutor soon began to discipline him into what he called *equality*, and which the poor child found to mean nothing but the most degrading servitude to his task-master. Even things that might look like indulgences were poisoned by the malice with which they were accompanied: for instance, Simon gave him one of those vulgar musical toys that the little Savoyards and boys in the street were used to play, called *Jew's-harps*, with the gracious speech, 'Your wolf of a mother and your b—— of an aunt play on the harpsicord—you must learn to accompany them on this, and it will be a fine racket.' The child resented the indignity and threw away the Jew's-harp. This was rebellion against a constituted authority, and he was punished even with blows—blows, although it is proved by the apothecary's bills in the archives of the Commune, that during the whole of June and July he was so ill as to be under medical treatment. But even this did not yet subdue him, and he continued, with a courage and intelligence above his age—which only produced new violence—to insist on being restored to his 'mother.' A few days after there was a commotion in Paris, on the pretence of one of those conspiracies which were so constantly invented when the dominant party had some purpose to answer. The present object was to throw more odium on the unfortunate

tunate Girondins; but the prisoners of the Temple as usual came in for their share. Four members of the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* visited the Temple, of whom Drouet, the postmaster of Ste. Menehoud, and Chabot, an apostate monk, were the chief: they held a long and secret conference with Simon, which concluded in the following dialogue:—'*Citizens*,' asked the Guardian,

'*What do you decide as to the treatment of the wolf-cub* (*louveteau*)? *He has been brought up to be insolent—I can tame him to be sure, but I cannot answer that he will not sink* (*crever*) *under it—so much the worse for him—but after all what do you mean to do with him? —to banish him?*—Answer, *No! To kill him?—No! To poison him?*—No! *But what then?*—To get rid of him! (*S'en défaire*).'*

The wonderful dialogue is vouched by the revelation of one Senart, who himself was secretary to the Committee, and, after the fall of Robespierre, imprisoned as a terrorist. Senart had added on his MS. as a marginal note—'*He was not killed—nor banished—but they got rid of him.*' The process was, as we shall soon see, even more horrible than the design.

From the son the Committee went down to the mother:—

'They began by such an examination of the persons and the apartment as thief-takers would make of a den of thieves—at last Drouet [note the choice of *Drouet* as the spokesman to the Queen] said, "We are come to see whether you want anything." "*I want my child*," said the Queen. "Your son is taken care of," replied Drouet; "he has a patriot *preceptor*, and you have no more reason to complain of his treatment than of your own." "I complain of nothing, Sir, but the absence of my child, from whom I have never before been separated; he has been now five days taken from me, and all I am allowed to know about him is that he is ill and in special want of my care. I cannot believe that the Convention would not acknowledge the justice of my complaint."'

Drouet, in a hypocritical report to the Convention of this mission, stated that the prisoners admitted that they were in want of nothing, and totally suppressed the complaint of the Queen.

Henceforward the severity of Simon grew more savage, and every untoward event from without, especially the assassination of his friend and patron Marat, increased his fury. He forced the boy to wait on him, to clean his shoes, and to perform the most humiliating offices. On one point only the young king's resistance was inflexible—he would not wear the *red cap*; for he probably

* The Memoirs published, in 1824, in the name of Senart (who died in 1797) have no allusion to this matter; but they are manifestly, and, indeed, confessedly, garbled by the original editor. M. Turgy, who saw the MS., has given these extracts that M. de Beauchesne repeals. Senart was a great scoundrel; and though he may sometimes tell truth, we look upon him as very doubtful authority—indeed of none, except when, as in this case, his evidence may tell against himself.

remembered

remembered his having been forced to assume it during the terrible riots of the 20th of June the year before. In vain Simon scolded, threatened, and at last again flogged him,—nothing would subdue him into wearing the odious cap. At last the woman's heart of Madame Simon melted, and she persuaded her husband to give over the contest—she could not bear to see the child beaten, but she was willing enough that he should be bullied and degraded. His light hair curling in long ringlets had been a peculiar delight of his mother—they must be removed—Madame Simon cut them close all round. This very much disconcerted him—it tamed him more than blows could do, and by and bye, under the fresh inflictions of Simon, he was brought to endure the red cap with the rest of the Carmagnole costume. It had a piteous effect upon which even Simon's cruelty had not calculated. To prevent the ladies seeing the boy, even when taking the air on the leads, a partition of boards had been erected; but the two princesses had discovered a chink in the carpentry through which they might possibly get a peep of him as he passed. When the Queen heard of this chance she overcame her repugnance to leave her room, and employed every device to be near the partition at the times when her son might be expected to pass, and for hours and days she watched at the chink. At last, on Tuesday, the 30th of July (the exact date of so great an event in their life of monotonous sorrow was noted), she caught a sight of her beloved boy, but what she had so long desired was but a new affliction—he was not in mourning for his father—he had on the Carmagnole jacket and red cap, the livery of the Revolution, and it happened still more unfortunately that, at that moment, Simon was out of humour, and the Queen was near enough to see and hear, though indistinctly, his rude treatment and detestable language. She was thunderstruck, and retired hastily, and almost fainting with horror, intending never to subject herself to such another shock; but maternal tenderness was stronger than indignation, and she returned to the partition on that and the two or three succeeding days to watch for a passing glimpse. Her grief was now fearfully increased by learning, though very vaguely, through Tison, who had returned to a softer mood, that the child's health was not improved, and that his mind was exposed to the worst influences of his atrocious tutor.

This crisis, however, of her diversified agony lasted but a few days. In the middle of the night between the 1st and 2nd of August the Commissioners entered the apartment of the royal ladies to announce a decree of the Convention for transferring the Queen to the *Conciergerie*—the notorious antechamber to the scaffold. The Queen well knew she was going to death—she knew

knew she left her son in the hands of Simon—she knew she should never again see her daughter; she has one lingering consolation—she leaves *her* in the care of Madame Elizabeth, and cannot imagine that this innocent, inoffensive, and saint-like woman could be in any danger. Even in that hope she was deceived—though, happily for her, she died in it.

The same day that the Queen was sent to the Conciergerie, Chaumette—the organ of the Commune—directed his kind recollection to the royal boy, and sent him a present of toys, amongst which the most remarkable was—a little *guillotine*. Such toys the police allowed to be sold in the streets of Paris, and the toymen had a stock of sparrows, with whose decapitation they amused their customers. This well-timed *souvenir* of his father's fate was probably intended by Chaumette to apprise the boy of the lot intended for his mother; it happened however that day, that the Commissioners on duty at the Temple did not participate in Chaumette's benevolent intentions, and one of them was so perverse as to intercept and destroy the amiable plaything before it reached the child. It is a curious sequel to this anecdote that Chaumette was, we believe, the very first of the Members of the Council of the Commune who had practical experience of the real machine of which he so much admired the model—he was guillotined on the 13th of April following—a month before Madame Elizabeth, and more than a year before the death of the child whom he had hoped to terrify by his ill-omened present!

In the mean while the demoralization of the child was zealously pursued by the Simons—he was forced to drink, taught to swear, and sing patriotic, that is, indecent and blasphemous songs, not merely with the ultimate object of '*getting rid of him*,' but for a purpose nearer at hand and still more atrocious. The Queen's trial approached, and Hébert and Chaumette had conceived the infernal idea of obtaining from the child evidence against his mother so monstrous that our pen refuses to repeat it. After obtaining—by what terror or violence who can tell?—the signature of the child to a deposition drawn up by one Daujon under Hébert's dictation, they had the, if possible, still greater infamy of questioning Madame Royale on the same horror, which they repeated to Madame Elizabeth. We copy the younger Madame's own account of this extraordinary inquisition:—

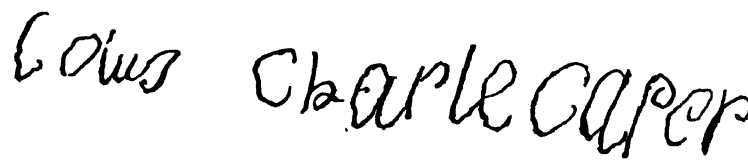
'They questioned me about a thousand terrible things of which they accused my mother and aunt. I was so shocked at hearing such horrors, and so indignant, that, frightened as I was, I could not help exclaiming that they were infamous falsehoods; but, in spite of my tears, they still pressed their questions. There were things which I did

did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror. My aunt's examination lasted but one hour, while mine lasted three; because the deputies saw they had no chance of intimidating her as they had hoped to be able to do to so young a person by the length and grossness of their inquiries. They were however mistaken: they forgot that the life I had led for four years past, and, above all, the example shown me by my parents, had given me more energy and strength of mind.'—*Royal Mem.*, p. 248.

Although the three victims were examined separately, yet the boy was made to sign each of the three depositions. M. de Beauchesne has been lucky enough to find the original documents, and he has given us *fac similes* of the signatures. We think it worth while to reproduce those of the child, which seem to us melancholy evidence both of the force exercised over him—of the retrocession of his education, for he wrote better two years before—and of his utter incapability (apart from all higher considerations) of understanding what he was about. The first is the signature to his own deposition, the body of which was prepared by Daujon; indeed M. de Beauchesne says that the fellow boasted of having invented every word of it:—



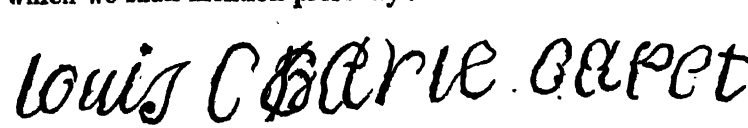
The second to that of his sister:—



The third to that of his aunt:—



The fourth was to a supplementary deposition against his aunt, which we shall mention presently:—



We leave this series of signatures to the appreciation of our readers; and

and it is but justice to the memory of the poor child, the victim of all these atrocities, to repeat that he was at the time just eight years and six months old. He had been more than a year in prison, and had been above three months in the close custody and under the brutalising discipline of Simon. M. de Beauchesne states that the depositions were not even read over to him. It is pretty certain that he was incapable of understanding them. The best commentary, indeed, on these documents, is that of the poor Queen herself, who says in her testamentary letter to Madame Elizabeth—also accused in these horrible depositions:—

'I have now to speak to you on a subject most painful to my heart. I know how much that poor boy must have distressed you. Forgive him, my dear sister, recollect how young he is, and how easy it is to put what one pleases into a child's mouth, even what he cannot comprehend. The day will come, I hope, when he will feel all your goodness and tenderness to him and his sister.'

It was under these auspices and influences that the Queen's trial commenced on the 14th October, and lasted two whole days and nights, without intermission. She bore that protracted agony with unparalleled patience, presence of mind, and dignity. Nothing in the slightest degree confirmatory of the political charges against her was or could be produced. But then at length, Hébert brought forward his calumny, equally horrible and superfluous, for the fatal result was already prepared. She disdained to notice it, till one of the jury—not what we in England understand by a *jury*, but the permanent gang of judicial assassins, packed and paid to deal with all cases that should be presented to them, according to the dictates of the public accuser—one of the jury, we say, observed to her that she had not replied to *that* point. On this challenge, she elevated with supreme dignity her head and her voice, and, turning from the Court to the audience, uttered these admirable words:—'*I did not answer, because nature refuses to answer such a charge; but I appeal against it to the heart of every mother who hears me.*'

And subsequently, when the counsel who had been assigned to her terminated their short and interrupted defence, the President asked her whether she had anything to add. She said:—

'For myself, nothing—for your consciences, much! I was a Queen, and you dethroned me—I was a wife, and you murdered my husband—I was a mother, and you have torn my children from me—I have nothing left but my blood—make haste to take it.'—ii. p. 157.

M. de Beauchesne does not give us his authority for the allocution, which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere; if really

really made, this last was the only request ever granted her. The trial was concluded at an early hour on the third morning, and at *eleven* o'clock on that same forenoon she was led to the scaffold. We cannot refrain from marking the fearful *retribution* which followed these infamous proceedings. Within *nine months* from the death of the Queen, the accusers, judges, jury, prosecutors, witnesses, all—at least all whose fate is known—perished by the same instrument as the illustrious and innocent victim.

The prisoners of the Temple knew nothing of the Queen's trial and death. The two princesses were in close confinement, and had no attendant whatever. They did not even see their gaolers. Tison himself was now a prisoner. They were, in fact, alone in the world. They made their own beds, swept their room, and learned to suffice for all their menial offices. Their food was delivered to them through the half-opened door, and they saw nothing but the *hands* that brought it. They were sometimes visited, searched, insulted, by the members of the Commune, else they never saw a human face. It was eighteen months before Madame Royale heard of her mother's fate. Nor did she know that of her aunt and her brother till near her own final deliverance.

About ten days after the Queen's death, 26th October, the boy made another declaration:—

'That one day while Simon was on duty at the Temple [in his former character of Commissary] in company with *Jobert*, Jobert had conveyed two notes to the Queen without Simon's having seen them, and that this trick [espièglerie] made those *ladies* laugh very much at having deceived the vigilance of Simon. He deponent did not see the paper, but only that those *ladies* had told him so.

'Before signing, he, little Capet, said, that his mother was afraid of his aunt, and that his aunt was the best manager of plots (*exécutait mieux les complots*).

This is the deposition to which the last of the preceding signatures was affixed, and, insignificant as it may seem, it is pregnant with curious circumstances, which deserve some development, though they have escaped the notice of M. de Beauchesne. Simon, when he first reported this statement to the Commune, declined to mention the name of the colleague accused of bringing the notes, and he requested them to nominate some of their own body to take the boy's deposition from his own mouth,—it was then that *Jobert* was mentioned. M. de Beauchesne makes no observation on the name—but, according to other evidence, it was a strange one to find in these circumstances—for Jobert (unless there were *two* commissaries of the *same* name), so far from being likely to be an accomplice of the royal

royal ladies, was of Simon's own *clique;* and remained, even after this affair, in such full confidence with his party, that he, like Simon himself, *followed Robespierre to the scaffold* in the days of Thermidor. The story, therefore, of the notes, if true at all, was probably a device of Jobert and his employers to *entrap* the royal ladies into some difficulty—though why Simon should have brought it up again seems hardly explicable, unless indeed it was intended as a prelude to the subsequent proceedings against Madame Elizabeth. However this may be, it is evident that, even if the fact, as stated by the child, was true, the *rédaction*—the form and phraseology of the deposition could not have been his, nor could it have been altogether Simon's, for *he* certainly would not have used and repeated the semi-respectful term of '*ces dames*' for the Princesses—it may therefore be safely concluded that the *rédaction* was, to some extent at least, that of the Magistrate delegated by the Commune to conduct the inquiry; and it seems, by another of those wonderful vicissitudes with which the Revolution abounded, that it was the poor Magistrate who fell a sacrifice to the charge directed against *Jobert*. This Magistrate (we find from the *procès verbal*) was George Follope — aged 64 — an eminent apothecary in the Rue St. Honoré, who, though reputed a zealous *patriot*, and as such elected into the Commune, was an educated and, it is said, a respectable man; and it is most probable that the insignificance of the deposition itself as regarded the Princesses, the revelation of the name of the patriot Jobert, and the use of the term '*ces dames*,' may have been attributed by his disappointed and angry colleagues to his integrity and decency. Certain it is that the next—and most unexpected—mention we find of the poor old apothecary is, as suffering on the same scaffold with his '*accomplice*' Madame Elizabeth! (*Liste des Condamnés*, No. 916, 10 May, 1794.)

Another deposition, especially directed against Madame Elizabeth, was soon after extorted from the child — equally ignorant, no doubt, of the consequences of the words put into his mouth as in the former case. Indeed the imagination of such a charge as it was brought forward to support, is so grossly absurd, that it is only astonishing it could have been thought of even in that reign of insanity. The Princesses were lodged in the third floor of the great Tower—the boy in the second—all the stories were vaulted—there was no communication between the apartments, nor even between the persons employed in the service of either — and under these circumstances he was made, by a deposition dated the 3rd December, 1793, to tell this story, which we give in the exact terms which he is supposed to have used:—

'That

'That for the last fortnight or three weeks he had heard the prisoners [his aunt and sister] knocking every consecutive day between the hours of six and nine; that since the day before yesterday, this noise happened a little later and lasted longer than the preceding days; that this noise seemed to come from that part of their room where the fire-wood was kept—that moreover he knows (*connaît*), from the sound of their footsteps (which he distinguishes from the other noise), that during this time the prisoners leave the place where (as he has indicated) the wood is kept, and move into the embrasure of the window of their sleeping-room, which makes him presume that they hide away something in these embrasures: he thinks it may be *forged assignats*[!!!], but is not sure, and that they might pass them through the window to somebody.'—ii. 176.

He *knows* the noise was made by the prisoners and not by any one else—he can *distinguish* through the solid vaultings of the old fortress of the Templars the steps of two young women from the noise that would be made in the fabrication of assignats, a thing and a process of which he probably had never heard—if the steps are directed towards their bedroom, it must be to hide something—he thinks *forged assignats!*—he thinks too they might convey them through the barricaded and blockaded window, some fifty or sixty feet from the ground, to *somebody*—the only *bodies* in the whole wide space around the tower being their gaolers and sentinels—and all this the spontaneous observations and declarations of a child 8 years and 6 months old. Such a tissue of nonsense was never, we suppose, before put together—it was even too much for Simon, who excused himself for not detecting the noise, by alleging that he was '*a little hard of hearing*'—but his wife was sharper—she heard it all—but *she* never mentioned it, though Simon states that 'for about eight days the said Charles Capet had been in a torment (*se tourmentait*) to make this declaration to the members of the Council.'

We may here, and without further observation, leave to the wonder and indignation of our readers these abominable depositions—still extant in the national archives, and as characteristic of the Republic—though in so different a style—as even the Massacres and the Guillotine.

Meanwhile the brutalities inflicted on the poor child continued with even greater rigour. One or two instances must suffice. Strictly shut up in one dark room, with no distraction or amusement whatsoever, he had become so pitiable a picture of lassitude and despondency that one of the persons employed about the Tower obtained Simon's consent to his having an artificial canary-bird which was in the Garde Meuble, and which, by an ingenious mechanism, fluttered its wings and sung a tune. This so much pleased him, that the same good-natured sug-

gestion was made as to some real canaries, tamed and taught as these little creatures sometimes are. Still more gratified, he made an affectionate acquaintance with his feathered friends. But this was too aristocratical an indulgence. One of the Commissaries in particular took offence at it—the machine and the living favourites were all sent away, and the weeping boy was left again in solitude, or, still worse, the company of his morose guardians, who rarely spoke to him, and never but with harshness and insult. Another instance is more seriously revolting. In the midst of his degradation he had some memory, or perhaps *dreamed*, of his former feelings and habits. Simon detected him one night kneeling in his bed with his hands joined, and appearing to say his prayers. The impious wretch did not know whether the child was asleep or awake, but the superstitious attitude threw him into an extraordinary fury; he seized a great pitcher of water—icy cold—the night was the 14th or 15th of January—and flung it over him, exclaiming, 'I'll teach you to say your *Paternosters* and to get up in the night like a *Trappist*.' Nor was that all: he struck him on the face with his iron-heeled shoe, the sole implement of punishment he had at hand, and was only prevented beating him still more severely by the interposition of his wife. The child, shivering and sobbing, endeavoured to escape from the soaking mattress by sitting on the pillow, but Simon dragged him down and stretched him on the bed swimming with water, and, covering him with the wet clothes, forced him to lie in this state till morning. The shock and suffering which the child endured that night seemed to have a permanent and enfeebling influence both on his mind and body; it entirely broke his spirit, and confirmed, if it did not produce, the lingering malady of which he died.

But the authors of his misery were hardly less miserable than he. They were equally prisoners, condemned to the same seclusion from all society, and their only consolation was visiting their own annoyances on the descendant of so many kings. But even of this they were gradually growing weary, when a fresh circumstance, that affected the *amour propre* of both husband and wife, completed their disgust. A decree of the Commune directed that the woman should not make her occasional visits to her own lodgings, nor the husband go into even the courtyard or garden of the prison, unattended by municipal officers. When he asked once to go home for some private purpose, he was told he could only do so accompanied by two of these functionaries. This shocked his dignity: his neighbours thought him the Guardian of the young king and a great man; he could not bear to appear amongst

amongst them as a prisoner. When he once was summoned to give evidence before the Revolutionary Tribunal he was escorted by a couple of municipals. When he solicited permission to attend, with his colleagues of the Commune, a national *fête* in honour of the retaking Toulon, he was harshly refused, and told that in the Temple he was at his proper post. At last he had an opportunity of escaping from his intolerable thraldom. A 'self-denying ordinance' of the Commune decided that no person receiving a public salary could remain a member of that body. Simon gladly availed himself of the option, resigned his office in the Temple, and resumed his functions in the Commune, only to die six months later with sixty or seventy of his colleagues and co-partners in crime on the '*échafaud vengeur*' of Thermidor.

On the 19th Jan. 1794 the Simons took their departure. The wife said with a tone of kindness, 'Capet, I know not when I may see you again.' Simon interrupted her with a malediction on the '*toad*.' But was the child's condition improved? Alas, no! His active persecutors were gone, but he was left to privations worse than inflictions—to cold—darkness—solitary confinement—a regimen which even the strongest bodies and the most determined spirits have been found unable to endure.

The Committees of Government decided that Simon, as he could have no equal, should have no successor. Chaumette and Hébert, still the ruling authorities of the Temple, accepted this decision, and said they would endeavour to obtain from the *force of things* (*la force des choses*) that security which the absence of a personal superintendence denied them. This *force of things* was thus expounded: he was confined to a single room (where Cléry had slept during the King's life); it had one window, closely barred and blinded by an *abat-jour*, which admitted only a small degree of oblique light, and was never opened for air; the door was removed and replaced by a half-door, of which the upper part was inclosed by iron bars; a portion of those iron bars, when unlocked, opened like a trap, through which he received his food and passed out whatever he had to send away; the room had no other means of being heated than a pipe which was led through a part of it from a stove in another apartment, the lighting of the fire in which was capricious and precarious. At night the only light was a lamp hung on the wall of the anteroom opposite to the iron grating of the door. Whether by accident, or as a kind of triumph, it was on the 21st of January, the anniversary of his father's death, that the young king was transferred to this dungeon—a prelude to his own. The horrors of such a condition—aggravated by the weakness of the child, who could do nothing to alleviate his wants—are obscured rather

than illustrated by M. de Beauchesne's inflated and figurative eloquence. When the boy, on being shut up for the first time in this solitary duress, made no complaint and showed no change of temper, M. de Beauchesne imagines that

'he may have felt himself beyond the reach of men—free in his prison —*like a young fawn that had escaped to the hollow of some secluded valley from the pursuit of the hounds and hunters.*'—ii. p. 199.

In preference to such a style of narrative, our readers will thank us for substituting the simple and much more impressive sketch of *Madame Royale*, which indeed contains in substance all that M. de Beauchesne has so needlessly amplified, and all that we really know of this interval:—

'Unheard of and unexampled barbarity! to leave an unhappy and sickly infant of eight years old in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him: he preferred wanting anything, and everything, to calling for his persecutors. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate about him and in his room; and during all that period nothing of that kind had been removed. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of that horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might indeed have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself somewhat more clean than he did; but, overwhelmed by the ill treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for anything, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution proves how good his constitution must have originally been.'—*Royal Mem.*, p. 256.

But while death was thus slowly and silently advancing on the young King, the insatiable guillotine was rapidly sweeping away hundreds of guilty and thousands of innocent victims. Indeed we might call them all innocent, for there was not, we believe, a single one of them—no, not even Danton or Hébert—who, however culpable, or even execrable, in other respects had committed any of the pretended offences for which they suffered. Nay, we are convinced that, of the 2637 executed by the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris up to the fall of Robespierre, it would be difficult to find half a dozen who were fairly convicted or really

really guilty of the fact for which they were condemned. Injustice was proved to be blinder than justice is proverbially supposed to be.

But, of all who suffered in that promiscuous massacre, the most transcendently innocent was the Princess Elizabeth. We have never been able to discover any pretext nor to conjecture any motive for her death. The least irrational suspicion that we have been able to arrive at is that Robespierre had really formed some scheme of personal ambition upon the young princess, to which it was hoped to intimidate and subjugate her by the loss of her aunt. This is, no doubt, an almost incredible project, but it is hardly stranger than Robespierre's contemporaneous proceedings, and it derives a kind of colour (as M. de Beauchesne remarks) from the mysterious visit which Robespierre made to the Temple in which he saw the princess (*Royal Mem.* 266); and it seems rendered somewhat less improbable by the slight, but not perhaps insignificant, fact that in the *original* edition of Madame Royale's narrative the mention of the visit was suppressed—probably from a dislike to preserve any trace of an insolence against which all the best feelings of her nature must have revolted.

But, whatever may have been the motive, Madame Elizabeth was executed on the 10th of May. She died as she had lived, like a saint. In the room where they were assembled in the prison on the morning of their execution she exhorted all her fellow-sufferers—

'with a presence of mind, an elevation of soul, and a religious enthusiasm, that fortified all their minds. In the cart she preserved the same firmness, and encouraged and supported the women who accompanied her.* At the scaffold they had the barbarity to execute her the last [though she stood *first* on the list of 25]. All the women, as they left the cart, asked leave to embrace her. She kissed them all, and, with her usual composure, said some words of comfort to each. Her strength did not fail her to the last, and she died with all the resignation of the purest piety.'—*Royal Mem.* p. 262.

Madame Royale did not for a long time know the fate of her aunt; when she asked after her she received evasive answers—'she was gone elsewhere for change of air;' when she entreated, since she was deprived of her aunt, that she might be restored to her mother, she was told 'they would consider it.'

Of the visit of Robespierre just mentioned, Madame Royale's

* There were executed at the same time Madame de Senozan, the venerable sister of M. de Malesherbes, aged seventy-six, and Mesdames de Crussol, de l'Aigle, de Montmorin, de Canizy, de Cercy, and de Serilly, and an old Madlle. de Buard. Among the men were four gentlemen of the Lomenie family, and George Fallope, the apothecary.

account

account (in the later editions) is, as might be expected, short and dry—a just expression of what her pride and her piety would suffer in such an interview:—

'One day there came a man who I believe was Robespierre. The officers showed him great respect. His visit was a secret even to the people in the Tower, who did not know who he was; or, at least, would not tell me: he stared insolently at me, cast his eyes on my books, and, after joining the municipal officers in a search, retired.'—*Ib.* 266.

M. de Beauchesne gives the exact and important *date*, and adds a remarkable circumstance:—

'*The day after the execution of Madame Elizabeth*—that is, 11th May—Madame Royale was visited by Robespierre. She did not speak one word to him. She only gave him a paper, in which she had written—

'*My brother is ill. I have written to the Convention to be allowed to go to take care of him. The Convention has not yet answered me. I repeat my demand.*'—ii. 219.

This is all very probable; and the cold and dignified style of the note is such as we may believe Madame would have used: but M. de Beauchesne does not cite his authority either for the date or the note, which surely, considering the silence of Madame Royale herself, he was bound to do.

Both the royal children were now in separate and solitary confinement; and here again we prefer the simple narrative of the elder sufferer to the amplifications of M. de Beauchesne:—

'The guards were often drunk; but they generally left my brother and me quiet in our respective apartments until the 9th Thermidor. My brother still pined in solitude and filth. His keepers never went near him but to give him his meals: they had no compassion for this unhappy child. There was one of the guards whose gentle manners encouraged me to recommend my brother to his attention; this man ventured to complain of the severity with which the boy was treated, but he was dismissed next day. For myself I asked nothing but what was indispensable, and even this was often harshly refused; but I, at least, could keep myself clean. I had soap and water, and carefully swept out my room every day. I had no light; but in the long days [from May to August] I did not feel much this privation. They would not give me any more books; but I had some religious works and some travels, which I had read over and over.'

The fall of Robespierre (28th July, 1794), which opened the prison doors of so many other innocent victims, did not liberate the two children in the Temple, though it alleviated in some respects their personal sufferings. On the 10th Thermidor, Barras, who had played a chief part in the success of the preceding day as commander-in-chief of the troops employed against Robespierre,

Robespierre, visited the Temple, and the result of his inspection was the appointment of a single guardian in lieu of the Commissaries of the Commune—(most of whom indeed were that day and the next sent to the scaffold)—and to this office he named one Laurent, a private acquaintance of his own. Laurent was a *Creole*, a native of St. Domingo. How he first obtained the confidence of Barras is not stated: he was indeed noted in his district for his *patriotism*, but this was at the moment no great nor even very favourable distinction. Can it have arisen from the influence of *Josephine*, herself a *Creole*, and already intimate with both Tallien and Barras, the heroes of the day? Laurent at least did not disgrace his patrons: M. de Beauchesne tells us he was a man of some degree of education, good manners, and humanity, and the very first circumstances of his introduction struck him with astonishment. He arrived at the Temple on the evening of his appointment; he was received by some Municipals who were still in authority: they closely scrutinised his appointment, and detained him so long that it was not till two o'clock in the morning that he was conducted to the room of the 'little Capet.' They had explained in general terms the way in which the child was treated, but it was far from giving him any idea of the reality. When he entered the ante-room he was met by a sickening smell which escaped through the grated door of the inner room. One of the municipals, approaching the grating, called in a loud voice, 'Capet! Capet!' Capet did not answer. After much calling, a faint sound announced that it was heard, but no movement followed, and neither calls nor even threats could induce the victim to get up and show himself; and it was only by the light of a candle held inside the bars, and which fell on the bed in the opposite corner, that Laurent saw the body that was thus delivered to his charge. With this he contented himself that night, for it seems that neither he nor the Municipals had either the authority or the mechanical means to open that door. Another visit next morning had the same results; the child would neither speak nor show himself, though Laurent had addressed him in terms of kindness and persuasion. Alarmed and shocked at this state of things, Laurent made a peremptory appeal to the government for an immediate examination into the condition of the child. The request was granted, and accordingly next day, the 31st of July, several members of the Committee *de Sûreté Générale* came to conduct it:—

'They called to him through the grating—no answer. They then ordered the door to be opened: it seems there were no means of doing it. A workman was called, who forced away the bars of the trap so as

as to get in his head, and having thus got sight of the child asked him why he did not answer? Still no reply. In a few minutes the whole door was broken down (*enlevée*), and the visitors entered. Then appeared a spectacle more horrible than can be conceived—a spectacle which never again can be seen in the annals of a nation calling itself civilized, and which even the murderers of Louis XVI. could not witness without mingled pity and fright. In a dark room, exhaling a smell of death and corruption, on a crazy and dirty bed, a child of nine years old was lying prostrate, motionless, and bent up, his face livid and furrowed by want and suffering, and his limbs half covered with a filthy cloth and trowsers in rags. His features, once so delicate, and his countenance, once so lively, denoted now the gloomiest apathy—almost insensibility—and his blue eyes, looking larger from the meagreness of the rest of his face, had lost all spirit, and taken, in their dull immovability, a tinge of grey and green. His head and neck were eaten up (*rongée*) with purulent sores; his legs, arms, and neck, thin and angular, were unnaturally lengthened at the expense of his chest and body. His hands and feet were not human. A thick paste of dirt stuck like pitch over his temples; and his once beautiful curls were full of vermin, which also covered his whole body, and which, as well as bugs, swarmed in every fold of the rotten bedding, over which black spiders were running....At the noise of forcing the door the child gave a nervous shudder, but barely moved, hardly noticing the strangers. A hundred questions were addressed to him; he answered none of them: he cast a vague, wandering, and unmeaning look at his visitors, and at this moment one would have taken him for an idiot. The food they had given him was still untouched; one of the commissioners asked him why he had not eaten it? Still no answer. At last, the oldest of the visitors, whose grey hairs and paternal tone seemed to make an impression upon him, repeated the question, and he answered in a calm but resolute tone, "*Because I want to die!*" These were the only words that this cruel and memorable inquisition extracted from him.'—ii. 25.

For these details, M. de Beauchesne, *more suo*, gives us no warrant, but they are confirmed *en gros* by the Journal of Madame Royale; and there is another, in this respect unexceptionable, witness to the main points, of whom M. de Beauchesne does not seem to have been aware. In the *Mémoires de Lombard* we find Barras's own account of his visit. He confesses that he saw the boy, and found him in a deplorable state of filth, disease, and debility; it was stated to him that he neither ate nor drank —he would not speak, could not stand, and lay bent up in a kind of cradle, from which it was torture to move him. His knees were so swelled that his trowsers had become painfully tight. Barras had them cut open at the sides, and found the joints 'prodigiously swollen and livid.' Barras concludes this picture by relating, in a tone of self-satisfaction, that he

he immediately ordered the attendance of a medical man, and, 'after having scolded the commissary and the *garçon de service* for the filth in which the child was left, he retired!' He adds indeed, that he returned next day, and saw the doctor (whose name he had forgotten) offer the little patient a draught which he had ordered, but which the child—though still without speaking—refused to take; the doctor whispered Barras that he might possibly have heard of the fate of his father, mother, and aunt, and suspect that they now wanted to *get rid of him* (*se défaire de lui*); so, 'to encourage him, the doctor poured out the draught into a glass, and was about to taste it, when the poor child, guessing his thoughts, hastened to seize it, and drank it off.' The doctor told Barras that the boy had not long to live; and this, said Barras, 'was the last I saw of him' (*Mém. de Lombard*, p. 147, 150). M. de Beauchesne's authorities (whatever they are) make, we see, no mention of Barras's having seen the boy, nor of his *personal* interference, which indeed is hardly reconcilable with some of the details we have just given; but Barras's own confession corroborates all the more important facts of the case, and the subsequent indifference of the new government to the state of the child, who lingered for near a year later in a condition almost equally deplorable.

We now resume M. de Beauchesne's narrative. By the remonstrances of Laurent, a little air and light were admitted into the room; a woman was permitted, though after much hesitation, to wash and comb the boy. One of the municipals, who happened to be a surgeon, was allowed to clean and dress the sores on the head and neck—an operation which, as well as that of the comb, was, from long neglect, become extremely painful. The vermin were expelled, an iron bed and clean bedding were supplied, a suit of decent clothes granted; and the grated door was replaced by the original one. These were but ameliorations to which the most odious convicted criminal would have been entitled; but all the other rigours of the prison were still maintained. The child was kept in the solitary confinement of his one cell. The chief authority in the Temple remained in the municipal body, who seemed afraid that, if they deviated from the severity of their predecessors, they were likely to incur their fate. Laurent himself was not allowed to see the boy except, at his meal-times, and always then in presence of the municipals; and when at last he wearied them into permission to take him occasionally to the leads of the tower to breathe the fresh air, it was only under their watch-dog superintendence. Even in these short breaks in his solitude he never spoke, and seemed to take little notice of what was passing. There was one exception—on his way to the leads he had to go by the

the wicket that conducted to what had been his *mother's* apartment: he had passed it the first time without observing it, but on returning he saw it, started, pressed the arm of Laurent, and made a sign of recognition, and ever after paused at the place, and once showed a wish to enter the room, which the municipal in attendance prevented by telling him that he had mistaken the door. He knew, of course, the death of his father, but he was in ignorance of that of his mother, whom he still believed, as we shall see, to be in the tower.

During this period Laurent had also the custody of Madame Royale, who bears, in her Mémoires, testimony to the decency of his manners, and kindness of his treatment of her, and to his well-meant but less successful endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of her brother.

At last, however, the *quasi* solitary confinement to which Laurent found himself condemned was more than he could endure, and he solicited to be allowed an assistant and companion in his duties. This was granted; and, by some secret influence of the friends of the royal family, the son of an upholsterer of the name of Gomin was associated *en second* to Laurent in the care of the children. Gomin was a person of mild and timid character, who had great difficulty in reconciling the severe orders of his employers with his secret sympathy with the prisoners. Little change, however, was made in the regulations, except that cleanliness and civil language were substituted for filth and insult. The child was still locked up alone, except at meals, which were always served in presence of the two guardians and a Municipal, and frequently embittered by the cynical insults of the latter. These Commissaries were elected in turn by each of the 48 sections of Paris, and were relieved every 24 hours; so that the régime was subject to a great variety of tempers and caprices, of which good-nature was the rarest. The breakfast, at nine, was a cup of milk *or* some fruit; the dinner, at two, a plate of soup with a '*small bit*' of its *bouilli*, and some *dry* vegetables (generally beans); a supper at eight, the same as the dinner, but without the *bouilli*. He was then put to bed and locked up alone, as in all other intervals between the meals, till nine the next morning. When the commissary of the day happened to look good humoured, the guardians would endeavour to obtain some little *adoucissement* in the treatment of the child—such as his being taken to the leads, or getting some pots of flowers, which delighted him with the memory of happier days, and in which he took more interest than in anything else. One day (the 14th November, 1794) there came, with a stern air, loud voice, and brutal manners, a person by name Delboy—he threw open all the doors,

pried

pried everywhere, gave his orders in a rough imperious tone, that at first frightened both guardians and prisoner, but by and by surprised them by the frank and rational, and even kind, spirit of his directions. When he saw the dinner he exclaimed—

'"Why this wretched food? If *they* were still at the Tuileries I would assist to famish them out: but here they are our prisoners, and it is unworthy of the nation to starve them. Why these window-blinds? Under the reign of *Equality* the sun at least should shine for all. Why is he separated from his sister? Under the reign of *Fraternity* why should they not see each other?" Then addressing the child in a somewhat gentler tone, "Should you not like, my boy, to play with your sister? If you forget your origin, I don't see why the nation should remember it." Then turning to the guardians, "'Tis not his fault if he is his father's son—he is now nothing else than an *unfortunate child*; the *unfortunate* have a claim to our humanity, and the country should be the mother of all her *children*. So don't be harsh to him.'" — ii. 276.

All he said was in the same blustering sententious style, 'combining,' says M. de Beauchesne in his rhetorical way, 'the manners of Diogenes with the charity of Fenelon.' Another of Delboy's phrases is worth repeating. In discoursing (as we presume) of the character of his colleagues he declaimed against—

—'those crafty hypocrites who do *harm to others without making a noise*—these are the kind of fellows who invented the *air-gun*.'

Such a voice had never before been heard in the Temple, and occasioned a serious sensation, and something like consternation; but it at last encouraged Gomin to ask his permission that the lamp in the ante-room, from which the only light of the child's dungeon was derived, should be lighted at dark. This was immediately granted; and Diogenes-Fenelon departed, saying to the astounded guardians as he took his leave—

'"Shall we ever meet again? I think not: our roads are not likely to meet. No matter—good patriots will recognise each other; men of sense may vary their opinions—men of honour never change their feelings and principles. We are no *Septembriseurs*. Health and fraternity."'—*Ib.*

The reign of this '*bourru bienfaisant*' lasted but a few hours, and (except as to lighting the lamp) left no traces. Laurent and Gomin were afraid to make any change on such ephemeral authority. About the same time sentiments like those which Delboy had blurted out in the prison were heard timidly insinuated in society, and even in more than one newspaper. This only exasperated the fears and malignity of the Convention, and its speeches

speeches and decrees seemed, as to the treatment of the child, to reveal as strongly as before the resolution '*de s'en défaire.*'

The daily change of Commissioners produced an alternation of gross vexations and slight indulgences not uninteresting, but which our space does not allow us to follow. One or two instances will suffice for the rest. On the 23rd February, 1795, the Commissary was one Leroux—a '*terroriste arrièré*'—who adored the memory of Robespierre, and hoped for the revival of his party. He insisted on visiting all the apartments, and was particularly anxious to see how those 'plucked *roitelets* looked without their feathers.' When he entered Madame Royale's room she was sitting at work, and went on without taking any notice of him. 'What!' he cried, 'is it the fashion here not to rise before the *people?*' The Princess still took no notice. The brute revenged himself by rummaging the whole apartment, and retired, saying, sulkily, '*Elle est fière comme l'Autrichienne.*' When he visited the boy it was only to insult him. He called him nothing but the *son of the Tyrant*—ridiculed his alleged illness, and when Laurent and Gomin timidly ventured to produce Delboy's charitable maxim 'that he could not help being the son of his father,' they were silenced by doubts as to their own patriotism. 'Ah, the children of tyrants are not to be sick like other people. It is not, forsooth, his fault that he was born to devour the sweat and blood of the people! It is not the less certain that such monsters should be strangled in their cradle!' (ii. 294.) He then established himself for the evening in the ante-room—called for cards and wine—the wine to drink toasts 'to the death of all tyrants,' and the cards to play picquet with Laurent. His nomenclature of the figure cards at picquet was not *kings* but *tyrants*—'*Three tyrants*'—'*Fourteen tyrants.*' The queens were '*citoyennes,*' and the knaves '*courtiers.*' The royal boy seemed not to understand, at least not to notice, these terms, but was much interested in overlooking the game, and hearing for the first time for some years people speaking to one another of something else than his own sufferings. The evening, however, ended ill. Leroux's Jacobinical fury was inflamed by drinking, and he made an uproar that terrified the child. He was at last got out of the room, and conducted to his bed on the lower story. But this accident had a favourable result. Leroux had called for cards—and thereby authorised their introduction; and the child's pleasure in seeing them induced Gomin, between Leroux's departure and the coming of his successor, to introduce two packs, with which the little prisoner amused himself *for the rest of his life!* The next Commissary happened to be a toyman; he took pity on the boy, and at Gomin's suggestion sent him, three days after, two or three toys.

toys. But these were trifling indulgences; and the continued interdiction of air and exercise, and the frequent insults and severities of the capricious Commissaries, were gradually aggravating the illness that had for some time past seriously alarmed the guardians, though the Commissaries in general only laughed at it. About January and February, 1795, his malady assumed a more rapid and threatening character. He grew more melancholy and apathetic; he became very reluctant to move, and indeed was hardly able to do so; and Laurent and Gomin were forced to carry him in their arms. The district surgeon was called in, and in consequence of his opinion a delegation from the Commune examined the case, and reported that

'the little Capet had tumours at all his joints, and especially at his knees—that it was impossible to extract a word from him—that he never would rise off his chair or his bed, and refused to take any kind of exercise.'

On this report a sub-committee of the Committee de *Sûreté-Générale* were delegated to visit the child—it consisted of one *Harmand* (of the Meuse), who on the king's trial voted for banishment, and *Mathieu* and *Reverchon*, who voted for death. These men found such a state of things that they thought (as Harmand himself afterwards confessed, appealing also to his colleagues who were still living)

'that *for the honour of the Nation*, who knew nothing of these horrors—for that of *the Convention*, which was, in truth, also ignorant of them—and for that of the guilty *Municipality* of Paris itself, who knew all and was the cause of all these cruelties—we should make no public report, but only state the result in a secret meeting of the committee.'—ii. 309.

So strange a confession—that public functionaries suppressed the facts they had been appointed to inquire into for the honour of those who had committed and sanctioned the crimes—is sufficiently revolting, but it is much more so that no measures whatsoever were taken to correct or even alleviate the cruelties that they had reported. Harmand's account of the affair was not published till after the Restoration (as M. de Beauchesne notices with something of suspicion as to its accuracy), and there can be no doubt that he then modelled it so as to excuse, as far as he could, his own pusillanimity, in having made no effectual attempt to remedy the mischief that he had discovered. The only apology that can be made for him is, that he was sent in a few days after on a mission to the armies, and it is possible, and even likely, that the very purpose for which he was sent was to prevent his taking any steps in the matter. The substance, however, of his statement is fully confirmed by the evidence of Gomin, though

though the latter disputed some small and really insignificant details. The most striking circumstance was the fixed and resolute *silence* of the child, from whom they, no more than the former Commissaries of the Commune, were able to extract a single word. This silence Harmand dates from the day on which he was forced to sign the monstrous deposition against his mother —a statement which Gomin denies, and on his authority M. de Beauchesne distrusts Harmand's general veracity. We think unjustly. For though Gomin might contradict the unqualified statement of his *never* having spoken from that very day, he himself bears testimony that the exceptions were so rare and so secret as to be utterly unknown, except to the two or three persons whose unexpected kindness obtained a whisper of acknowledgment from the surprised though grateful boy. When Gomin first entered on his duties, 'Laurent foretold that he would not obtain a word from him,' which implies that he had not opened his lips to Laurent. The report of the Commune which preceded Harmand's visit also states, as we have seen, that he would not speak; Harmand and his colleagues found the same obstinate silence; and we therefore do not see that Harmand's accuracy is in any degree impugned by Gomin's secret knowledge that the child, though mute to all the rest of his visitors, had spoken to him and to one or two others, who were afraid to let it transpire. It is, no doubt, too much to say that this '*mutisme*' began immediately on the signature of the deposition of the 6th October, because there seems good reason to deny that he had any share in that deposition except signing it; he probably could not have understood its meaning, and unquestionably could know nothing of the use that was made of it—indeed it is certain that he *never* knew of his mother's death. But it is equally certain that, from some unspecified date after that event, he condemned himself to what may be fairly called absolute silence. If he had any idea of the import of the depositions which had been fabricated for him, he may have resolved not to give another opportunity of perverting what he might happen to say; and the constant and cruel insults which he had to undergo as the '*son of the tyrant*,' the '*roitelet*,' '*the king of La Vendée*,' and the like, may have awakened in his mind some sense of his dignity. Such considerations we can imagine to have dawned even on that young intellect; but in addition to, or even exclusive of, any metaphysical motives—the murder of his father, which he knew —the thoughts of his mother, which, as we shall see, troubled and tormented him—his separation from his sister and aunt—a vague consciousness that he had done something injurious to them—and, above all, the pain, prison, privations, and punishment—

ment—in short, the terror and torture which he himself endured—sufficiently account for the atrophy both of mind and body into which he had fallen, and for the silence of the dungeon, so soon to become the silence of the grave. And it is certain that even in this extremity he had more memory and sensibility than he chose to show. Gomin's timidity, not to say terror, of compromising himself, rendered his general deportment reserved and even severe; but one evening—Thursday, 12th March, 1795—when he was alone with the child (Laurent and the Municipal of the day being absent at their *club*), he showed him some unusual marks of sympathy, and proposed something to gratify him. The boy looked up suddenly at Gomin's countenance, and, seeing in it an expression of tenderness, he rose and timidly advanced to the door, his eyes still fixed on Gomin's face with a gaze of suppliant inquiry;—'No, no,' said Gomin, 'you know that *that* cannot be.' 'I *must see Her!*' said the child. '*Oh, pray, pray, let me see Her once again before I die!*' Gomin led him gently away from the door to his bed, on which the child fell motionless and senseless; and Gomin, terribly alarmed—and, as he confessed, as much for himself as his prisoner—thought for a time that he was no more. The poor boy had long, Gomin suspected, been meditating on an opportunity for seeing his *mother*—he thought he had found it, and his disappointment overwhelmed him. This incident softened still more the heart of Gomin.

A few days after there was another sad scene. On the 23rd March, the Commissary of the day, one Collot, looking stedfastly at the child, exclaimed, in a loud doctoral tone, 'That child has not six weeks to live!' Laurent and Gomin, shocked at the effect that such a prophecy might have on the child, made some mitigating observations, to which Collot replied, with evident malignity, and in coarser terms than we can translate, 'I tell you, citizens, that within six weeks he will be an idiot, if he be not dead!' The child only showed that he heard it, by a mournful smile, as if he thought it no bad news; but when Collot was gone, a tear or two fell, and he murmured, '*Yet I never did any harm to anybody*' (ii. 319).

On the 29th of March came another affliction. Laurent's tastes and feelings were very repugnant to his duties in the Temple, though he was afraid of resigning, lest he should be suspected of *incivisme;* but he had now, by the death of his mother, an excuse for soliciting a successor. It was granted, and he left the Temple with the regret of everybody. The innocence and gentle manners of the child had softened his republicanism, and reconciled him to the 'son of the tyrant.' The Prince at parting squeezed

squeezed his hand affectionately, and saw his departure with evident sorrow, but does not seem to have spoken.

One Lasne succeeded him—his nomination and instalment were characteristic of the times. He received a written notice of his appointment and a summons to attend at the Commune to receive his credentials. Not coming at once, two gendarmes, armed police, were sent, who *took* him from his residence and conducted him straight and suddenly to his new post. Lasne had served in the old Gardes'Françaises, and this caused his election as captain of grenadiers in the St. Antoine battalion of the National Guards. He was now *by trade* a master house-painter. He was an honest man, of the moderate republican party, with the air and somewhat of the rough manner of the old soldier. It was on the 16th February, 1837, that M. de Beauchesne, as he tells us, 'first saw Lasne, in whose arms Louis XVII. had died'—but the public had an earlier acquaintance with Lasne, which we wonder that M. de Beauchesne has not noticed. He was a principal witness on the trial of the *Faux Dauphin*, Richemont,* in October, 1830, and then gave in substance the same account of his mission in the Temple and of the death of the young king that he again repeated without any material addition or variation to M. de Beauchesne.

For three weeks the child was as mute to Lasne as he had been to the others. At last an accident broke his silence. Lasne, having been one day on guard at the Tuileries, had happened to see the Dauphin reviewing a regiment of boys, which had been formed for his amusement and instruction; and in one of his allocutions (we cannot call them conversations) to the silent child he happened to mention the circumstance, and repeated something that had occurred on that day; the boy's face suddenly brightened up, and showed evident signs of interest and pleasure, and at last, in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he asked, '*And did you see me with my sword?*' †

Though the guardians were equally responsible for both the prisoners, Lasne was especially attached to the boy, and Gomin to Madame Royale, whom at last he accompanied on her release, and on the Restoration became an officer of her household.

Lasne, a busier and bolder man than Gomin, soon discovered that the boy, whom he could barely recognise for the healthy and handsome child whom he had seen, *with his sword*, at the Tuileries, was in a very dangerous state, and he induced his colleague

* As this page is passing through the press we learn the death of this impostor in some obscure corner of France.

† That sword, of which M. de Beauchesne gives a drawing, still exists (or did lately) in the *Musée de l'Artillerie* at Paris.

to

to join him in inscribing on the register of the proceedings of the Temple, '*The little Capet is indisposed.*' No notice being taken of the entry, they repeated it in a day or two, in more positive terms, '*The little Capet is dangerously ill.*' Still no notice. 'We must strike harder,' said the guardians; and now wrote that '*his life was in danger.*' This produced an order (6th May, 1794) for the attendance of M. Desault, one of the most eminent physicians of Paris. Desault examined the patient, but could not obtain a word from him. He pronounced, however, that he was called in too late—that the case was become scrofulous, probably from a constitutional taint of the same disease of which the elder Dauphin had died in 1789, aggravated by the hard treatment and confinement of so many years; and he had the courage to propose that he should be immediately removed to the country, where change of air, exercise, and constant attention, afforded the only chance of prolonging his life. The Government, who desired no such result, paid no attention to the advice, and Desault had nothing left but to order friction of the tumours at the joints, and some trivial potions which it was found for a long time impossible to persuade the child to swallow: whether he wished to die, or was, on the contrary, afraid of poison, did not appear; but to remove the latter idea, if it existed, both Gomin and Lasne tasted the medicine; and at last, at Lasne's earnest entreaties, and as if it were to oblige *him*, the medicine was taken, and, as M. Desault himself expected, produced no change in the disease; but there was an improvement in his moral condition—the care and kindness of the benevolent doctor opened his lips—he answered his questions, and received his attentions with evident satisfaction; but, aware that his words were watched (the doctor was never left alone with him), the little patient did not venture to ask him to prolong his civilities, though he would silently lay hold of the skirt of his coat to delay his departure.

This lasted three weeks. On the 31st May, at 9 o'clock, the Commissary of the day, M. Bellenger, an artist, who had been before the Revolution painter and designer to *Monsieur*, and who still retained sentiments of respect and affection for the royal family—M. Bellenger went up into the patient's room to wait for the doctor. As he did not appear, M. Bellenger produced a portfolio of drawings which he thought might amuse the boy, who, still silent, only turned them over heedlessly; but at last, the doctor still not appearing, Bellenger said, '*Sir*, I should have much wished to have carried away with me another sketch, but I would not venture to do so if it was disagreeable to you.' Struck with the unusual appellation of

'*Sir*,' and Bellenger's deferential manner, his reserve thawed, and he answered, '*What sketch?*' '*Of your features; if it were not disagreeable to you it would give me the greatest pleasure.*' '*It would please you?*' said the child, and a gracious smile authorised the artist to proceed. M. Desault did not come that day—nor at the usual hour the next. Surprised at his unusual absence, the Commissary on duty suggested the sending for him. The guardians hesitated to take even so innocent a step beyond their instructions; but a new Commissary arrived, and terminated their doubts by announcing that 'it was needless—*M. Desault died yesterday.*' A death so sudden, and at such a critical moment, gave rise to a thousand conjectures—the most general was that M. Desault, having given his patient poison, was himself poisoned by his employers to conceal the crime. The character of the times and the circumstances * of the case gave a colour to such a suspicion—but there was really no ground for it. Desault was a worthy man, and, as Madame Royale has simply and pathetically said, 'the only poison that shortened my brother's days was filth, made more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness, and by cruelty, of which there is no example' (*Roy. Mem.* 278).

The child now remained for five days without any medical attendance; but on the 5th June M. Pelletan, surgeon-in-chief of one of the great hospitals, was named to that duty. This doctor—'sent,' says M. de Beauchesne, 'for form's sake, like a counsel assigned to a malefactor'—had, however, the courage to remonstrate loudly with the Commissaries on the closeness and darkness of the sick room, and the violent crash of bolts and bars with which the doors were opened and shut, to the manifest disturbance and agitation of the patient. 'If you have not authority,' he said, 'to open the windows and remove these irons, at least you cannot object to remove him to another room.' The boy heard him, and, contrary to his invariable habit, beckoning this new friend to come near him, he whispered, '*Don't speak so loud, for* THEY *might hear you overhead, and I should be sorry they knew I was ill—it would alarm them.*' '*They*' were his *mother* and *aunt*—who he thought were still living. The Commissary—one Thory (a baker)—whose natural sympathy was thus fortified by the decided requisition of the surgeon, consented; and a room in the small tower, which had been the

* An additional circumstance of suspicion was, the different dates *officially* given to Desault's death. He certainly died on the 1st of June; yet the Report of the *Comité de Santé Générale* to the Convention on the subject states that Desault died on the 4th. This was, no doubt, an accidental mistake, but it was a strange one in so formal a document—the more so because it shortened the surprisingly short interval between the deaths of the doctor and his patient from *six* days to *three*.

drawing-

drawing-room of the archivist of the Order, was instantly prepared for the reception of the patient. The kind-hearted Gomin hastened to carry him in his arms—as he was no longer able to move himself—the movement caused him great torture, and his eyes, so long unaccustomed to the full light of day, were painfully dazzled; the sight however of the sun and the freshness of the air through a large open window soon revived and delighted him, and in a few minutes he turned on Gomin a look of ineffable gratitude and affection; but evening came, and from eight o'clock till eight next morning he was again locked up alone. On the morning of the 6th Lasne rubbed his knees, and gave him a spoonful of tisan, and, thinking him really better, dressed him, and laid him on the bed. Pelletan arrived soon after. He felt the pulse, and asked him whether he liked his new room. '*Oh, yes!*' he answered, 'with a faint, despondng smile, that went to all their hearts.' At dinner-time, just as the child had swallowed a spoonful of broth, and was slowly eating a few cherries from a plate that lay on his bed, a new Commissary, of the terrible name of *Hébert*, and worthy of it, arrived. 'Eh! how is this?' said he to the guardians; 'where is your authority for thus moving this *wolf-cub?*' 'We had no special directions,' replied Gomin, 'but the doctor ordered it.' 'How long,' retorted the other, 'have *barbers* (*carabins*) been the Government of the Republic? You must have the leave of the Committee—do you hear?' At these words the child dropped a cherry from his fingers, fell back on the bed, and hid his face on the pillow. Then night came, and again he was locked up alone, abandoned to his bodily sufferings and to the new terrors which Hébert's threat had evidently excited.

Pelletan had found him so much worse that he solicited the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* for an additional medical opinion, and M. Dumangin, first physician of another great hospital, was next day (Sunday, 7th June) sent to assist him. Before they arrived the patient had had a fainting fit, which seemed to portend immediate death; but he recovered a little. The doctors, after a consultation, decided that there were no longer any hopes—that art could do nothing—and that all that remained was to mitigate the agonies of this lingering death. They expressed the highest astonishment and disapprobation of the solitude and neglect to which the boy was subjected during the whole of every night and the greater part of every day, and insisted on the immediate necessity of giving him a sick-nurse. The Committee, by a decree of the next day (8th June), consented—as they now safely might without any danger of the escape of their victim; but on the night of the 7th the old rule was still followed, and he was locked up

alone. He felt it more than usual—the change of apartment had evidently revived his hopes—he took leave of Gomin with big tears running down his cheeks, and said, '*Still alone, and* MY MOTHER *in the other tower!*' But it was the last night of suffering.

When Lasne came in the morning of the 8th as usual, he thought him better; the doctors, who arrived soon after, thought otherwise: and their bulletin, despatched from the Temple at 11 A.M., announced the danger to be imminent. Gomin now relieved Lasne at the bedside; but remained for a long time silent, for fear of agitating him, and the child never spoke first; at last Gomin expressed his sorrow at seeing him so weak. '*Be consoled,*' he replied, '*I shall not suffer long.*' Overcome by these words, Gomin kneeled down by the bedside. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips while Gomin prayed.

'And now,' says M. de Beauchesne, 'having heard the last words uttered by the father, the mother, and the aunt—admirable and Christian words—you will be anxious to gather up the last words of the royal child—clearly recollected and related by the two witnesses to whom they were addressed, and by me faithfully transcribed from their own lips.'—ii. 362.

After the scene just described, Gomin, seeing him stretched out quite motionless and silent, said, 'I hope you are not in pain.' '*Oh yes,*' he replied, '*still in pain, but less—the music is so fine.*' There was no music—no sound of any kind reached the room. 'Where do you hear the music?'—'*Up there.*' '*How long?*'—*Since you were on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!*' And he raised his hand and opened his great eyes in a kind of ecstacy. Gomin continued silent, and after a few moments the boy gave another start of convulsive joy, and cried, '*I hear my mother's voice amongst them!*' and directed his eyes to the window with anxiety. Gomin asked once, twice, what he was looking for—he did not seem to hear, and made no answer.

It was now Lasne's hour to relieve Gomin, who left the room, and Lasne sat down by the bedside. The child lay for a while still and silent, at last he moved, and Lasne asked if he wanted anything? He replied, '*Do you think my sister could hear the music?—How she would like it!*' He then turned again to the window with a look of sharp curiosity, and uttered a sound that indicated pleasure; he then—it was just fifteen minutes after two P.M.—said to Lasne, '*I have something to tell you*'—Lasne took his hand and bent over to hear. There was no more to be heard—the child was dead!

A *post-mortem* examination, by Pelletan and Dumangin, assisted by MM. Jeanroy and Lassus, eminent practitioners, and of

of royalist opinions and connexions, attested not only the absence of any signs of poison, but the general healthy condition of the intestines and viscera, as well as of the brain; their report attributed the death simply to *marasmus* (atrophy, decay), the result of a scrofulous disease of long standing—such as the swelling of the joints, externally visible, indicated; but they give no hint of the causes that might have produced, and did, beyond question, fatally aggravate, the disease.

The poor child was fated to be the victim of persecution and profanation even after death. The surgeon, M. Pelletan, who was intrusted with the special duty of *arranging* the body after the examination, had, *on the Restoration*, the astonishing impudence of confessing that, while his colleagues were conversing in a distant part of the room, he had secretly stolen the *heart*, and conveyed it in a napkin into his pocket; that he kept it for some time in spirits of wine, but that it afterwards dried up, and that he threw it into a drawer, whence again it was stolen by one of his pupils, who on his death-bed (about the date of the Restoration) confessed it, and directed his father-in-law and his widow to restore the theft; which Pelletan, in consequence, received from them in a *purse*, and which, 'having *handled it a thousand times*, he easily recognised,' and placed it in a crystal vase, on which were engraved *seventeen* stars. A disgusting controversy arose on the authenticity of Pelletan's relique; in consequence of which Louis XVIII., who had at first intended to place it in the royal tombs at St. Denis, retracted that design, chiefly, it is said, on the evidence of *Lasne*, who strenuously declared that, however inattentive the other doctors might have been, he had never taken his eyes off the body or Pelletan during the whole operation; that no such theft could have been accomplished without his having seen it; that he saw nothing like it; and that Pelletan's whole story was a scandalous imposture. Besides this powerful and direct objection, others arose—from the neglect with which Pelletan confessed that he had treated a deposit which, since he had taken it, he ought to have considered so sacred—from the vague story of the second theft—and, finally, from the doubt of the identity of the object returned by the widow in a purse with that which the pupil confessed to have stolen. The apocryphal object therefore remains with the representatives of Pelletan; but the disgrace of his story, whether true or false, is fixed indelibly on his memory.

But this was not all. The very grave of the poor boy became matter of controversy. There is no doubt that the body was buried openly, and with decent solemnity—accompanied by several municipal authorities and his last friend *Lasne*—in the

the churchyard of the parish of St. Margaret, in the Faubourg St. Antoine; but when Louis XVIII. directed an inquiry into the *exact* spot, with a view of transferring the body to St. Denis, the evidence was so various, inconclusive, and contradictory, that—as in the case of the *heart*—it seemed prudent to abandon the original design, and the remains of Louis XVII. repose undisturbed and undistinguished in a small grassy inclosure adjoining the church, and so surrounded by houses that it is not marked on the ordinary maps of Paris. It has been for more than fifty years abandoned as a cemetery—forgotten and unknown by the two last generations of men even in its own neighbourhood, till the pious enthusiasm of M. de Beauchesne revealed it to us, but now we suppose never to be again forgotten—though the place seems altogether desecrated. We cannot understand—whatever good reasons there might be for abandoning a search after the individual grave—why the monarchs and ministers of the Restoration did not, in this narrow, secluded, and most appropriate spot, raise some kind of memorial to not only so innocent but so inoffensive and so interesting a victim.

M. de Beauchesne hints that such was the frustrated desire of the Duchess d'Angoulême. Why a request so pious and so modest should have been rejected by those ministers we are at a loss to conceive. He announces that he himself designs to place some humble memorial within the inclosure. We doubt whether he will be permitted to do so; but he will at least have the consolation of having in this work dedicated to the object of his reverence and affection a monument which neither the rancour of revolutionists, the neglect of *soi-disant* royalists, nor the terrors of the new despotism can ever obliterate.

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ART. IV.—1. *Solution Nouvelle de la Question des Lieux Saints.* Par M. l'Abbé J. M. Michon. Paris. 1852.
2. *Bethlehem in Palestina.* Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1849.
3. *Golgatha. Seine Kirchen und Klöster.* Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1851.
4. *Die Siloahquelle und der Oelberg.* Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1852.

BY one of those sudden turns of history, which from time to time take the world by surprise, the whole attention of Europe, after an interval of more than five centuries, has once more been fixed on the 'Holy Places' of the Eastern world. That 'mournful and solitary silence' which, with the brief exception of 1799 and 1840,

1840, has for more than five hundred years 'prevailed along the shore' of Palestine, is once more broken by the sound of 'the world's debate,' by the mighty controversy which, beginning from the wrangles of Greek and Latin monks over the key of the Convent of Bethlehem, and the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, has now enclosed within its circle the statesmen of all the greatest powers in Europe.

Into that controversy we do not purpose to enter. To unfold its history at length, even without regard to those recent phases which have now embroiled the world, would require a volume. Yet a few words may suffice to put our readers in possession of the leading facts of the past on which it rests. The dispute of the 'Holy Places' is a result and an epitome of that Crusade within the Crusades which forms so curious an episode in that eventful drama. We are there reminded of what else we are apt to forget, that the chivalry of Europe were engaged, not only in the mighty conflict with the followers of Mahomet, but also in a constant under-struggle with the emperors of the great city they encountered in their midway progress. The capture of Constantinople by the Latins in the fourth Crusade was but the same hard measure to the Byzantine Empire which on a smaller scale they had already dealt to the Byzantine Church, then, as now, the national Church of Palestine, as it is generally of the East. The Crusaders, by virtue of their conquest, occupied the Holy Places which had previously been in the hands of the Greeks; and the Greeks in turn, when the Crusaders were ultimately expelled by the Turks, took advantage of the influence of wealth and neighbourhood to regain from the conquerors that share in the sanctuaries of which the European princes had deprived them. Copt and Syrian, Georgian and Armenian, have, it is true, their own claims to maintain, as dissenters from the main Byzantine establishment from which they have successively separated. But the one standing conflict has always been between the descendants of the crusading invaders, supported by France or Spain, and the descendants of the original Greek occupants, supported by the great Northern Power which assumes to have succeeded to the name and privileges of the Eastern Cæsars. Neither party can ever forget that once the whole sanctuary was exclusively theirs, and, although France and Russia have doubtless interposed on behalf of their respective national creeds from political or commercial motives, yet the religious pretexts have arisen from the previous juxtaposition of two great and hostile Churches—here brought together within narrower bounds than any two sects elsewhere in the world. Once only besides has their controversy been waged in equal proximity; namely, when the Latin Church, headed

headed by Augustine, found itself, in our own island, brought into abrupt collision with the customs and traditions of the Greeks, in the ancient British Church founded by Eastern missionaries. What in the extreme West was decided once for all by a short and bloody struggle, in Palestine has dragged on its weary length for many centuries. And this long conflict has been further complicated by the numerous treaties which, from the memorable epoch when Francis I. startled Christendom by declaring himself an ally of the Sultan, have been concluded between France and the Porte for the protection of the Frank settlers in Syria; and yet again, by the vacillations of the Turkish government, partly from ignorance, and partly from weakness, as it has been pressed on one side or the other by the claims of two powerful parties in a question to the rights of which it is by its own position entirely indifferent.

Meanwhile, it may be of more general interest to give a summary account of places whose names, though long familiar, are thus invested for the moment with a fresh interest, and to describe briefly what is and what is not the importance belonging to the 'Holy Places' of Palestine. Many even amongst our own countrymen still regard them with an exaggerated reverence, which is a serious obstacle to the progress of a calm and candid inquiry into the history and geography of a country which can never lose its attractions whilst there is a heart in Christendom to feel, or a head to think. Many, in their disgust at the folly and ignorance with which those sanctuaries are infested, not only deny to them their legitimate place, but extend their aversion to the region in which they are situated, perhaps even to the religion they represent. Many are ignorant altogether of their nature, their claims, or their peculiar relation to each other, or to the rest of the world.

Those who wish to study the subject at length cannot do better than peruse the volumes which we have placed at the head of this article. The Abbé Michon's little work gives the most perspicuous, as it certainly is the most condensed, account of the Holy Places which we have met; and his 'New Solution' gives us a favourable impression both of the candour and the charity of the author. The works of Tobler—a German physician from the shores of the Lake of Constance—exhibit the usual qualities of German industry, which almost always make their antiquarian researches useful to the student even when unreadable by the public at large. To the well-known authorities on these subjects in our own language we shall refer as occasion serves.

The term 'Holy Places,' which, applied in its most extended sense to the scenes of events commemorated in sacred history, would

would be only another word for the geography of Syria and Arabia, is limited in modern phraseology to the special localities which the Greek and Latin Church, singly or conjointly, have selected for the objects of religious pilgrimage. Some scenes which the bulk of the Christian world would regard as most sacred are almost wholly neglected by the mass of devotees. Others, which rank high in the estimation of local and ecclesiastical tradition, are probably unknown beyond the immediate sphere of those who worship in them.

The Abbé Michon succinctly notices twelve such places. They are as follows:—1. Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem (common). 2. Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth (Latin). 3. Church of Jacob's Well at Shechem (destroyed). 4. Church at Cana (Greek). 5. Church of St. Peter at Tiberias (Latin). 6. Church of the Presentation at Jerusalem (Mussulman). 7. Church of the Flagellation (Latin). 8. Grotto (not the garden) of Gethsemane (Latin). 9. Tomb of the Virgin (common). 10. Church of the Ascension (Mussulman). 11. Church of the Apostles (Mussulman). 12. Church of the Holy Sepulchre (common). But, as some of those have been long deserted, and others depend for their support entirely on the greater sanctuaries in their neighbourhood, we shall confine ourselves to those which exist in Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem.

I. Whether from being usually the first seen, or from its own intrinsic solemnity, there is probably none of the Holy Places which produce a greater impression at first sight than the convent of the Nativity at Bethlehem. The enormous edifice, which extends along the narrow crest of the hill from west to east, consists of the Church of the Nativity, with the three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, abutting respectively upon its north-eastern, south-eastern, and south-western extremities. Externally there is nothing to command attention beyond its size—the more imposing from the meanness and smallness of the village, which hangs as it were on its western skirts. But the venerable nave of the Church—now deserted, bare, discrowned—is probably the most ancient monument of Christian architecture in Palestine, we may almost say in the world; for it is the remnant of the Basilica, built by Helena herself, and the prototype of the Basilicas erected by her Imperial son—at Jerusalem beside the Holy Sepulchre, at Rome over the graves of St. Paul and St. Peter. The buildings of Constantine have perished; but that of Helena* still in part remains; and those who have

* Tobler has proved that a great part of the Church of Helena has been superseded by the successive edifices of Justinian and Emanuel Comnenus (p. 104, 105). But there seems no sufficient reason for disputing the antiquity of the nave.

visited

visited the two Churches of St. Apollinaris at Ravenna, constructed on the same model two centuries later by the Byzantine Emperors, can form some notion of what it must have been in the days of its splendour. The long double lines of Corinthian pillars, the faded mosaics, dimly visible on the walls above, the rough yet stately ceiling, of beams of cedar from Lebanon, probably the last great building to which those venerable forests yielded their rafters, still preserve the outlines of the Church, which was once* rich with marble and blazing with gold.

From the nave, which is the only interesting portion of the upper church, we descend to the subterraneous compartment, on account of which the whole structure was erected. At the entrance of a long winding passage, excavated out of the limestone rock, of which the hill of Bethlehem is composed, the pilgrim finds himself in an irregular chapel, dimly lighted with silver lamps, and containing two small and nearly opposite recesses. In the northernmost of these is a marble slab, which marks the supposed spot of the Nativity. In the southern recess, three steps deeper in the chapel, is the alleged stall, in which, according to the Latin tradition, was discovered the wooden manger or 'præsepe,' now deposited in the magnificent Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome, and there displayed to the faithful, under the auspices of the Pope, on Christmas Day.

Let us pause for a moment in the dim vault, between these two recesses; let us dismiss the consideration of the lesser memorials which surround us—the altar of the Magi, of the Shepherds, of Joseph, of the Innocents—to which few would now attach any other than an imaginative or devotional importance, and ask what ground there is for accepting the belief which invites us to confine the awful associations of the village of Bethlehem within these rocky walls. Of all the local traditions of Palestine, this alone indisputably reaches beyond the time of Constantine. Already in the second century, 'a cave near Bethlehem' was fixed upon as the spot in which—'there being no place in the village where he could lodge†—Joseph abode, and where accordingly Christ was born and laid in a manger.' The same tradition seems to have been constant in the next generation,‡ even amongst those who were not Christians, and to have been uniformly maintained in the strange documents§ which, under

* Tobler, Bethlehem, p. 110.

† ἐπειδὴ Ἰωσὴφ οὐκ εἶχεν ἐν τῇ κώμῃ ἐκείνῃ ποῦ καταλύσαι, ἐν δὲ σπηλαίῳ τινὶ σύνεγγυς τῆς κώμης κατέλυσε καὶ τότε αὐτῶν ὄντων ἐκεῖ, τέτοκεν ἡ Μαρία τὸν Χριστὸν καὶ ἐν φάτνῃ αὐτὸν ἐτύθετο.—*Justin. Dial. cum Trypt.* 78.

‡ Origen, c. Cels. i. 51.

§ The Apocryphal Gospel of St. James, c. xviii., xix., and the Gospel of the Infancy, c. ii., iii., iv., represent Joseph as going at once to the cave before entering the village,

under the name of the Apocryphal Gospels, long exercised so powerful an influence over the popular belief of the humbler classes of the Christian world, both in the East and the West. But even this, the most venerable of ecclesiastical traditions, is not without its difficulties. No one can overlook the deviations from the Gospel narrative; and though ingenuity may force a harmony, the plain impression left by the account of Justin is not that the Holy Family were driven from the inn to the manger, but from the crowded village to a cave in its environs.* The story looks as if it had been varied to fit the locality. The circumstance that excavations in the rock were commonly used in Palestine for stabling horses and cattle is of little weight in the argument. Maundrell has justly remarked upon the suspicion which attaches to the constant connexion of remarkable events with the grottoes and caves of the Holy Land. These abide when the fragile tenements of man have fallen to decay; and if the genuine caravanserai and its stable had been swept away in the convulsions of the Jewish war, and the residents at Bethlehem had wished to give a local habitation to the event which made their village illustrious, they would inevitably have fixed on such a strongly marked feature as the grotto at Bethlehem. A second motive for the choice transpires in the passage of Justin—the wish to obtain support for a fancied prediction of the Messiah's birth in the words of Isaiah, xxxiii. 16, 'He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks' (LXX. ἐν ὑψηλῷ σπηλαίῳ ἰσχυρᾶς πέτρας).

Perhaps a still graver objection to the identity of the scene remains to be mentioned. During the troubled period of the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha the Arab population of Bethlehem took possession of the convent, and dismantled the recess of the gilding and marble which has proved the bane of so many sanctuaries. The removal of the casing disclosed, as we have been credibly informed, an ancient sepulchre hewn in the rock, and it is hardly possible that a cave devoted to sepulchral purposes should have been employed by Jews, whose scruples on the subject are too well known to require comment, either as a stable or an inn.

Still there remains the remarkable fact that here alone we have

village, and speak of all the subsequent events recorded in the early chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke as occurring in the cave. In the Gospel of the Nativity of Mary, c. iv., the birth is described as taking place in the cave, and the manger as being *outside* the cave. The quotations and arguments are well summed up in Thilo's Codex Apocryphus, pp. 382, 383.

* If, adopting the tradition which Justin appears to have followed, and which has unquestionably prevailed since the time of Jerome, we suppose the adoration of the Magi to have been offered on the same spot, the locality would then be absolutely irreconcilable with the words of St. Matthew, that they came into 'the *house* where the young child was.'

a spot

a spot known to be reverenced by Christians in connexion with the Gospel History two centuries before the conversion of the Empire, and before the burst of local religion which is commonly ascribed to the visit of Helena. The sanctuary of Bethlehem is, if not the most authentic, at least the most ancient of 'the Holy Places.' Yet there is a subordinate train of associations which has grown out of the earliest and the most sacred of its recollections; and which has at least the advantage of being unquestionably grounded on fact. If the traveller follows the windings of the long subterranean gallery, he will find himself at its close in a rough chamber hewn out of the rock. It was in this cell that, in all probability, lived and died the most illustrious pilgrim who was ever attracted to the cave of Bethlehem—the only one of the many hermits and monks who from the time of Constantine to the present day have been sheltered within its rocky sides, whose name has travelled beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Here, for more than thirty years, beside what he believed to be literally the cradle of the Christian faith, Jerome fasted, prayed, dreamed, and studied—here he gathered round him the small communities which formed the beginnings of conventual life in Palestine—here, the fiery spirit which he had brought with him from his Dalmatian birthplace, and which had been first roused to religious fervour on the banks of the Moselle, vented itself in the flood of treatises, letters, and commentaries, which he poured forth from his retirement, to terrify, exasperate, and enlighten the Western world—here also he composed the famous translation of the Scriptures which is still the 'Biblia Vulgata' of the Latin Church; and here took place that pathetic scene, his last communion and death—at which all the world has been permitted to be present in the wonderful picture of Domenichino, which represents, in colours never to be surpassed, the attenuated frame of the weak and sinking flesh—and the resignation and devotion of the almost enfranchised spirit.

II. The interest of Nazareth is of a kind different from that of Bethlehem. Its chief sanctuary is the Latin Convent at the south-eastern extremity of the village, so well known from the hospitable reception it affords to travellers caught in the storms of the hills of Gilboa, or attacked by the Bedouins of the plain of Esdraelon; and also, we may add, for the impressiveness of its religious services, acknowledged even by the stern Presbyterianism of Dr. Robinson, and the exclusive philosophy of Miss Martineau; where wild figures, in the rough drapery of the Bedouin dress, join in the responses of Christian worship, and the chants of the Latin Church are succeeded by a sermon addressed to these strange converts in their native Arabic

Arabic with all the earnestness and solemnity of the preachers of Italy. There is no place in Palestine where the religious services seem so worthy of the sacredness of the recollections. But neither is there any where the traditional pretensions are exposed to a severer shock.* However discreditable may be the contests of the various sects, they have yet for the most part agreed (and indeed this very agreement is the occasion of their conflicts) as to the spots they are to venerate. At Nazareth, on the contrary, there are three counter-theories—each irreconcileable with the other—with regard to the scene which is selected for special reverence.

From the entrance of the Franciscan church a flight of steps descends to an altar, which stands within a recess, partly cased in marble, but partly showing the natural rock out of which it is formed. In front of the altar, a marble slab, worn with the kisses of many pilgrims, bears the inscription 'Verbum caro hic factum est,' and is intended to mark the spot on which the Virgin stood when she received the angelic visitation. Close by is a broken pillar,† which is pointed out as indicating the space occupied by the celestial visitant, who is supposed to have entered through a hole in the rocky wall which forms the western front of the cave, close by the opening which now unites it with the church. The back, or eastern side of the grotto, behind the altar, leads by a narrow passage into a further cave, left much more nearly in its natural state, and said by an innocent and pleasing tradition, which no one probably would care either to assert or to refute, to have been the residence of a neighbour who looked after the adjacent house when Mary was absent on her visit to Elizabeth in Judæa.

With the rivalry which prevails in the East on the subject of the Holy Places, it is not surprising that the Greeks excluded from the Latin convent should have established a 'Church of the Annunciation' for themselves at the opposite end of the town. But it would be an injustice to them to suppose that the contradiction was exclusively the result of jealousy. Without a word in the Scripture narrative to define the scene—without the slightest indication whether it took place by day or night, in house or field—the Greeks may be pardoned for clinging to the faint tradition which lingers in the apocryphal Gospel of St.

* Besides the difficulties which we are about to notice, there is the clumsy legend of the 'Mountain of Precipitation,' too well known to need further comment or refutation. *See* Robinson, iii. p. 187.

† This pillar is one out of numerous instances of what may be called the extinction of a traditional miracle, in deference to the spirit of the time. To all the early travellers it was shown as a supernatural suspension of a stone. To all later travellers it is exhibited merely as what it is, a broken column,—fractured probably in one of the many assaults which the convent has suffered.

James, where we are told that the first salutation of the Angel came to Mary* as she was drawing water from the spring in the neighbourhood of the town. This spring—and there is but one—still bears her name, and in the open meadow by its side stands the Greek Church, a dull and mournful contrast in its closed doors and barbarous architecture to the solemn yet animated worship of the Franciscan Convent—though undoubtedly with the better claim of the two to be considered an authentic memorial of the Annunciation.

But the tradition of the Latin Church has to undergo a ruder trial than any which arises from the contiguous sanctuary of the rival Greeks. There is a third scene of the Annunciation, not at the opposite extremity of the little town of Nazareth, but in another continent—not maintained by a hostile sect, but fostered by the Supreme Head of the Roman Church itself. On the slope of the eastern Apennines, overlooking the Adriatic Gulf, stands what may without exaggeration be called (if we adopt the Papal belief) the European Nazareth. Fortified by huge bastions against the approach of Saracenic pirates, a vast church, which is still gorgeous with the offerings of the faithful, contains the 'Santa Casa,' the 'Holy House,' in which the Virgin lived, and (as is attested by the same inscription as at Nazareth) received the Angel Gabriel. The ridicule of one half the world, and the devotion of the other half, has made everyone acquainted with the strange story of the House of Loretto, which is written in all the languages of Europe round the walls of the sanctuary: how, in the close of the 13th century, it was first conveyed by angels to the heights above Fiume, at the head of the Adriatic Gulf, then to the plain of Loretto, and lastly to its present hill. But, though 'the wondrous flitting' of the 'Santa Casa' is with us the most prominent feature in its history, it is far otherwise with the pilgrims who frequent it. To them it is simply a portion of the Holy Land—the actual spot on which the mystery of the Incarnation was announced and begun. In proportion to the sincerity of the belief is the veneration which attaches to what is undoubtedly the most frequented sanctuary of Christendom. Not to mention the adoration displayed on the great festivals of the Virgin, or at the commemoration of its miraculous descent into Italy, the devotion of pilgrims on ordinary week-days exceeds anything that can be witnessed at the

* Protev. Jacobi, c. xi. No special locality was known in the time of Jerome. Paula, he tells us, 'percurrit Nazareth nutriculam Domini;' evidently implying that the village generally, and not any particular object within it, was the object of her pilgrimage (*Hieron. Epitaph. Paul.*). Even as late as 1185 the grotto alone was known as the sanctuary of the Church of Nazareth, as appears from the Itinerary of Phocas.

holy

holy places in Palestine, if we except the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Easter.

Every morning, while it is yet dark, the doors of the Church at Loretto are opened. A few lights round the sacred spot break the gloom, and disclose the kneeling Capuchins, who have been there through the night. Two soldiers, sword in hand, take their place by the entrance of the 'House,' to guard it from injury. One of the hundred priests who are in daily attendance commences at the high altar the first of the hundred and twenty masses that are daily repeated. The 'Santa Casa' itself is then lighted, the pilgrims crowd in, and from that hour till sunset come and go in a perpetual stream. The 'House' is crowded with kneeling or prostrate figures, the pavement round it is deeply worn with the passage of devotees, who, from the humblest peasant of the Abruzzi up to the King of Naples, crawl round it on their knees, while the nave is filled with bands of worshippers, who, having visited the sacred spot, are retiring from it backwards, as from some royal presence. On the Santa Casa alone depends the sacredness of the whole locality in which it stands. Loretto—whether the name is derived from the sacred grove (Lauretum) or the lady (Loreta) upon whose land the house is believed to have descended—had no existence before the rise of this extraordinary sanctuary. The long street with its venders of rosaries, the palace of the governor, the strong walls built by Pope Sixtus IV., the whole property of the rich plain far and near, are mere appendages to the humble edifice which stands within the Church. And its genuineness and sacredness has been affirmed by a long succession of pontiffs, from Boniface VIII. down to Pius IX.

No one who has witnessed the devotion of the Italian people on this singular spot could wish to speak lightly of the feelings it inspires. Yet its connexion with the question of the Holy Places of Palestine, as well as with the pretensions of the Church which fosters the double claim of Loretto and of Nazareth, demands an investigation that, under other circumstances, might be deemed gratuitous. The difficulty is not evaded by the distinction that the one is a house, and the other a grotto, because both house and grotto are asserted to enclose the exact locality of the Angelic visitation—to be each the scene of a single event which can only have happened in one. But this is not all. If it were practicable for either, being once committed, to abate its pretensions, it is palpable to every traveller who compares the sanctuaries that by no possibility can they ever have been amalgamated. The 'Santa Casa' at Loretto is an edifice of 36 feet by 17: its walls, though externally cased in marble,

can

can be seen in their original state from the inside, and appear to be of a dark-red polished stone. The west face has one square window, through which it is affirmed the Angel flew; the east contains a rude chimney, in front of which is a block of masonry, supposed to be the altar on which St. Peter said mass, when the Apostles, after the Ascension, turned the house into a church. On the north side is (or rather was) a door, now walled up.* Notwithstanding that the monks of Loretto and of Nazareth have but a dim knowledge of the sacred localities of each other, the ecclesiastics of Palestine could not be altogether ignorant of the distant but mighty sanctuary patronized by the highest authorities of their Church. They therefore show to any inquiring traveller the space which was occupied by the Holy House before its flight—the only space certainly on which it could have stood if either the Italian or Syrian tradition were to be maintained. This space is a vestibule in front of the grotto, into which the house is alleged to have opened. The alterations which the Church of Nazareth have undergone render it impossible to lay any stress on the variation of measurements. But the position of the grotto is, and must always have been, absolutely incompatible with any such appendage as the Santa Casa. Whichever way the house is supposed to abut on the rock, it would have closed up, with blank walls, the very passages by which alone the communication could be effected. A comparison of the masonry of the so-called workshop of Joseph at Nazareth, with the material of the House of Loretto, may be considered no less fatal to the theory. Whilst the latter is of a kind wholly unlike anything in Palestine, the former is composed, as might be expected, of the grey limestone of the country, of which, no doubt, the houses of Nazareth were in all times built.

To many it may seem superfluous to attempt a serious refutation of the most incredible of ecclesiastical legends. But the claims of Loretto have been so strongly maintained by French and Italian (we happily cannot yet say English) writers of our own times—the faith of the See of Rome is so deeply pledged to its genuineness by bulls and indulgences, as well as by custom and tradition, that an interest attaches to it far beyond its intrinsic importance. Even if the story were accepted the embarrassment remains, for there is still the rival sanctuary, which is equally under the Papal authority. If the question of the genuineness of such a relic, and the truth of such a miracle, can be left undecided, it either follows that the system of local sanctuaries is of no practical importance, or that on momentous points of practical

* We have omitted, for the sake of perspicuity, all the confessedly modern alterations.

importance

importance the Church of Rome is as little capable of infallibly guiding its members as the Church of England or the Church of Geneva.

But the explanation of the origin of the legend has also a value as a general illustration of the history of 'Holy Places.' Nazareth was taken by Sultan Khalil in 1291, when he stormed the last refuge of the Crusaders in the neighbouring city of Acre. From that time, not Nazareth only, but the whole of Palestine, was closed to the devotions of Europe. The natural longing to see the scenes of the events of the Sacred History—the superstitious craving to win for prayer the favour of consecrated localities—did not expire with the Crusades. The demand remained, though the supply was gone. Can we wonder that, under such circumstances, there should have arisen first the desire, and next the belief, that if Mahomet could not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet? The House of Loretto is the petrifaction, so to speak, of the 'Last sigh of the Crusades;' its particular form suggested possibly by the Holy House of St. Francis at Assisi, then first acquiring its European celebrity. It is not indeed a matter of conjecture that in Italy, where the temperament of the people most craves such stimulants, there were devotees who actually endeavoured to reproduce within their own immediate neighbourhood the very scenes of Palestine. One such example is the Church of St. Stephen at Bologna, within whose walls are crowded together various chapels and courts, representing not only, as in the actual Church of the Sepulchre, the several scenes of the Crucifixion, but also the Trial and Passion; and which is entitled, in a long inscription affixed to its cloister, the 'Sancta Sanctorum;' nay, literally 'the *Jerusalem*' of Italy.* Another still more curious instance may be seen at Varallo, in the kingdom of Piedmont. Bernardino Caimo, returning from a pilgrimage to Palestine at the close of the fifteenth century, resolved to select the spot in Lombardy which most resembled the Holy Land, in order that his countrymen might enjoy the advantages without undergoing the privations he had suffered himself. Accordingly, in one of the beautiful valleys leading down from the roots of Monte Rosa, he chose (it must be confessed that the resemblance is somewhat like that between Monmouth and Macedon) three hills, which should represent respectively Tabor, Olivet, and Calvary; and two mountain streams, which should in like manner personate

* This church was, at least in its foundation, considerably earlier than that of Loretto, having been first erected in the 5th century. There is an excellent account of it in Professor Willis's Essay on the Architectural History of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

the Kedron and Jordan. Of these the central hill, Calvary, became the 'Holy Place' of Lombardy. It was frequented by S. Carlo Borromeo, and under his auspices was studded with chapels, in which the scenes of the Passion are embodied in waxen figures of the size of life. The entire country round continues to this hour to send its peasants by thousands as pilgrims to the sacred mount. As the feelings which actuated Bernardino Caimo would naturally have existed in a more fervid state two centuries earlier, when the loss of Palestine was more keenly felt, and the capture of Nazareth was fresh in every one's mind, we can easily imagine that the same tendency which produced a second Jerusalem at Bologna and a second Palestine at Varallo, would, on the secluded shores of the Adriatic, by some peasant's dream, or the return of some Croatian chief from the last Crusade, or the story of some Eastern voyager landing on the coast of Romagna, produce a second Nazareth at Fiume and Loretto. What in a more ignorant and poetical age was ascribed, in the case of the Holy House, to the hands of angels, was intended in the case of the Holy Sepulchre to have been literally accomplished by Sixtus V. by a treaty with the Sublime Porte for its bodily transference to Rome, that so Italy might glory in possessing the actual sites of the conception, the birth, and the burial of our Saviour.

III. Every one has read of the multitude of Holy Places which cluster within and around the walls of Jerusalem. Ever since the occupation of the city by the Crusaders, the same localities have age after age been pointed out to pilgrims and travellers with singular uniformity. Here and there a tradition has been misplaced by accident or transposed for convenience, or suppressed in fear of ridicule, or, may be, from honest doubts; but, on the whole, what was shown to Maundeville in the fourteenth century, was with a few omissions shown to Maundrell in the seventeenth; and what Maundrell has described with the dry humour characteristic of his age, may still be verified by travellers who take the trouble of procuring an intelligent guide. Such localities are curious as relics of that remarkable period when for the first and only time Palestine became a European province—as the scenes, if they may be so called, of some of the most celebrated works of European art, and as the fountain-head of some of the most extensive of European superstitions. No one could see without at least a passing emotion the various points in the Via Dolorosa, which have been repeated again and again in pictures, and in legends, throughout the western world; the spot where Veronica is said to have received the sacred cloth, for which Lucca, Turin, and Rome contend—

contend—the threshold where is believed to have stood the Scala Santa, now worn by the ceaseless toil of Roman pilgrims in front of St. John Lateran. On these lesser sites it is useless to dwell in detail. But they possess one common feature which it is worth while briefly to notice. Some countries, such as Greece—some cities, such as Rome—lend themselves with great facility to the growth of legends. The stalactite figures of the Corycian cave at once explain the origin of the nymphs who are said to have dwelt there. The deserted halls, the subterranean houses, the endless catacombs of Rome, afford an ample field for the localisation of the numerous persons and events with which the early Roman ecclesiastical history abounds. But in Jerusalem it is not so. The featureless rocks without the walls, the mere dust and ashes of the city within, repel the attempt to amalgamate them with the fables which are affixed to them, and which, by the very fact of their almost imperceptible connexion with the spots in question, betray their foreign parentage. A fragment of old sculpture lying at a house door is sufficient to mark the abode of Veronica—a broken column, separated from its companions in a colonnade in the next street, is pointed out as that to which the decree of Pilate was affixed, or on which the cock crew—a faint line on the surface of a rock is the mark of the girdle which the Virgin dropt to convince Thomas. There is no attempt at subtle fraud, or even at probability. The only handle perhaps, even for a legendary superstructure, afforded by the scenes themselves is the red and white colour of the limestone rock, which, if the Scala Santa or any part of it were ever at Jerusalem, may have suggested the marks. Criticism and belief are alike disarmed by the child-like, and almost playful, spirit, in which the early pilgrims and crusaders must have gone to and fro, seeking for places in which to realize the dreams of their own imaginations.*

From these lesser memorials—the mere sport and exuberance of monastic traditions—we pass to the greater, though still not the greatest, of the Holy Places of Jerusalem. They are—the Church, or rather Mosque, of the Ascension, on the top of Mount Olivet; the Church containing the tomb of the Virgin, at its foot; and the 'Cœnaculum,' or Church of the Apostles, on Mount Zion.

1. The present edifice of the Church of the Ascension has no claims to antiquity. It is a small octagon chapel situated in the

* An instructive example of the readiness with which several localities were invented may be seen in Sæwulf's unconscious account of the accommodation of the Mahometan relics in the Mosque of Omar to Christian history during that short period in the twelfth century when it was in the hands of the Crusaders (Early English Travellers, p. 40).

court of a mosque, the minaret of which is ascended by every traveller for the sake of the celebrated view to which the world can offer no equal. Within the chapel is the rock which has been pointed out to pilgrims, at least since* the seventh century, as imprinted with the footstep of our Saviour. There is no memorial to which we more joyfully apply our observations upon the slightness of ground with which many of the sacred localities were selected. It would be painful to witness any symptom of fraud, or even the adoption of some fantastic trick of nature, in connexion with such an event as is here commemorated. A deep repulsion would be created in all but the coarsest minds were there, for example, any such impression as that which is shown in the Chapel of Domine Quo Vadis at Rome, or of St. Radegonde at Poitiers, where well-defined footmarks in the stone indicate the spots in which our Saviour is alleged to have appeared to St. Peter and St. Radegonde. Here there is only a simple cavity in the rock, which has no more resemblance to a human foot than to anything else. It must have been chosen in default of anything better; and could never of itself have suggested the connexion.

It is not improbable that the Church of the Ascension marks the site on which Helena built one of the only two churches which Eusebius ascribes to her—the church 'on the top of the hill' whose glittering cross was the first thing that caught the eye of the pilgrims† who, in the age of Constantine and of Jerome, approached Jerusalem from the south and west. At the same time‡ a circumstance, on which Eusebius lays great stress, has been strangely overlooked by most of those who have treated on the subject, and which, though it may not invalidate the identity of the position of the ancient church with the present mosque, certainly throws a new light upon the object for which it was erected. 'A true tradition,' he tells us, 'maintains that our Lord had initiated his disciples in his secret mysteries' before the Ascension, in a cave to which, on that account, pilgrimages were in his time made from all parts of the Empire, and it was to honour this cave, which Constantine himself also adorned, that Helena built a church, in memory of the Ascension, on the summit of the mountain. It is almost certain that Eusebius must refer to the singular catacomb, commonly called the Tombs of the Prophets, which is a short distance below the third summit of Mount Olivet, and was first distinctly noticed by Arculf in the seventh century, to whom were shown within

* Arculf. (Early English Travellers, p. 5.). He speaks of the 'dust' on which the impression remains; but probably he meant the same thing.

† Hieronym. Epitaph. Paul.

‡ Euseb. Vit. Const., iii. 41, 43; Demonst. Evang., vi. 18, p. 288.

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it 'four stone tables, where our Lord and the Apostles sate.'* In the next century the same 'four tables of His Supper' were seen by Bernard the Wise, who speaks of a church being erected there to commemorate the Betrayal.† From that period it remained unnoticed till attention was again called to it by the travellers of the seventeenth century, in whose time it had assumed its present name.

It is possible that what Bernard calls the church may have been the remains of the buildings which Constantine erected, and that the ruins, still discernible on the third summit, may be the vestiges of the sacred edifice of Helena. It is, however, possible also (and the expression 'summit of the whole mountain,' rather leads to this conclusion), that, though in connexion with the cave, her church was built on the site which is usually assigned to it within the precincts of the present mosque. But, whichever be the case, it is clear from the language of Eusebius that the spot which she meant to honour was not the scene of the Ascension itself, but the scene of the conversations which preceded that event, and which were believed to have occurred in the cave. Had this been clearly perceived much useless controversy would have been spared. There is no proof from Eusebius that the place from which our Lord might be presumed to have ascended was ever specified at all. Here was (as usual) the tradition of the *cave*, and nothing besides, and Helena fixed upon the site of her church partly (no doubt) from its commanding position, partly from its vicinity to the rocky labyrinth in which the instructions immediately preceding the Ascension were supposed to have been delivered. It was reserved for observant travellers of our own time to perceive the impossibility of reconciling what is at present alleged to be the scene of the Ascension with the words of St. Luke, to which we must add its palpable contradiction to the whole character of the event. Even if the Evangelist had been less explicit in stating that 'Jesus led out the disciples as far as Bethany,' we should still have maintained that the secluded hills‡ which overhang the village on the eastern slope of Olivet are as evidently appropriate to the entire tenor of the narrative, as the startling, we might almost say offensive, publicity of a spot in full view of the city of Jerusalem is wholly inconsistent with it, and (in the absence, as it now appears, of even traditional support) in every sense untenable.

2. There are probably not many Englishmen who, before the

* Early Travels in Palestine, p. 4. † Ibid., p. 24.

‡ That especially to which Tobler assigns the name of Djebel Sajach (Siloahquelle und Oelberg, p. 84).

diplomatical

diplomatical controversy which it has provoked, knew anything of the Tomb of the Virgin Mary, the least known, but most romantic, sanctuary of any that is to be found in Palestine. Yet there are few travellers whose attention is not arrested by the sight of a venerable chapel, approached by a flight of steps, which lead from the rocky roots of Olivet among which it stands, and entered by yet again another and deeper descent, under the low-browed arches of a Gothic roof, producing on a smaller scale the same impression of awful gloom that is so remarkable in the subterranean church of Assisi. 'You must know,' says Maundeville,* 'that this Church is very low in the earth, and a part is quite within the earth. But I imagine that it was not founded so; but since Jerusalem has been so often destroyed, and the walls broken down, and levelled with the valley, and that they have been so filled again and the ground raised, for that reason the church is so low in the earth. Nevertheless, men say there commonly, that the earth hath been so ever since the time that our Lady was buried there, and men also say there that it grows and increases every day without doubt.' Its history is comparatively recent. It is not mentioned by Jerome amongst the sacred places visited by Paula, and, if on such matters the authority of the Third General Council † is supposed to have weight, the tomb of the Virgin ought not to be found at Jerusalem but at Ephesus. The authority, however, of a General Council has been unable to hold its ground against the later legend, which placed her death and burial at the Holy City. Even the Greek peasants of Ephesus itself, though still pointing to the ruined edifice on the heights of Coressus, as the tomb of the Panaghia, have been taught to consider it as commemorating another Panaghia than the 'Theotocos,' in whom their great Council exulted. Greeks and Latins, unhappily for the peace of Europe, unite in contending for the possession of the rocky sepulchre at the foot of Olivet—the scene, according to the belief of both churches, of that 'Assumption,' which has been immortalised by the genius of Titian and Raphael, and which, in our later ages, has passed from the region of poetry and devotion into a literal doctrine.

Close, however, to the Church of the Virgin is a spot which, as it is omitted in Abbé Michon's catalogue of Holy Places, we ought in consistency to pass over. Yet a few words—and perhaps the fewer the better—must be devoted to the Garden of Gethsemane. That the tradition reaches back to the age of Constan-

* Early Travels in Palestine, p. 176.

† Concil. Hardouin, tom. i. pp. 148. The history of the tradition is well given in Mr. Williams's Holy City, 2nd ed. vol. ii. p. 494.

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tine is certain. How far it agrees with the slight indications of its position in the Gospel narrative will be judged by the impression of each individual traveller. Some will think it too public. Others will see an argument in its favour from its close proximity to the brook Kedron. None probably will be disposed to receive the traditional sites which surround it—the Grotto of the Agony, the rocky bank of the three Apostles, the 'terra damnata' of the Betrayal. But in spite of all the doubts that can be raised against their antiquity and the genuineness of their site, the eight aged olive-trees—now indeed less striking in the modern garden-enclosure than when they stood free and unprotected on the rough hill-side—will remain, so long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the surface of the earth; of all the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem, the most affecting and, except the everlasting hills themselves, most nearly carrying back the thoughts to the events which they commemorate.

3. On the brow of Mount Zion a conspicuous minaret is pointed out from a distance to the traveller approaching Jerusalem from the south, as marking the Mosque of the Tomb of David. Within the precincts of that mosque is a vaulted Gothic chamber, which contains within its four walls a greater confluence of traditions than any other place in Palestine, after the Holy Sepulchre. It is said to occupy the site of the edifice,—it cannot of course be the very church itself,—which Epiphanius mentions as having survived the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. That in the days of Cyril there was some such building, in which he delivered his famous lectures, is evident from his own allusions. But it is startling to hear that this is the upper chamber of the Last Supper, of the meeting after the Resurrection, of the day of Pentecost, of the residence and death of the Virgin, of the burial of Stephen. If it were not for the antiquity of some of these pretensions—dating as far back as the fourth century, and the interest of all of them—it would be hardly worth while to allude to assumptions which rest on a foundation too fragile to bear discussion. A conjecture might almost be hazarded, that the building, being in ruins or of palpably earlier date than the rest of the city as rebuilt by Hadrian, had served as a convenient receptacle for every memorable event which remained unattached. It is impossible at least that it should be both the scene of the 'Cœnaculum,' and stand within the precincts, or rather above the vault of the Tomb of David. The belief that here is the burial-place of the Royal Psalmist, although entertained by Christians, Jews, and Mussulmen alike, has given it a special sanctity only in the eyes of the last, and M. De Saulcy has endeavoured,

voured, in a very elaborate argument, to set up in preference the catacomb on the north of the city, commonly called the Tombs of the Kings. But the old site is maintained by many zealous upholders of the local traditions, as, for example, by Mr. Williams, in his 'Holy City,'* and all that we assert is the incompatibility of the claim to be at once the scene of David's burial and of the Last Supper. The Jewish feeling, at the commencement of the Gospel History, could never have permitted a residence to exist in juxtaposition with the Royal Sepulchre.

4. We now approach the most sacred of the Holy Places; in comparison of which, if genuine, all the rest sink into insignificance, and which, even if spurious, is among the most interesting spots in the world. It is needless to attempt on the present occasion to unravel once more the tangled controversy of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre.† Everything, we believe, which can be urged against the claim will be found in the 'Biblical Researches' of Dr. Robinson—everything which can be said in its favour in the 'Holy City' of Mr. Williams, including, as it does, the able discussion by Professor Willis on the architectural history of the church. It is enough to remind our readers that the decision mainly turns upon the solution of two questions, one historical, the other topographical. It is commonly confessed that the present edifice stands on the site of that which was constructed by Constantine, and the historical question is the value to be attached to the allegation that the spot was marked out in the time of the latter by a temple or statue of Venus, which the Emperor Hadrian had erected for the purpose of polluting the spot believed to be the Holy Sepulchre by the Christians of his age. The Crucifixion, as we all know on the highest authority, being without the city, and the tomb in a garden nigh at hand, the topographical question is whether it is possible, from its position, that the selected locality could have been on the outer side of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. On the historical branch of the inquiry we will merely remark that the advocates of the Sepulchre have never fairly met the difficulty well urged by the learned Dean of St. Paul's,‡ that it is hardly conceivable that Hadrian could have had any motive in defiling the spot with heathen abominations, when his whole object in establishing his Roman colony at Jerusalem was to insult the Jews, and not the Christians, who were emphatically divided from them. It is

* Vol. ii. p. 608.

† The question has already been discussed by us in an article on Dr. Robinson's 'Biblical Researches' (Q. R. vol. 69, pp. 169–176). A summary of both sides of the question is given in the eighth number of the 'Museum of Classical Antiquities,' April, 1853.

‡ Milman's History of Christianity, vol. i. p. 417.

equally

equally affirmed that Hadrian established the worship of Venus upon the scene of the Nativity, and it throws a further suspicion upon both stories that there is no allusion, either by Justin or by Origen, to the desecration at Bethlehem, though speaking of the very cave over which the Pagan temple is said to have been erected, and within a century of its erection. In the topographical question, while admitting the weight of the objection drawn from the proximity, to say the least, of the present site to the inhabited portion of old Jerusalem, we yet do not think that the opponents of the Sepulchre have ever done justice to the argument stated by Lord Nugent, and pointedly brought out by Professor Willis, which is derived from the so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus. Underneath the western galleries of the church are two excavations in the face of the rock, which as clearly form an ancient Jewish sepulchre as any that can be seen in the valley of Hinnom or in the Tombs of the Kings. That they should have been so long overlooked both by the advocates and opponents of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre, can only be explained by the perverse dulness of the conventual guides, who call attention instead to two graves sunk in the floor,* which may possibly, like similar excavations at Petra, be of ancient origin, but which, as Dr. Schulz suggests, may have been dug at a later period to represent the graves, when the real object of the ancient sepulchres had ceased to be intelligible—as the tombs of some Mussulman saints are fictitious monuments erected over the rude sepulchres hewn in the rock beneath. The names assigned to these sepulchres are fanciful of course, but their existence seems a conclusive proof that at some period the site of the present church must have been without the walls, and lends considerable probability to the belief that the rocky excavation, which exists in part perhaps still, and once existed entire, within the marble casing of the chapel of the Sepulchre, was a really ancient tomb, and not, as is often rashly asserted, a modern imitation.

Farther than this we believe that in our present state of knowledge no merely topographical considerations can bring us. Even if these tombs should prove the site of the present Church to have been outside some wall, they do not prove it to have been the wall of Herod; for it may have been the earlier wall of the ancient monarchy; and although it was satisfactorily established

* Even Mr. Curzon, whilst arguing for the antiquity of these tombs, in his graphic account of the Church, speaks of them as 'in the floor.' (*Eastern Monasteries*, p. 166.) Another slight inaccuracy may be noticed (p. 203), because it confuses the tenor of a very interesting narrative. He confounds 'the stone where the women stood during the anointing' with 'the stone where the Virgin stood during the Crucifixion.' The two spots are wide apart.

that

that the Church was outside the wall of Herod, it would only prove the possibility, and not the probability, of its identity with the site of the Crucifixion. But, granting to the full the doubts —and it may be more than doubts—which must always hang over the highest claims of the Church of the Sepulchre, we do not envy the feelings of the man who can look unmoved on what has, from the time of Constantine, been revered by the larger part of the Christian world as the scene of the greatest events that ever occurred upon earth, and has itself become, for that reason, the centre of a second cycle of events, which, if of incompatably less magnitude, are yet of a romantic interest almost unequalled in human annals. It may be too much to expect that the traveller, who sees the uncertainty of the whole tradition, should partake those ardent feelings to which even a man so sceptical as Dr. Clarke of the genuineness of the localities confesses, in the striking passage in which he describes the entrance of himself and his companion into the Chapel of the Sepulchre; but its later associations at least may be felt by every student of history without the faintest fear of superstition or irreverence.

Look at it as its site was first fixed * by the extraordinary man who from so many different sides deeply affected the fortunes of Christendom. Whether Golgotha were here or far away, there is no question that we can still trace, as Constantine or his mother first beheld it, the sweep of rocky hill, in the face of which the sepulchre stood. If the rough limestone be disputed, which some maintain can still be felt in the interior of the Chapel of the Sepulchre, there can be no doubt of the rock which contains the 'tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus;' none of that which in the 'prison' and in the 'entombment of Adam's head' marks the foot of the cliff of the present Golgotha; or of that which is seen at its summit in the so-called fissure of the 'rocks rent by the earthquake;' none, lastly, of that through which a long descent conducts the pilgrim to the subterraneous chapel of the 'Invention of the Cross.' In all these places enough can be seen to show what the natural features of the place must have been before the native stone had been 'violated by the marble' of Constantine; enough to show that we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the church is built on the native hills of the old Jerusalem.† On these cliffs have clustered the succes-

* We are, of course, not ignorant of Mr. Fergusson's ingenious, we may almost say, brilliant attempt to disprove even the Constantinian origin of the present site; but till he has shown (as his argument requires) that the market-place of Jerusalem was at that time in the valley of Jehoshaphat (to omit all other objections) we cannot think that he has made out any case.

† Perhaps the most valuable part of Professor Willis's masterly discussion of the whole subject is his attempt to restore the original form of the ground.—(Sections 7 and 9.)

sive

sive edifices of the venerable pile which now rises in almost solitary grandeur from the fallen city. The two domes, between which the Turkish sheykh was established by Saladin to watch the pilgrims within—the lesser dome surmounting the Greek church which occupies the place of Constantine's basilica; the larger that which covers the Holy Sepulchre itself, and for the privilege of repairing which the world has so nearly been roused to arms—the Gothic front of the Crusaders, its European features strangely blending with the Oriental imagery which closes it on every side; the minaret of Omar* beside the Christian belfry, telling its well-known story of Arabian devotion and magnanimity; the open court thronged with buyers and sellers of relics to be carried home to the most distant regions of the earth; the bridges and walls and stairs by which the monks of the adjacent convents climb into the galleries; the chambers of all kinds which run through the sacred edifice; all these, and many like appearances, unfold more clearly than any book the long series of recollections which hang around the tattered and incongruous mass. Enter the church, and the impression is the same. There is the place in which to study the diverse rites and forms of the older churches of the world. There alone (except at Bethlehem) are gathered together all the altars of all the sects which existed before the Reformation. There is the barbaric splendour of the Greek Church, exulting in its possession of Constantine's basilica and of the rock of Calvary. There is the deep poverty of the Coptic and Syrian sects, each now confined to one paltry chapel, and which forcibly contrast with the large portions of the edifice which have been gained by the Armenians through the revenues in which that church of merchants—the Quakers of the East, as they have been justly called—so richly abounds. There is the more chastened and familiar worship of the Latins, here reduced from the gigantic proportions which it bears in its native seat to a humble settlement in a foreign land, yet still securing for itself a footing, with its usual energy, even on localities which its rivals seemed most firmly to have occupied. High on the platform of Calvary, beside the Greek sanctuary of the Crucifixion, it has claimed a separate altar for the Exaltation of the Cross. Deep in the Armenian chapel of St. Helena it has seated itself in the

* The minaret is said to stand on the spot where Omar prayed, as near the Church as was compatible with his abstaining from its appropriation by offering up his prayers within it. The story is curiously illustrated by the account which Michon (p. 72) gives of the occupation of the 'Cœnaculum' by the Mahometans. A few Mussulmen in the last century, who were determined to get possession of the convent, entered it on the plea of its being the tomb of David, said their prayers there, and from that moment it became a Mahometan sanctuary.

corner

corner where the throne of Helena was placed during the 'Invention.' In the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself, whilst the Greek Church, with its characteristic formality, confines its masses to the antechapel, where its priests can celebrate towards the east, the Latin Church, with the no less characteristic boldness of the west, has rushed into the vacant space in the inner shrine, and, regardless of all the points of the compass, has adopted for its altar the Holy Tomb itself. For good or for evil, for union or for disunion, the older forms of Christendom are gathered together, as nowhere else in Europe or in Asia, within those sacred walls.

It would be an easy though a melancholy task to dwell on the bitter dissensions which have thence arisen—to tell how the Armenians stole the Angel's stone from the ante-chapel of the Sepulchre—how the Latins procured a firman to stop the repairs of the dome by the Greeks—how the Greeks demolished the tombs of the Latin kings, Godfrey and Baldwin, in the resting-place which those two heroic chiefs had chosen for themselves at the foot of Calvary—how the English traveller was taunted by the Latin monks with eating the bread of their house, and not fighting for them in their bloody conflicts with the Greeks at Easter—how the Abyssinian convent was left vacant for the latter in the panic raised when a drunken Abyssinian monk shot the muezzin going his rounds on the top of Omar's minaret—how, after the great fire of 1808, which the Latins charge to the ambition of their rivals, two years of time, and two-thirds of the cost of the restoration were consumed in the endeavours of each party, by bribes and litigations, to overrule and eject the others from the places they had respectively occupied in the ancient arrangement of the Churches—and how each party regards the infidel Turk as his best and only protector from his Christian foe. These dissensions, however painful, are not without their importance, as exhibiting in a palpable form the contentions and jealousies which from the earliest times to the present day have been the bane of the Christian Church; making mutual enemies dearer than rival brethren, and the common good insignificant in comparison with the special privileges of each segment of the circle. Yet let us not so part. Grievous as are these contentions, we cannot but think that their extent has been somewhat exaggerated. Ecclesiastical history is not all controversy, nor is the area of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at all times and in all places a battle-field of sects. On ordinary occasions it exhibits only the singular sight of different nations, kindreds, and languages worshipping, each with its peculiar rites, round what they unite

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in believing to be the Tomb of their common Lord—a sight edifying by the very reason of its singularity, and suggestive of a higher, and, we trust the day may come when it may be added, a truer image of the Christian Church than that which is now too often derived from the history both of holy places and holy things.

There is one more aspect in which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre must be regarded. It is not only the Church of all the ancient communions—it is also in a special manner the Cathedral of Palestine and of the East, and it is there that the local religion which attaches to all the Holy Places reaches its highest pitch, receiving its colour from the eastern and barbarous nations who are the principal elements in the congregation. Most of our readers will have derived their conception of the Greek Easter at Jerusalem from Mr. Curzon's graphic description of the celebrated catastrophe of 1834; but as the extraordinary occurrences of that year would convey a mistaken impression of the usual routine, it may be well to subjoin an account of the more customary celebration of the festival. The time to which our readers must transport themselves is the morning of Easter Eve, which, by a strange anticipation, here, as in Spain, eclipses Easter Sunday. The place is the gallery of the Latins, whence all Frank travellers view the spectacle, —on the northern side of the great Rotunda—the model of so many European churches, and of which the most remarkable, perhaps, that of Aix-la-Chapelle, was built in express imitation of the famous original. Above is the dome with its rents and patches waiting to be repaired, and the sky seen through the opening in the centre, which, as in the Pantheon, admits the light and air of day. Below is the Chapel of the Sepulchre—a shapeless edifice of brown marble; on its shabby roof a meagre cupola, tawdry vases with tawdry flowers, and a forest of slender tapers; whilst a blue curtain is drawn across its top to intercept the rain admitted through the dome. It is divided into two chapels—that on the west containing the Sepulchre, that on the east containing the 'Stone of the Angel.' Of these, the eastern chapel is occupied by the Greeks and Armenians, and has a round hole on its north side, from which the Holy Fire is to issue for the Greeks, and a corresponding aperture for the Armenians on the south. At the western extremity of the Sepulchre, but attached to it from the outside, is the little wooden chapel, which is the only portion of the edifice allotted to the Copts. Yet further west, but parted from the Sepulchre, is the chapel, equally humble, of the Syrians, whose poverty has probably been the means of saving from marble and decoration the so-called

so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus which lie in their precincts. The chapel of the Sepulchre itself rises from a dense mass of pilgrims who sit or stand wedged together; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass which lines the walls of the church, a circular lane is formed by two circumferences of Turkish soldiers, who are there to keep order. For the first two hours all is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that the two or three pilgrims who have got close to the aperture, whence the fire is to spring, keep their hands fixed in it with a clench which is never an instant relaxed. About noon this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run the circuit of the Sepulchre a certain number of times the fire will not appear. Accordingly, for two hours, or more, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leapfrog.* He sees a medley of twenty, thirty, fifty men, some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, racing and catching hold of each other, lifting one of their companions on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps on the ground, when a second succeeds. A fugleman usually precedes the rest, clapping his hands, to which the others respond by the like action, adding wild howls, of which the burden is 'This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan'—'Jesus Christ has redeemed us.' What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the passage between the troops is continuously occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, wheeling round and round like the Sabbath of the Witches in Faust. Gradually the frenzy subsides or is checked; the racecourse is cleared, and out of the Greek Church, on the east of the Rotunda, a long procession, with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, defiles round the Sepulchre.

The excitement, which had before been confined to the runners and dancers, now becomes universal. Hedged in by the

* It is possible that in these performances there may be some reminiscence of the ancient funeral games, such as those which took place round the pile of Patroclus. An illustration which comes more home may be found in Tischendorf's description of the races at the tomb of the great Bedouin saint, Sheykh Saleh, in the Peninsula of Sinai (Reisen, ii. p. 207–314), and in Jerome's account of the wild fanatics, who performed gambols exactly similar to those of the Greek Easter before the reputed sepulchres of John the Baptist and Elisha, at Samaria—ululare more luporum, vocibus latrare canum—alios rotare caput, et post tergum terram vertice tangere.—(*Epitaph. Paul.*, p. 113.) Possibly it was in parody of some such spectacles that the Latins held their dances in St. Sophia, in the capture of Constantinople, at the fourth Crusade.

soldiers,

soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims remain in their places, but all join in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught from time to time, strangely and almost affectingly mingled, the chants of the procession—the stately chants of the church of Basil and Chrysostom—mingled with the yells of savages. Thrice the procession paces round; and at the third circuit the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. The crisis of the day is approaching, and one great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of the fire, and at this point they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. It is difficult to describe the appearance, as of a battle and a victory, which at this moment pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the building at the south-east corner. The procession is broken through—the banners stagger, waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers before the tremendous rush. In a small but compact band the Bishop of Petra (who is on this occasion the Bishop of 'the Fire,' the representative of the Patriarch) is hurried to the chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads resounding with an uproar which can be compared to nothing less than that of the Guildhall of London at a nomination for the City. A single vacant space is left—a narrow lane from the fire-hole in the northern side of the chapel to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the flame; and on each side of the lane, so far as the eye can reach, hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest.

In earlier and bolder times the expectation of the Divine presence was raised at this juncture to a still higher pitch by the appearance of a dove hovering above the cupola of the chapel—to indicate, so Maundrell was told,* and doubtless truly, the visible descent of the Holy Ghost. This extraordinary act, whether of extravagant symbolism, or of daring profaneness, has now been discontinued; but the belief remains—and it is only from the knowledge of that belief that the full horror of the scene, and intense excitement of the next few moments, can be adequately conceived. Silent—awfully silent—in the midst of the frantic uproar, stands the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. If any one could at such a moment be convinced of its genuineness, or could expect a display of miraculous power, assuredly it would

* With this, and one or two other slighter variations, the account of Maundrell, i the 17th century, is an almost exact transcript of what is still seen.

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be that its very stones would cry out against the wild fanaticism without, and the fraud which is preparing within. At last it comes. A bright flame as of burning wood appears inside the hole—the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the Bishop in the chapel—the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God Himself upon the Holy Tomb. Slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, till at last the entire edifice from gallery to gallery, as well as through the whole of the area below, is blazing with thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the Bishop or Patriarch is carried in triumph out of the Chapel, on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, 'to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence he is believed to have come.'* It is now that a mounted horseman, stationed at the gates of the Church, gallops off with a lighted taper to communicate the sacred fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in the Convent at Bethlehem. It is now that the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the consecrated tapers into the streets and houses of Jerusalem, leads at times to the violent pressure at the single outlet of the church which in 1834 cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro—rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire to attest its reputed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates the moment after the fire is communicated; and not the least extraordinary part of the spectacle is the rapid and total subsidence of a frenzy so intense—the contrast of the furious agitation of the morning with the profound repose of the evening, when the Church is again filled through the area of the Rotunda, through the chapels of Copt and Syrian, through the subterranean Church of Helena, the great nave of Constantine's Basilica, the stairs and platform of Calvary itself, filled in every part, except the one Chapel of the Latin Church, by a mass of pilgrims, who are wrapt in deep sleep awaiting the midnight service.

Such is the celebration of the Greek Easter—probably the greatest moral argument against the identity of the spot which it professes to honour, and considering the place, the time, and the intention of the professed miracle, the most offensive imposture to be found in the world. It is impossible to give a precise account of the origin of the rite. The explanation often offered, that it has arisen from a misunderstanding of a symbolical ceremony, is hardly compatible with its remote antiquity. As early as the ninth century it was believed that 'an angel came

* Curzon's Monasteries, p. 203.

and

and lighted the lamps which hung over the Sepulchre, of which light the Patriarch gave his share to the bishops and the rest of the people, that each might illuminate his own house.'* It was in all probability an imitation of an alleged miraculous appearance of fire in ancient times—suggested perhaps by some actual phenomenon in the neighbourhood, such as that which is mentioned in Ammianus's account of Julian's rebuilding the Temple, and assisted by the belief so common in the East, that on every Friday a supernatural light which dazzles the beholders, and supersedes the necessity for lamps, blazes in the sepulchres of Mussulman saints. It is a remarkable instance of a great—it may almost be said awful—superstition gradually deserted by its supporters. Originally all the sects partook in the ceremony, but one by one they have fallen away. The Roman Catholics, after their exclusion from the church by the Greeks, denounced it as an imposture, and have never resumed it since. Indeed next to the delight of the Greek pilgrims at receiving the fire, is now the delight of the Latins in deriding what in the 'Annals of the Propagation of the Faith' for this very year they describe (forgetful of the past and of S. Januarius at Naples) as a 'ridiculous and superstitious ceremony.' 'Ah! vedete la fantasia,' exclaim the happy Franciscans in the Latin gallery, 'Ah! qual fantasia!—ecco gli bruti Greci—noi non facciamo cosí.' Later the grave Armenians deserted, or only with reluctance acquiesced in the fraud; and lastly, unless they are greatly misrepresented, the enlightened members of the Greek Church itself, including, it is said, no less a person than the Emperor Nicholas, would gladly discontinue the ceremony, could they but venture on such a shock to the devotion of thousands who yearly come from far and near, over land and sea, for this sole and special object.

It is doubtless a wretched thought that for such an end as this Constantine and Helena should have planned and builded—for such a worship Godfrey and Tancred, Richard and St. Louis, have fought and died. Yet in justice to the Greek clergy it must be remembered that it is but an extreme and instructive example of what every church suffers which has to bear with the weakness and fanaticism of its members, whether brought about by its own corruption or by long and inveterate ignorance. And however repulsive to our European minds may be the frantic orgies of the Arab pilgrims, we ought rather perhaps to wonder that these wild creatures should be Christians at all, than that being such they should take this mode of expressing their de-

* Bernard the Wise, A.D. 867. Early Travels in Palestine, pp. 20. There is a story of a miraculous supply of oil for the lighting of the lamps on Easter Eve at Jerusalem, as early as the 2nd century.—Euseb. H. E. vi. 9.

votion at this great anniversary. The very violence of the paroxysm proves its temporary character. On every other occasion their conduct is sober and decorous, even to dulness, as though—according to the happy expression of one of the most observant of Eastern travellers*—they were not 'working out,' but *transacting* the great business of salvation.

It may seem to some a painful, and perhaps an unexpected result of our inquiry, that so great an uncertainty should hang over spots thus intimately connected with the great events of the Christian religion,—that in none the chain of tradition should be unbroken, and in most cases hardly reach beyond the age of Constantine. Is it possible, it is frequently asked, that the disciples of the first age should have neglected to mark and commemorate the scenes of such events? And the answer, though often given, cannot be too often repeated, that it not only was possible, but precisely what we should infer from the absence of any allusion to local sanctity in the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, who were too profoundly absorbed in the events themselves to think of their localities, too wrapt in the spirit to pay regard to the letter or the place. The loss of the Holy Sepulchre thus regarded, is a testimony to the greatness of the Resurrection. The loss of the manger of Bethlehem is a witness to the universal significance of the Incarnation. The sites which the earliest followers of our Lord would not adore their successors could not. The obliteration of the very marks which identified the Holy Places was effected a little later by what may without presumption be called the providential events of the time. The Christians of the second generation of believers, even had they been anxious to preserve the recollection of sites which were familiar to their fathers, would have found it in many respects an impossible task after the defacing ruin which attended the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. The same judgment which tore up by the roots the local religion of the old dispensation, deprived of secure basis what has since grown up as the local religion of the new. The total obliteration of the scenes in some instances is at least a proof that no Divine Providence, as is sometimes urged, could have watched over them in others. The desolation of the lake of Gennesareth has swept out of memory places more sacred than any (with the one exception of those at Jerusalem) that are alleged to have been preserved. The cave of Bethlehem and the house of Nazareth, where our Lord passed an unconscious infancy, and an unknown youth, cannot be compared for sanctity with that 'house' of Capernaum,

* Kitto, p. 137—143.

which

which was the home of his manhood and the chief scene of his words and works. Yet of that sacred habitation every vestige has perished as though it had never been.

But the doubts which envelope the lesser things do not extend to the greater,—they attach to the 'Holy Places,' but not to 'the Holy Land.' The clouds which cover the special localities are only specks in the clear light which invests the general geography of Palestine. Not only are the sites of Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem absolutely indisputable, but there is hardly a town or village of note mentioned in the Old and New Testament which cannot still be identified with a certainty which often extends to the very spots which are signalised in the history. If Sixtus V. had succeeded in his project of carrying off the Holy Sepulchre, the essential interest of Jerusalem would have suffered as little as that of Bethlehem by the alleged transference of the manger to S. Maria Maggiore, or as that of Nazareth, were we to share the belief that its holy house were standing far away on the hill of Loretto. The very notion of the transference being thought desirable or possible, is a proof of the slight connexion existing in the minds of those who entertain it between the sanctuaries themselves and the enduring charm which must always attach to the real scenes of great events. It shows the difference (which is often confounded) between the local superstition of touching and handling—of making topography a matter of religion—and that reasonable and religious instinct which leads us to investigate the natural features of historical scenes, sacred or secular, as one of the best helps to judging of the events of which they were the stage.

These 'Holy Places' have, indeed, a history of their own, which, whatever be their origin, must always give them a position amongst the celebrated spots which have influenced the fortunes of the globe. The convent of Bethlehem can never lose the associations of Jerome, nor can the church of the Holy Sepulchre ever cease to be bound up with the recollections of the Crusades, or with the tears and prayers of thousands of pilgrims which, of themselves, amidst whatever fanaticism and ignorance, almost consecrate the walls within which they are offered. But these reminiscences, and the instruction which they convey, bear the same relation to those awakened by the original and still living geography of Palestine as the later course of ecclesiastical history bears to its divine source. The church of the Holy Sepulchre, in this as in other aspects, is a type of the history of the Church itself, and the contrast thus suggested is more consoling than melancholy. Alike in sacred topography and in sacred history, there is a wide and free atmosphere of truth

above, a firm ground of reality beneath, which no doubts, controversies, or scandals, concerning this or that particular spot, this or that particular opinion or sect, can affect or disturb. The churches of the Holy Sepulchre or of the Holy House may be closed against us, but we have still the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee: the sky, the flowers, the trees, the fields, which suggested the Parables,—the holy hills, which cannot be moved, but stand fast for ever.

ART. V.—1. *Ephemerides Isaaci Casauboni, cum Præfatione et Notis.* Edente Johanne Russell, S. T. P., Canonico Cantuariensi, Scholæ Carthusianæ olim Archididascalo.

2. *Le Triumvirat Littéraire au XVI Siècle; Juste Lipse, Joseph Scaliger, Isaac Casaubon.* Par M. Charles Nisard. Paris, 1852.

ON his thirty-eighth birthday and the first year of his Professorate at Montpellier, Casaubon commenced a private Diary. He continued to keep it with a punctuality probably without parallel in the history of journalism, and which of itself indicates the man, till within a fortnight of his death in 1614. It is literally 'Nulla dies sine linea.' Wherever he went the current volume went with him, and he made a note, however brief, of the spent day before he slept. So invariable was the rule, that on one occasion, having left the register behind when he slipped out of Paris for a night, his wife takes up the pen in his stead. 'February 23 (1601). Ce jour dit M. Casaubon a esté absent, que Dieu garde, et moi et les nostres avec lui. Amen.' The daughter of Henry Estienne, though accustomed from childhood to speak Latin in her father's house, where the very domestics were compelled to talk like ancient Romans, makes her entry, it will be observed, in the vernacular tongue. Casaubon himself uniformly employs Latin; or rather Græco-Latin, so thickly is his Diary sown with Greek phrases. The Latin is good, and shows much facility in the adaptation of classical language to modern and household objects. The Greek occurs more in low phrases and half theological expressions of the Byzantine mint. The flow of Casaubon's style in a journal, which must have been written *currente calamo*, establishes the justice of the account of his conversation which was given by Cardinal Du Perron, who said of him 'That when he talked French he talked like a peasant; but when Latin, he spoke it like his mother tongue.'

The Ephemerides is now for the first time published entire. There

There is a hiatus of about three years and a half, between 1604 and 1607, the fasciculus containing that period having been lost as early as the time of Meric Casaubon, who succeeded his father as prebendary of Canterbury, and deposited the MS. in the chapter library, from whence it has been disinterred by Dr. Russell. It is in the regularity of the entries that the value of the Diary consists, and the Editor has exhibited a sound judgment in resisting the temptation to select only the interesting passages. These are not very many; for a scholar's life is seldom one of incident, and he has little else to tell than what he read and wrote. Casaubon does this minutely, but rarely mixes reflections or criticism, which were reserved for other MS. volumes, such as 'ὕλη indigesta,' or for the margins of his books. Several volumes of such Adversaria, compiled by Meric from his father's memoranda, are still preserved. Besides noting his daily scholastic tasks, Casaubon intimates, but very briefly, his family affairs, visits, journeys, letters, and conversations, including sometimes his expenditure. Public events are little noticed, and only when they have interested him more than ordinarily. The loss from the omission of historical and political details is probably nothing. We can read anywhere of the battle-field and the council-chamber—show us, if you can, the domestic interior. We are sated with state apartments, let us have a peep into the kitchen or the housekeeper's room.

M. Nisard, ignorant of the publication of Dr. Russell, has drawn his materials from two volumes of letters, and other collections (among which are extracts from the Ephemerides) which appeared at Rotterdam in 1709. These he has used well, and, though the Diary enables us to deepen some of the lines, and add here and there a more life-like touch, his Casaubon is faithfully and distinctly drawn, and is in every essential particular the Casaubon of the Ephemerides. In that triumvirate, which forms the subject of his agreeable volume, and which contains Scaliger the most brilliant, and Lipsius the wittiest scholar of his day, our journalist represents laborious industry. In the age of the schoolmen, if the first had been saluted as Doctor Incomparabilis, Lipsius might have been canonized as Doctor Lepidissimus, and Casaubon fairly earned the title of Indefatigabilis. Having nothing excentric about him, he will for this very reason be a better representative man, and furnish a juster idea of the ordinary life of a classical scholar about A.D. 1600.

Isaac Casaubon was born at Geneva, February 8 (18), 1559, and was thus the junior of Scaliger by nearly twenty, and of Lipsius by more than ten years. His father was a French Calvinist minister, who was forced to fly from his native province of Dauphiné,

phiné, by the rigorous persecution which the Lorraine faction, ruling in the name of Henry II., directed against the reformed faith. When the vigilance of the Inquisition was relaxed in the early part of the reign of his successor, Charles IX., Arnald Casaubon was invited by the Protestant congregation of Crest, a small town in the department of Drome, to settle among them as their minister. Here, sharing with his flock the perils and vicissitudes of that period of distress which culminated in the massacre of S. Bartholomew, he passed the remainder of his life. For several years Isaac had no other instructor than his father, and his initiation into the rudiments of Greek was effected during one of their forced retirements into the sequestered valleys of the Hautes Alpes. At nineteen, having evinced his aptitude for learning, he was sent to Geneva, the head-quarters of Calvinism, where the new religion had formed a college, of which Beza was then the director. Here he addicted himself specially to Greek, and soon attained such proficiency that he was pointed out by Francis Portus, who was lecturer on that language, as his own successor. It may have helped to quicken the perception of his merits, that the performances which revealed it were two Greek epigrams in praise of his master. A year or two after Portus' death, which happened in 1581, Casaubon was, on this recommendation, appointed to the post. The elevation may seem premature for a youth of twenty-four, and doubtless implied great merit; but the name of 'Professor of Greek' must not mislead us. When the age of the students was much below what it usually is now in our universities, such a functionary, notwithstanding his imposing title, would find himself, as is the case in a Scotch university at present, engaged in teaching the very rudiments of the language. For this humble drudgery older or more distinguished scholars would not often be obtainable, and thus it was that in that day so many young men filled the office. Even in the University of Leyden, and at the height of its early renown, Heinsius was lecturer in Greek at eighteen, whereas the newly-founded establishment at Geneva advanced very modest pretensions. It consisted of a preparatory school or *college*, with an academy or 'auditoire' annexed to it, and though Calvin had wished to establish a chair in each of the faculties, the want of funds had prevented his proceeding beyond the three most essential—Hebrew, Greek, and Philosophy. But the functions of the professors were wider than their titles. Casaubon explained both Greek and Latin authors, and sometimes Hebrew—perhaps during a vacancy of the chair—while the teacher of Hebrew was professor of Oriental tongues in general. How poor were the stipends may be gathered from the statement, that Beza, who

was

was second pastor in the town as well as rector of the academy, received only 80*l.* a-year.

Geneva might appear to have combined most of the requisites which were needed for the erection and growth of a university. *Politically* uniting the honours of the name of Free town of the empire with all the solid advantages of entire independence, its recent successful resistance to the seigneurial claims of the Dukes of Savoy had inspired a spirit of confidence and triumph from which has so often dated the commencement of a new existence for enfranchised states. The citizens were neither unprepared nor unworthy to exercise their own privileges. Long habits of self-government, and the existence of two parties who contended by constitutional arms alone within the bosom of its senate, had taught them valuable political lessons. When the better party, that of the friends of liberty, found themselves the stronger, they used their victory with the wise moderation which might have been looked for from men so trained.

Geographically, situated in the midst of nations speaking three great languages, there was much in Geneva to facilitate the immigration of foreigners. This of itself was an inestimable advantage. The revival of university life in Northern Europe which set in about the middle of the sixteenth century encountered two great obstacles, neither of which existed in the middle ages, and to the absence of which is to be ascribed the peculiar development of the schools of learning which the twelfth and thirteenth centuries witnessed. These obstacles were, the religious schism, and the formation of nationalities. The gradual gathering of the separate members of the European state-system into a few large monarchies with powerful antipathies was a decentralizing power which the attraction of a common literature might for a time resist, but could never overcome. The neutral territory of Geneva offered a most favourable field for counteracting the dissociating elements of the new state of things. A Bavarian student at Paris was a stranger by the side of the French pupils, as a French student at Pisa was equally an alien among Tuscans and Lombards. But at Geneva all were equally at home, or equally strangers. There 'Tros Tyriusve nullo discrimine agetur.' A native of Geneva, however much attached to his 'patrie,' could have no nationality, and he has none to this day. Like Athens of old, the city was the asylum, and might have become the school, of the rest of the world. Scarcely any of its illustrious inhabitants at that epoch were natives of the place,—Calvin came from Picardy; Beza from the Nivernois; Portus was a Greek, of Candia; Diodati and the Turretini had migrated from Lucca, Pacius from Vicenza; the Spanheims from the

the Palatinate. At a time when its population was probably under 15,000 souls it contained 400 English refugees (1556). With these advantages of territory, situation, and liberal government, it might have been anticipated that the attempt made in the middle of the century to establish a university would have met with success. Whence came it, then, that the successor to the fading splendour of the Italian schools was not Geneva, but Leyden? That question is answered when it is said that the founder of the former college was Calvin. The success of Leyden, which had equally with Geneva to contend with the obstacle created by nationality, was due to its being based on the principle of religious toleration. The failure of Geneva was owing to its being wholly committed to the principle and spirit of religious exclusion. Leyden, in a corner of Europe among an illiterate people who spoke a semi-barbarous dialect, had a brilliant career and a universal reputation. Geneva, speaking the language of civilization, on the borders of the nursery of letters, remained a mere Calvinist seminary. Indeed, though both Calvin and Beza were among the most erudite men of their age, their object was not the promotion of learning. With them everything was subservient to theology, and by theology they meant their own system, which, though undoubtedly profound, was eminently narrow and exclusive. They wanted a seminary to propagate 'la religion,' as the reformed doctrines were called, and we need not wonder that a sectarian academy should have produced comparatively little fruit. Within its own narrow limits it bore the stamp and impress of its founder's vigour; but so rigid were its rules, that as late as 1796 no dissident, nor even a Lutheran, could be a citizen of Geneva, or teach publicly in the academy.

The subjugation of university life at Geneva to ecclesiastical ends had a powerful influence in shaping the character and course of Casaubon. It was in this society, the first for which he exchanged the paternal roof, that he married, and formed his friendships, and it was here that he passed the eighteen years of his life which intervened between his nineteenth and his thirty-seventh year. At the time of his appointment to succeed Portus in the Greek chair his passion for literature possessed all the ardour of a first love. It broke out in the shape of notes on Diogenes Laertius—a characteristic choice, as showing his early taste for the erudite, rather than for the vigorous and practical writers of antiquity. He dedicated this inaugural essay to his father, and the venerable pastor received the offering of his learned son with the observation that he had rather have from him a single sentence on the Holy Bible than all the fine things he seemed to have so much at heart. Casaubon never forgot the rebuke;

rebuke; and, like Elwood's remark to Milton, it took effect long after it was uttered. For the present his conscience was satisfied by the composition of some brief notes on the Gospels, and after what was, perhaps, a forced labour, he betook himself to the unexplored and inexhaustible fields of Plato and Aristotle.

His next publication, however, was a volume of corrections of Theocritus, which only deserves mention as being the produce of his gratitude for the notice he received from the very celebrated man who has left the stamp of his name on all the Greek literature of the period—Henri Estienne. In character they were sufficiently dissimilar; but as there was thirty years difference between their ages, disparity of temper was no bar to a friendship which was cemented by community of taste. Henri Estienne, though not the greatest critic, was the most singular and original character connected with letters in that generation. An Hellenist 'de première force,' according to the measure of the time, he has no claim to be ranked with the triumviri; nor is he considered equal to Budeus, Camerarius, or Canter. But, considering how little his temperament was adapted for a studious life, his attainments in classical learning must excite our wonder. He was by natural constitution formed for stirring, and not for sedentary intellectual pursuits: nothing less than the sphere of politics could have absorbed his restless energy; nothing below the first prizes in that arena have slaked his craving ambition. The son of a printer was excluded from the competition, except by the avenue of the Church, which was closed to the Huguenot. Hence, like so many other frustrate activities, his were obliged to find what vent they could in literary pursuits. The path in which his eccentric and chafing spirit was compelled to walk was marked out for him by the circumstances of his inheriting his father's name, and his stock in trade; but it was too petty a distinction for him to be satisfied with emulating the beauty of typography which had acquired for the press of Robert Estienne its European reputation. To Henri, 'unus non sufficit orbis;' he aspired to be his own printer, corrector, editor, critic. His father, with a prognostic of the son's unsettled temper, had directed by his will that the famous Greek types which had been cast at the cost of Francis I. should not be removed from Geneva. The spirit of Henri fretted at the confinement to so narrow a theatre; he felt himself, as was said afterwards of Mad. de Staël, 'trop grand poisson pour notre lac,' and, like her, he sighed for Paris. Henri IV., who did nothing else for him, had the goodness to intercede with the Council of Geneva to obtain the annulment of the clause in the father's will; but the burgher pride of the senate, though docile to the despotism of their pastors, was aroused

aroused by the interference of a foreign potentate. They cared nothing for the retention in their town of the first Greek press in Europe, and their resistance proceeded from their jealous independence. But though the household gods of Estienne were thus constrained to abide in one place, and though he had there a wife whom he loved, at least of whom he has written most warmly, he himself was to be met with anywhere rather than at home. From Naples to London he wandered wherever he could meet with MSS. and learned men, collecting the one, insulting and quarrelling with the other; getting into scrapes with the police by his neglect of regulations, and escaping the consequences by his dexterity and the impossibility of detecting his country or his native tongue. Incessantly on the move, he collated Greek MSS.—the most sedentary of literary occupations—with the perseverance of a Bekker; found time to throw off more books from his too fluent pen than many printers have sent forth from their press; and printed more than many men have found leisure to read. His own compositions were not, it will be supposed, of the most solid description; but consisted of a cloud of brochures, pamphlets, diatribes, prefaces, dedications, notes, observations, schediasmata, libelli—the light artillery of the scholar. The matter is often in ludicrous contrast with the title. His 'Apologie pour Hérodote' is the text for a string of scandal on the monks. He sate down in a mood of ill-humour to review the Latin of Lipsius—a fertile theme—and having written the title 'De Latinitate Lipsiensi,' he is wholly occupied with the Turkish war, which gave occasion to the wits to entitle the book 'De Latinitate Lipsiensi contra Turcas.' His own latinity was far from being unexceptionable. He showed Pithou several fragments of new editions of Roman authors, and on pressing him for his opinion received the significant answer that he had better keep to his Greek.

He travelled, as was customary before the days of passable roads, on horseback, but on a high-spirited and mettlesome Arab, and not on the spavined hacks of the post-houses. These seasons—for his teeming imagination could not be idle—were claimed by his muse. An epigram, or a prologue, or a soliloquy, was composed and written down, without drawing rein.* Like the

* His father before him is supposed to have improved these opportunities. It was Robert Estienne that divided the New Testament into verses, and his son Henri tells us that it was effected during a journey from Lyons to Paris, *dictis equitandum*. This phrase has been commonly supposed to signify that he performed the task upon horseback, but Michaelis thought it might only mean that he did it between the stages while taking his ease at his inn. The first, and literal interpretation, is doubtless correct. John Wesley read hundreds of volumes as he ambled upon his nag from one preaching

the author of Marmion, his poetical excitement required a gallop. He talks as much of his horses as Sully, and has sung the praises of one which he bought at the fair of Francfort; and bewailed in elegiacs the way in which he was jockeyed in a deal at Zurzach. His equestrian feats intrude themselves into his gravest dissertations, and he will break out in the middle of a preface to Apollonius Rhodius into an anecdote of how he once leaped a toll-gate on the high-road near Francfort. Fifty different Latin versions of a single distich in the Greek Anthology attest at once his powers of versification, and the uneasy soul to which variety was the breath of life. When excitement failed him, as it did on several occasions during the three score years and ten for which the machine continued to supply the incessant demands he made upon it, he fell into a state of the most utter wretchedness. His seasons of sadness were not ordinary depression of spirits, for when he was unnerved, the reaction was in proportion to the previous feverishness of his existence. He was then the victim of a satiety or loathing of his usual occupations, and he could not even enter his library without shading his eyes with his hand to avoid the sight of his books. He complained that he could nowhere find a description of his disease, but the simple truth was, that his commanding energies, made for manly strife, rebelled from time to time against the pedant's vocation to which they were condemned.

It is impossible to allude in the most cursory manner to the endless diversity of Henri Estienne's writings, and this teeming pamphleteer was the compiler of one of the most laborious monuments of erudition that was ever produced in any age—the famous Greek Thesaurus, which has only been recently superseded, and which was of itself a sufficient task for one industrious life.

It was at the time when Estienne's fortunes were on the decline, owing to the excess of his undertakings, and specially to the vast expense of publishing the 'Thesaurus,' that Casaubon came first within his orbit. The young professor began by courting the notice and the library of the great Philomath, but soon included in his devotion the printer's fair daughter Florence. Estienne's passion for the collection of MSS. was accompanied by an equally alert jealousy in their custody. He had amassed great treasures of the sort, and guarded them as the Indian griffins their gold from every invader except the mites and the

prattling station to mother, and, however difficult it might have been to pencil figures upon the margin of the Testament when mounted upon the bony flank of Henri, it might easily have been accomplished upon the back of Robert, which was probably as steady as his desk.

worms.

worms. He was averse, it is said (*Scaligerana*), to the match with Casaubon, but Casaubon could more easily obtain his daughter than one of his MSS. He was as unwilling to restore the works he had borrowed as to lend his own, and Leunclavius had to dun him for a series of years to get back a Xenophon. To enter his library was strictly forbidden, not only to strangers, but to his family. To open it by stealth, and hunt for a book among the disordered heaps, during one of his long absences, was, says Casaubon, 'as mighty an undertaking for them as the siege of Troy,' and when they had accomplished the feat, they trembled with apprehension lest the impetuous old Grecian should detect what they had done. The paternal opposition to the suit was probably less disinclination to the match than a fear that the son-in-law would extort the key of the book-room. Casaubon's mode of laying siege to daughter and library at once was quite in character. Estienne had printed two editions of Theocritus, and till he should himself think proper to publish a third, these two must have been, in his own opinion, incapable of being improved on. It would never have entered into any head less simple and unworldly than Casaubon's to think of recommending himself by publishing 'Lectiones Theocriticæ;'—by re-editing over an editor's head. Scaliger had been mightily indignant when Henri Estienne had presumed to tamper with some of his emendations. 'Omnes quotquot edidit libros, *etiam meos*, corrumpit' (Scaligerana). This was high treason, and it might seem petty treason for Casaubon to meddle in his turn with the readings of Henri. He only assumed, however, to be the moon following in the wake of the sun, and a deprecatory preface and proper submissions caused the offering to be graciously accepted. The great merits of Casaubon, and the reflection that a son-in-law who promised to be so learned a Grecian might be useful in executing some of the numerous projects which multiplied on him as he waned in years, weighed with Estienne. The author of the 'Lectiones Theocriticæ' was frankly admitted into his friendship and his house, and in 1586 married his daughter. How tenderly Casaubon was attached to her every page of the Diary bears abundant evidence, and she returned his affection; but there is no appearance of her sharing, as M. Nisard supposes, in her husband's pursuits. On the contrary, we infer that she was a weak woman, and, though we hear nothing like the untunable murmurs of Hooker's wife, it is evident that her domestic distresses were not sparingly inflicted on her good man, who perhaps on his part tried her patience by a scholar's indifference to household difficulties. Still there was no bitterness in the harpings of the housewife on her cares, and a narrow *ménage*

and

and a numerous family seem never to have introduced domestic discord.

Casaubon had rushed into print early, not to say precipitately; but, as we should scarcely regard the 'Diogenes Laertius' as more than an exercise for a degree, it may be thrown out of the account, and thenceforward we shall see him forming himself for the editorial functions which made his great reputation by long, silent, and laborious study. Matrimony did not detain him long from his books. This was his Philosophy and Jurisprudence period, of which the former with him meant Aristotle and Plato, and in the latter he had the assistance of the eminent Julius Pacius, the pupil of Raymond Sully, the master of Peiresc. We are not surprised to find that the next event we have to record is that he fell dangerously ill. During his compulsory abstinence from study his father's rebuke of his profane pursuits came back strongly upon him. He registered a vow that, should he regain his strength, he would give his time exclusively to sacred authors. No sooner was he in a condition to re-enter his study, than he threw himself with ardour upon the Old Testament Scriptures, and the oriental tongues, devouring the rabbis, and astonishing Chevalier, his Hebrew instructor, by the rapidity of his progress. His skill in student-craft shortly convinced him that, even with a view to the understanding of the sacred books, it was a false system which would confine the mind to them alone. He got back to the classics, and before long was as much engrossed by them as ever. But now it was not philosophy; for which, in truth, though he superintended an edition of Aristotle, he had no vocation. He fastened upon authors more congenial to his tastes, and during the first ten years of married life, he successively brought out Strabo, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Polyænus (an Ed. Princeps), Apulius, Suetonius, and what remain, the most characteristic, if not the happiest specimen of his editing, the Characters of Theophrastus. All this while he continued to lecture his pupils, and, though confined by the ignorance of his auditors to humble ground, he himself applied to all the books he read in class the critical skill of a master. His copies of the tragedians, of Hesychius, Stephanus Byzantius, Synesius, Epictetus, bear evidence in their margins of his unwearied labour, the results of which—the mere sweepings of his study—were always at the service of his friends. He had fixed his eyes on Athenæus as the subject for his own *chef-d'œuvre*, and had for some time been making corrections of that corrupted author. His emendations were to be submitted to an Aristarchus whose opinion might be a trustworthy guide to an explorer adventuring on such a quagmire as the existing text. He was still

still only in his thirty-fifth year, and there was but one man in Europe to whom he could look up as his superior in Greek.

Scaliger had just (1593) removed to Leyden. In his retirement near Tours, he had been waited on by a deputation, humbly praying that it would please his lordship to deign to become the hope and light of the studies of the Dutch University. He might dictate his own terms. Let him but give his presence and his name; let him but occupy the professorial chair, and he need never descend to the labour of lecturing. On this condition, and after once flatly refusing their proposals, Scaliger had consented. It was now that Casaubon presented himself before the 'King of Letters' with his humble petition. 'He had debated it long,' he said, 'and ventured on the step with fear and trembling. For if he knew him to be a man, and one both amiable and condescending, he knew also that an intellect occupied in fathoming the mysteries of knowledge ought not lightly to be intruded on. In this spirit he presumed to knock at the gate of his friendship to ask for admission, including the favour of his advice and correspondence.' He received a gracious reply, and in return submitted a specimen of his Athenæus. It was slightly commended by Scaliger, with the cold addition, that he could, if it were worth while, point out blemishes. Casaubon, not repulsed, and sincerely anxious for the credit of his work, implored him in the most submissive terms not to keep back anything he had to say of his emendations. Scaliger was disarmed by such an entire surrender at discretion. He protests with arrogant humility that he was not so vain as to correct Casaubon, that he had never read anything more admirable than the notes on Athenæus, and that he was not ashamed to avow that there were innumerable things in them which he had learned for the first time, and that his ambition was to be esteemed not the least contemptible of those who called Casaubon master. The master understood well enough what these effusions were worth. He was not so simple as to take Scaliger at his word, and his discretion was able finally to ripen into a secure alliance, an acquaintance opened on the rotten foundation of mutual flattery. He desired to make a pilgrimage to King Joseph in Holland, and laid up two hundred *golden* crowns in a purse of *velvet* to defray the expenses of the journey. The coveted opportunity never arrived, and he was obliged to content himself with having 'knocked at the gate of Scaliger's friendship.' Though they never met, their correspondence was only broken by death, and is one of the most interesting in the collection of the epistles of Casaubon.

By this time our Diarist had by his numerous and careful editions

editions achieved a reputation in France and Germany. He had also formed connexions, not merely among scholars, but with a wide circle of men of rank and eminence. To one of these patrons was owing his removal—promotion it can scarcely be called—from the city which was at once his native and his adopted country, and in which he had struck all the roots, domestic and social, that give a man a hold on the 'solum patriæ.' He was undoubtedly attached to Geneva, yet he deserted it for a post, which offering him no better prospects than the one he was leaving, exposed him to charges of a discontented, capricious disposition. The imputation, taken in connexion with a confessedly somewhat querulous temper, cannot be pronounced altogether unfounded; yet the motives for his leaving Geneva are apparent enough, and have not been sufficiently considered by his biographers. His father-in-law was a most inconvenient and troublesome neighbour; and his slender salary was ill-paid, partly from the emptiness of the treasury, partly from the little estimation in which his functions were held by the long-cloaked party who administered the affairs of the Calvinistic republic. The atmosphere of the place was pre-eminently theological; and though Casaubon the man was esteemed, liked, loved, Casaubon the scholar was not appreciated at a scholar's value. His scrupulous attendance at four sermons per week was of more worth than the most profusely learned expositions from the professorial chair. Here were sources of disgust enough, and it took no more then than it does now to make a man whose position is uneasy desire to improve it by change of place. The fallacy of attempting to escape social annoyances by the expedient is only to be detected by trying the experiment.

He was thus in a mood to accept any promising opening which might present itself. Proposals had been made from universities in the United Provinces—from Leyden and Franeker; but they were neither very hearty or very distinct. The only tangible offer came from Montpellier, and this had been obtained for him by the influence of one of his powerful and warmest friends. Canarge de Fresne, a nobleman of rank, and of great credit at court, had been lately sent by Henri IV. into the south as president of the chamber (mipartie) of Languedoc. At his suggestion the town council of Montpellier, as early as 1595, had made overtures to Casaubon. They were not very alluring in themselves. Montpellier was as poor as Geneva; and being, like Geneva, closely bound up with the Huguenot cause, it shared equally in all the embarrassment under which the French Protestants were labouring at this crisis. Casaubon played with the proposal, anxious to escape from Geneva, but hoping to receive

receive some more eligible invitation. Two years passed away, and nothing else offered. The Government at Geneva did not take the hint, and would not, or could not, augment his stipend. The council of Montpellier, still prompted by De Fresne, renewed their instances, and Casaubon gave a tardy consent. It would, at least, remove him from Geneva, and bring him into France, where alone, if anywhere, he could look for preferment. Henri IV., who was on the point of completely accommodating the protracted religious troubles, would have preferments to dispense, and obscure hints were thrown out of Royal favour.

The university of Montpellier did not rank high. Its reputation rested almost entirely on its medical schools; though even in this department its fame was on the wane. Since the time when, on the ruin of Cordova, it had risen to be the first university of its class in the south-west of Europe, the throngs of students had dwindled, and four regius professors of physic, salaried from the treasury, now alone represented the numerous lecturers and demonstrators in anatomy, whom the payments of the pupils had once sufficed to maintain. It still continued, however, to rank next after Paris, and to be an M.D. of Montpellier was a sufficient title to practise anywhere. The number and severity of the examinations, sixteen of which had to be passed before the doctor's hood could be assumed, stamped a peculiar value on the degree, just as the facility with which the payment of fees secured the discredited appellation at Valencia had occasioned the saying, 'Doctor de Valenza, Longa Roba, corta scienza.' But medicine formed a faculty apart, which had its own university officers, who took precedence, and disclaimed connexion with the other faculties which had grown up by its side. In the faculty of laws the University possessed a teacher of some renown, William Rankin; in arts its celebrity was wholly provincial, as might have been expected from the fact that while the chairs of physic and anatomy were submitted to competition, those in arts were the patronage of the town council. If there was little distinction in the position, there was no pecuniary equivalent. When we find that the regius professors of medicine received only 600 francs, we shall not expect that the teachers in what were considered the inferior faculties would be highly paid. The evil was co-extensive with letters, and wherever there existed a full head it was almost sure to be accompanied by an empty purse. Bacon complained, in his Advancement of Learning, of 'the smallness and meanness of the salary which in most places is assigned unto the public lectures. In the universities of this realm, which I take to be of the best endowed universities of Europe, there is nothing more wanting towards the

the flourishing state of learning than the honourable and plentiful salaries of such readers.'

But little tempting as were the terms, they were not performed. They had promised him, besides his stipend, a house and firewood; the latter a costly item in a locality removed from the great forests, and where the cold in winter is occasionally intense. Neither condition was kept. He had to spend the first winter in two little rooms hired at his own cost, and not a tenth part of the wood was supplied. When, at last, they found him a house, he had to pay for it himself, and they immediately deducted the first year's rent, 30 francs, from the first half-year's stipend, which had been promised, but was not paid, in advance. They had engaged to give him four hundred and fifty francs towards furnishing the dwelling they had omitted to provide, and he could only get two-thirds of the sum. Disgusted with their faithlessness and their parsimony he seriously thought of retracing his steps to Geneva.

These difficulties, however, were owing to want of means more than to want of will on the part of his patrons. The disasters of the civil wars had exhausted all the parties in France, and they paid him as they could, in little sums at a time. But what was wanting in lucre, was in some degree compensated by the appreciation which was denied him at Geneva. Deputations from the corporation and the university met him on his arrival a mile from the city. His course was attended not only by the scholars, but by men of learning and eminence, of whom he found no lack at Montpellier. He selected for his subject, with a view to attract the legal students, the Laws and Civil Affairs of the Roman Republic. His prelection, as was usual in all the faculties, physic as well as arts and theology, was in the Roman tongue. His inaugural discourse was written; his subsequent lectures were spoken from notes. They consisted of detached remarks, or a running comment on some text, such as Book iii. of 'Cicero de Legibus.' His long, correct, but dull, sentences, largely interlarded with Greek; his profusion of learned illustration and quotation, which overloaded his subject, and the purely philological character of his course, were not at all adapted for general popularity. To account for his drawing an extra-academical audience, we must consider, besides the erudite taste of the age, the novelty of the exhibition, the celebrity of his name, and the desire of the authorities to do honour to their selection. He now, for the first time, tasted the gratification of a public homage, and witnessed in person the general recognition of his unrivalled attainments. Medicine was the ancient boast of Montpellier; law, which formerly had been monopolized by Poitiers, had more

recently begun to flourish among them: and Casaubon, they said, had at last brought the classics. He exerted himself to the utmost to meet their expectations. Too wise and too modest to be made vain, he felt the applause which attended his course to be less the reward of past labour than an incitement to further research. He gave up all his days to preparation for the lecture-room. His subject obliged him to be at once jurist and philologer, and great as were his acquisitions, he was fully conscious what regions of knowledge were still unexplored.

This bright season in a life of gloom was of short duration. The novelty wore off; the audiences fell away, and the niggardliness of the town council began to be seriously felt. He relapsed into his habitual despondency about his family affairs, and a severe illness came to aggravate his mental distress. The chancery of Paris, even on the personal solicitation of Rankin, refused to issue the letters of naturalization which had been promised him, except at an exorbitant fee, which Casaubon declined to pay. He had never contemplated Montpellier as a permanent residence, and the mortifications he experienced increased his impatience to leave it. He only coveted such a provision as should release him from the drudgery of teaching, and enable him to give his whole time to his books. In these he found his sole relief from vexations, and returning to his 'Athenæus' he again began to read with a view to edit. We survey with despair the stupendous monuments of the erudition of the time, and conclude that there were giants in the earth in those days. With more iron in the globules of their blood than we find in ours, the secret of their achievements is in their industry, and not in their force of mind. Sustained labour, prolonged to an advanced period of life, was as much the rule then as it is the exception now. Here is a man, at forty, who is in his own department of letters at the pinnacle of fame, and who has already secured whatever promotion is within his reach, toiling on at productions which could be no further source of fame or profit. He would have hailed a benefactor of mankind in the being—

> 'Who first invented work, and bound the free
> And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
> To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood!'

Before he emigrated to France he had formed a connexion with a wide circle of distant friends, entailing a heavy correspondence. Letter-writing, not on business, but on literary topics, took up much of his time, and he paid the tax grudgingly. Though a quick-tempered, he was a warm-hearted and affectionate man, and he soon conciliated a numerous set of fresh friends in his new place of residence. The fashionable era of Montpellier

Montpellier had not yet commenced. Fifty years later it had become a great winter resort for health or pleasure; and dress, visiting, and fashionable company had transformed it from a Huguenot fortified town to a lively watering-place. Edward Browne, son of Sir Thomas, who visited it in 1664, while he reports highly to his father of its medical school, is no less charmed with its society:—

'This place is the most delightful of all France, being seated upon a hill in sight of the sea, inhabited by a people the most handsome in the world; the meanest of them going neatly drest every day, and their carriage so free that the merest stranger hath acquaintance with those of the best rank of the town immediately.'

In Casaubon's time the social disposition was equally strong, but the visiting was on a more simple and primitive footing. His friends—'amici quam non amici!'—dropped in on him every morning, and though our courteous student received them in his workshop, he all the while was counting the minutes and wishing them gone. Notwithstanding his sighs and groans over morning callers and gossiping half-hours, he dedicated whole days with satisfaction to a *tête-à-tête* with Rankin, or the President de Fresne, and was always ready for a conversation on the state of the Church, on the prospects of 'the Religion,' and on the backsliding of Henri IV. Six a. m. was a late hour for him to enter his study; five, and often earlier, was more usual. His first act was one of devotion, and unless specially busy, he gave an hour to the Hebrew Scriptures, or some religious book. The author he had in hand occupied him, with the interval of breakfast at ten, till the lecture, which was usually at four, was announced by the tolling of the great bell. He lectured four days in the week. Wednesday and Saturday were holidays,—*Mercredi*, then styled '*jour d'Hippocrate*,' being substituted, in the medical school of Montpellier, for Thursday, which was adopted in most universities. Though the town was wholly Huguenot, yet from long custom the 'jours chomés' of the Catholic ritual were kept as holidays, but the emancipation from the lecture-room was counterbalanced by sermons, of which there was one nearly every day in the week, and on Sundays four. The university functionaries were not bound to attend. Yet Casaubon was usually present at festivals, and always on Sundays, not, however, without a strong sense of the sacrifice he was making in quitting Chrysostom or Basil in his study to comply with the custom of a Church where the quantity of preaching was in his judgment so often in the inverse proportion to its quality.

'Their sermons,' says Heylin, writing in 1625, 'are very plain and homespun, little in them of the Fathers and less of human learning, it

being concluded in the synod of Cappe that only the Scriptures should be used in their pulpits. They consist much of exhortation and use, and of nothing in a manner which concerneth knowledge; a ready way to raise up and edify the will and affection, but withal to starve the understanding.'

Calvin himself was 'facundiæ contemptor,' and at Montpellier the entire duty was performed by two curés, of whom the one was incapacitated by age, and the other by youth. On Sundays, after the first sermon, which was at 8 A.M., Casaubon wrote letters, pursued his ordinary studies, or received his friends. To our astonishment we find that there was no strictness in keeping the sabbath among the French Protestants of that age of theological ferment. The commencement of the summer vacation varied with the time of Easter, but it was not later than the first week in July, and the schools re-opened in August or September. The Christmas holidays began in the middle of December, and lasted about a month. Sometimes, but very rarely, he went beyond the walls for health or recreation, and he visited de Fresne at Carcassonne, or walked out to the country villa of Dr. Sarrasin, or went over the ruins of Maguelonne.

The chair he occupied is called by Le Clerc the chair of Greek and Literæ Humaniores. The subjects on which he lectured were miscellaneous enough. He opened his course, as has been said, with the Roman History and Constitution. He afterwards took up the ὅρκος of Hippocrates, the whole of whose works he had gone through in private in little more than a month. In addition to his ordinary course he read from time to time some Greek author with a voluntary class. We find mention made of Homer, Pindar, Theophrastus, Aristotle's Ethics, Persius, Plautus (Captivi), and Cicero ad Atticum. At a later period Theophrastus on Plants was in reading, and the pleasure was heightened by the discovery that the last editor (the elder Scaliger) had left room for a plentiful crop of emendations. Though in common with his age he thought philosophy meant Aristotle, he could not live at Montpellier without discovering that medicine was something more than the perusal of Hippocrates and Galen. He was a not infrequent attendant at the medical disputations, and even at dissections, and he entered with zest into some chemical experiments when on a visit to Lyons. It may deserve to be mentioned that at Paris in 1601 (January 18) he bestowed a spare hour on a show of 'illius equi Scotici mirabilis,' in which readers of Shakspeare will recognise the 'dancing horse' of 'Love's Labour lost.'* His reading was discursive, not desultory,

* 'How easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.' The date of the first edition of Love's Labour Lost is 1598.

tory, and when he commenced a book he generally persevered to the end. In the spring of 1597, though labouring under a severe attack of dysentery, and much interrupted by the disputes with the Council, and by several changes of lodgings, the works he digested were Hippocrates, Basil, Seneca, Suidas, and Cedrenus, while the Hebrew Bible, Chrysostom, Jerome, Tertullian, Menander Rhetor, and Philostratus were read cursorily or in parts. All this was between February and June, and was quite independent of two courses of lectures, for some of which considerable research was required. He was sensible at times that he was impairing his power of thought by over-much reading, and after resolving to resist its seductions was ever and anon driven back when he began to reflect of how much he was ignorant. There is a notion afloat that the great scholars of the olden time were merely prodigies of pedantry who knew nothing beyond Greek and Latin; and the study of their lives in correcting this error will dispel another,—that it is impossible to be at once discursive and deep. The Scaligers and Casaubons took a wide range; but devoted more hours to each field of the farm than punier cultivators bestow upon their one little plot.

In June Casaubon began to devote himself to Athenæus. He instinctively discerned what a congenial field he offered to his own turn of scholarship, and had long marked him down as his game. Other occupations and the prospect of a removal from Geneva had deferred the execution of his project. Now, when he seemed to be settled for life and in the full maturity of his powers and acquirements, he gave himself to a task, of which the arduous nature could with difficulty be overrated. Those who suppose that to edit a classic is among the easiest of literary toils, and only a fit occupation for laborious dulness, can form no conception of what Casaubon accomplished. Those only who know that a perfectly good edition of a classic is among the rarest of the triumphs which the literary Fasti have to record; that for the last three centuries we have been incessantly labouring at the Greek and Latin remains, and yet that the number which have been satisfactorily edited is fewer than that of great epics, or histories; and who call to mind that some of the most popular of ancient authors who have been attempted the oftenest, as *e. g.*, Horace, still awaits a competent expositor—those only can measure what a giant's strength was required to cope with Athenæus, in the state in which his remains existed in the time of Casaubon. It was a giant's strength that Casaubon put forth,

1598. To the illustrations collected by Douce we may add, besides this visit of Casaubon, an allusion in Whitlock's Zootomia, 'Nay, I believe Banks his horse was taught in better language than some would have Christians taught.'

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and he produced a work which has continued to this day one of the landmarks of philology. That it is utterly inadequate as an edition of Athenæus is only a consequence of its having appeared in the sixteenth century; but as a collection of most multifarious erudition, very pertinently applied to illustrate the text, it must always remain a standard book of reference, and has as yet indeed no equal. Casaubon's weakness lay in arranging the text, and for this there was more than one reason. He appears to have committed himself to this portion of his labours prematurely, having revised it for a spirited publisher and patron of letters, Jerome Commelin, of Heidelberg, with whose name on the title-page it appeared in 1598, before Casaubon left Geneva, where it was printed at the press of his brother-in-law, Paul Estienne. The basis of his text was that of the Basle edition of 1535, which he corrected from collations made in Italy by Henri Estienne, and by conjectures of his own, and other scholars, who had exercised their skill on detached passages. But, with the laxity of his age, he has not given that exact *signalement* of the MSS. employed, which can enable us to identify them: and worse still, he has not always distinguished between the readings of his authorities and the emendations suggested by his own ingenuity. He has thus, if anything, multiplied the difficulties of determining the genuine text. But had he bestowed all the pains in his power there was one department of the critical art to which no scholar of his day was competent—the metrical arrangement of the poetical citations, with which Athenæus is studded. Even in the prose portion our Diarist is not often happy in his conjectures—a species of sagacity in which he was surpassed by many of his contemporaries—and in the verse he is helpless. The Latin translation was worse than the original Greek, for to save time—(in the case of Casaubon it could hardly have been done to save trouble)—he reprinted the version of Daléchamp, which very incorrect in itself, was not accommodated to the new recension. When the Editor of Athenæus commenced later an edition of Polybius, which he never lived to complete, warned perhaps by his former negligence, he began by turning the first book into Latin, and with such success that some of his contemporaries affirmed that we, who came after, would find it difficult to decide whether Casaubon translated Polybius, or Polybius Casaubon. Apart from the hyperboles of prettily turned compliments, M. Nisard, an excellent judge, pronounces it a model of its kind—uniting literal fidelity with purity of language and elegance of composition.

The volume, then, hastily printed at Geneva, and published by Commelin, would never have made or sustained a reputation. It is

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in the other half of the work, the volume of 'Animadversions,' prepared during his residence at Montpellier, that his genius shone forth. The rich and fertilizing stream of his inexhaustible erudition diffuses itself over the page, and keeps the reader in perpetual admiration at its steady and well-directed supply. There is nothing philosophical about his philology; but, on the other hand, he does not merely cite and accumulate.* His knowledge comes from his mind, as well as from his memory or his commonplace book. He was far enough from being versed in politics, but speaks of the life and affairs of the Greeks and Romans with uniform good sense, like a plain man, who understood in a plain way what life and affairs were. It was an advantage imposed upon him by the age in which he lived, that all his information was gathered at first hand. The compendia and syllogeses, the manuals of antiquities, philosophy, and history, which smooth the path of the modern scholar, save his time and preserve him from blunders, but they inevitably tinge with a borrowed hue the pure impression of ancient manners and ideas, which immediate contact with the orginals can alone secure.

Such are the celebrated 'Animadversiones in Athenæum.' The Ephemerides enable us to compute the time—almost the days and hours—which Casaubon bestowed on the task. The foundation was laid when he was engaged on the text at Geneva, and it was at Montpellier, June 23, 1597, that he began seriously to shape his collections into a commentary. He completed on April 16 of the following year the first rough draught of what now constitutes a folio volume of a thousand pages. Within a few days he commenced an entire revision of what he had written. There is no note of the time occupied by these 'secundæ curæ,' but he was still engaged by them on the 3rd of July, when he left home for an absence of some months. A third and final review, including writing out for the press, was begun at Lyons,

* He was not, however, free from the weakness with which we are so familiar in the commentators of Shakspeare, of piling up quotation upon quotation for the sole purpose of displaying his reading. M. Nisard has given a specimen of the manner in which he contrives to append three pages of note to two words of text. Theophrastus had alluded to the habit of the dealers at Athens in putting money into their mouths when, in the hurry of business, they had not time to put it into their purse. Casaubon backs up his interpretation with an array of passages from Alexis, Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, and others. Then he remarks that the essence of the custom might be witnessed in his own time with the women who held their pins between their lips to avoid the trouble of sticking them into the pin-cushion. Upon this hint he takes a fresh start, and launches out into a dissertation on the danger of the practice, and infers that, as the women of the fourteenth century sometimes swallowed a pin, the shopkeepers of Athens may have done the same by a coin. This carries him off to the passage of Aristophanes, in which Guelpis meets with precisely such an accident, and here at last he stops in his 'excursus!' M. Nisard justly remarks of notes, that the more the light is concentrated the stronger it shows.

March

March 20, 1599, and with much interruption completed at Paris, August 9, 1600,—the year in which the 'Animadversiones' were published.

The vexations of the printing-house were not the least misery of the learned enthusiasts of that generation. Before Casaubon turned his back upon Geneva he confided a few leaves, which he had prepared of his Commentary, to the family press. His despotic father-in-law had two correctors at the period, one of whom was ignorant of typography, and the other of Greek. Between them they provoked the despairing editor to withdraw his manuscript. He hoped for better luck when he was settled at Montpellier, and found on his arrival that the city of Hippocrates was without a set of Greek types. He had then recourse to the printers of Lyons who possessed the types, but had no compositors who were skilled in the use of them. Casaubon scolded and entreated by turns without perceptible result, and he exclaimed in his letters that his hair was growing white with the harassing conflict.

To have done with the book was all the satisfaction it ever gave him. The work itself had been throughout its progress an irksome task, 'catenati in ergastulo labores.' Should any one have had occasion to feel that the fruits of a life of ambition are 'apples of Sodom,' let him not conclude that the life of the man of letters is an unmixed delight. The recent complaints which have been raised against literature as a profession have turned chiefly on the fact that it is so poorly remunerated. None of the plaintiffs have pleaded the throes attendant on the act of composition, or the exquisite torture of a fastidious taste, exercised like a conscience, 'tortore flagello,' on its own products. Literary leisure, if it mean to read books, may be a very agreeable life, but to have to write them is another thing. While engaged in translating Homer, Pope used to be haunted by the ghost of his undertaking in his dreams, and 'wished to be hanged a hundred times.' Of the blood and sweat, the groans and sighs, which enter into the composition of a volume in folio, as much as into that of a hogshead of sugar, no more faithful record has ever been preserved than in these 'Ephemerides.' Yet Casaubon was not writing for bread, nor for fame. He had the latter, and the former was not then to be procured by books. The pains of composition were not even repaid by the parental pleasure of contemplating his offspring. To Casaubon the labour and its result were equally repulsive and disappointing. He felt most bitterly, on the completion of his 'Animadversions' how far he had fallen short of his own ambitious designs, and humbly invokes the aid of Scaliger to amend passages, of which the

the corruption had baffled his skill. He was sometimes inclined to explain his distaste by the frivolity or grossness of parts of his author, and he continually sighed for the time when, rid of his travail, he could give himself up to sacred letters. On regaining his liberty he refrained from executing his vow. Athenæus done, he took up with Persius; and when, many years after, he did resign the classics for the Fathers, the result was pronounced by general consent a signal failure.

We have anticipated a little, in order to keep together the history of the Athenæus. It has been seen that on his first removal to Montpellier, his friends had dropped hints of some further promotion. In the summer of 1598, they allured him to Paris, where he was presented at court, and the hopes were authenticated by the King in person. Nothing specific was promised, but he was led to understand that it was intended to appoint him to a chair of classical literature in the University of that capital. There were, however, difficulties in the way, with which his friends were acquainted, but of which he himself only learnt later the full extent. He was not long in suspense. In December, De Vicq announced that he had obtained him a patent for a retaining pension till he should be installed in his chair; and he signified his promotion to the Council of Montpellier. He still awaited a nomination in form. On the 22nd of January, after dinner, he was gladdened by the sight of the expected document, as it still exists among the Burney MSS., signed by the King, and countersigned by the secretary. It was, however, no presentation to a Royal Professorship, but a command to relinquish his engagement at Montpellier, and come to Paris, where it was the King's intention to employ him in the profession of the Literæ Humaniores. These indefinite expressions might have raised suspicions; but he seems to have had none at first, and immediately prepared to obey the summons. He despatched his family and his books as far as Lyons, and speedily followed himself, little foreseeing that this promise of future advancement was nearly all he should ever get from the French court. He had been very impatient to leave Montpellier, but it soon appeared that there was no occasion for hurrying to Paris. He lingered months at Lyons, where, with his family and library, he was lodged in the hotel of his magnificent patron, De Vicq, who also undertook to advance the requisite sums for bringing out the 'Animadversions.' Literature was not held in the same esteem in the town as in the house of his friend, and there was little demand for any books except breviaries. When De Vicq wanted to send a present to Germany, Casaubon at his request hunted the shops for anything in the shape of a new publication, but without

without success. What Lyonnese booksellers there were must have been truly 'cormorants on the tree of knowledge,' if the widow Harsy, who published for Casaubon, was a fair specimen of the race. She appears to have taken advantage of the poor Diarist's simplicity, and cheated him with a barefaced impudence that could only have been used to a man who was far too deep in Greek and Latin to attend to anything else. Before he closed his career, he had successively tasted all the ills but one of the scholar's life:—

'Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.'

The last was his only blank chapter in the Calamities of Authors.

Meanwhile his friends at court, who had his interest much at heart, and whose honour was pledged to promote it, were urging on the fulfilment of the promise that had been made him; but the obstacles in the way were becoming every day more apparent, and were really on the increase. In a word, the tide of feeling and opinion at Paris was now setting in with increased strength against the Reformed religion and its adherents. It was thirty years since the S. Bartholomew, and the reaction—if indeed there had been any—which followed that massacre had quite died away, and the Parisian mob were ready for a second. In no part of that mob was the hatred against 'cette maudite secte Huguenote et Hablonisté' more vehement than among the students of the 'pays Latin.' In going out on Sundays to any of the three churches which the Edict of Nantes allowed them in the banlieu they were liable to be robbed and insulted by the roystering youth. Paris and its schools had throughout the troubles been the stronghold of the League; and now, when in the provinces the stream had turned strongly in favour of the Catholics, it was not likely that the capital would cool in its zeal for orthodoxy. The university occupied a position between two enemies, the Reformed on one hand, and the Jesuits on the other. The latter were, at the moment, by far the most formidable foe; but the very opposition of the colleges and professors to the encroachments of ultra-Catholics, rendered it more incumbent on them to place their orthodoxy above suspicion by keeping the Calvinists at bay. University interests are among the first to suffer in a time of civil war, and the wars of the League had been no exception. Students had fallen off, lectures were interrupted, discipline had become impossible; the endowments of exhibitions and professorial stipends, generally secured on lands or houses, were irregularly paid or altogether in abeyance. Accordingly, one of the first cares of Henri IV. as soon as he became undisputed master was to endeavour to restore efficiency to the educational establishments. A commission was appointed to review

review the statutes; the old professorial chairs were revived and two new ones created. But it was gradually found to be impossible to enforce the religious equality, which was the wish of the King. When, accordingly, in 1600 (September 18th), Henri's new statutes were promulgated in full assembly of the academical body, they contained an enactment prohibiting the admission to the colleges not only of Huguenot teachers, but even of Huguenot students. Strangers lodging in the town were still allowed to attend the courses without regard to their tenets; but if they discoursed with the collegians on subjects of religion, they were to be interdicted the privilege.

Under these circumstances it was impossible that effect could be given to the mandate addressed to Casaubon at Montpellier. Indeed, when we look at the date and the terms of the summons, it is difficult to believe that it was made in good faith:—

'Monsieur de Casaubon' (it ran), 'ayant deliberé de remettre sus l'Université de Paris, et d'y attirer pour cest effect le plus de savans personnages q'il me sera possible; sachant le bruit que vous avez d'estre aujourdhui des premiers de ce nombre, je me suis resolus de me servir de vous pour la profession des bonnes lettres en la ditte université, et vous ay a ceste fin ordonné tel appointment,' &c.

Before the date of this letter (Jan. 3, 1599), it must have been sufficiently apparent that no Huguenot, in the present temper of the university, could be quietly seated in one of its chairs. The truth we believe was, that the court even then entertained expectations of winning Casaubon over to the fashionable side of Roman Catholic orthodoxy. These expectations were most sanguine at the outset, and were not unreasonable, looking at the numerous conversions which took place every day. They only died away gradually as the proselytizers slowly arrived at the discovery that they had mistaken their man. Casaubon and the court misunderstood one another. He was so candid, so reasonable, and admitted so much, that they supposed him ripe for apostacy, while he, in turn, imagined they would accept him in spite of his heresy, since they seemed to prize so highly his reputation for learning.

But if the court thus dallied with him to procure an abjuration, the University professors showed him the steadiest aversion. With them his religion was only the pretext, and the real motive was professional jealousy. They hated him with the hate which dull mediocrity bears to superior merit, and were glad of any excuse for shutting their gates on him. The splendid days of the University—the days of Francis I.—were gone by, and the great names of Lambinus and Turnebus had been replaced by men of an inferior stamp; many of them, like Passerat, useful teachers,

teachers, but with all that over-estimate of their own importance which teaching, whether in the school-room or the lecture-hall, is apt to engender. Seen through the distorted medium of academic judgments, Charpentier was preferred to Ramus, and Marcile to Scaliger. At the time of Casaubon's first visit to the capital, Marcile was the 'magnus Apollo' of the students; and the Parisian professor sent a patronizing message to the humble provincial, that he had his permission to call upon him. Casaubon meekly complied, and paid his respects in that wonderful apartment in the College du Plessis, in which this admirable Crichton had, as his disciples reported, spent, like another Pythagoras, ten years in unbroken study. Pigeon-holes round the walls contained the fruits of his vigils—commentaries on the civil law, a perfect compilation on Roman antiquities, translations of Aristotle, and dictations on all the principal classics. The egotism, presumption, ignorance, and pedantry, were highly offensive to Causabon, who took care never to repeat his visit, and when he came to settle in Paris he chose a lodging on the court side of the water, with the avowed purpose of avoiding the dwellers in the University quarter. Afterwards, however, he shifted over to the opposite bank, and established himself close to the great convent of the Cordeliers, which became so notorious in the first French Revolution.

While Casaubon was at Lyons awaiting the course of events, he was a second time summoned by a letter from De Vicq, which announced a speedy arrangement. He travelled post with such diligence that he reached Paris early on the sixth day. He got a most gracious reception at court, and Henri repeated his intention of employing him in the University. Casaubon had become sufficiently aware of its character to have lost all desire to be admitted to its honours, even if the realization of the promise had been possible. 'May the earth,' he said, 'swallow me up rather than be the colleague of such a knave as Marcile.' His friends suggested his appointment to the Keepership of the Royal Library, which would retain him in immediate dependence on the King, who though he had not and never affected any taste for letters, had taken a personal liking to Casaubon. The office was not vacant, but he received a patent of the place in reversion, and for the present a pension of 2000 francs, with a further sum to defray the expenses of removal. Though this may seem a paltry allowance, it was above the average of professors' stipends at that time, or, if we look at pensions, the poet Malherbe accepted one of 1000 francs, and it was only in his old age that it was raised to 1500. It was enough for Casaubon, with what little property had come into his possession,

possession, to secure him, at least, all the necessaries of life. But he soon found that to get a bill on the Treasury was one thing, and to get it paid was another. The admirable Sully, who had not spared his own estate or timber during the necessities of his Sovereign, was a rigid economist; and after passing the *surintendant*, there was still to run the gauntlet of the inferior officers. Those who were paid at all had no chance of being paid in full. An enormous percentage was demanded for cashing a treasury draft, and Henri Estienne, on once presenting a bill of Henry III. for 1000 crowns, was offered 600 as a reasonable compromise. On his expressing his willingness to allow 50 crowns discount, the clerk laughed in his face: 'Je vois bien que vous ne scavez pas ce que c'est que les finances; vous reviendrez à l'offre, et ne la retrouverez pas.' It was certainly essential that there should be parsimony somewhere. Between his passion for play and his passion for women, Henri would have long before involved his finances, if Sully had not kept the key of his coffers. The marquise in the morning, and the dice in the evening, left little margin for poets or scholars, and the inexorable paymaster, to add to the difficulty, did not like Casaubon, though of his own religious persuasion. The poor Grecian had to tramp many a fruitless journey to the Rue St. Antoine, and to waste many a weary hour in the antechamber, before he could get to speak with the minister, and we are not surprised that the great Sully of history should be handed down to us in the letters of the poverty-stricken pensioner as 'iniquissimus quæstorum præfectus.'

The King's countenance continued to shine on Casaubon, and if he was rebuffed at the Treasury he was welcomed at the Palace. Henri was not a prince who saw character, as most princes must do, with other men's eyes. His long and early admixture in the rough and equal school of camps had made him a shrewd judge of men, and he retained to the last his frank and sociable *Béarnaise* humour. He delighted to converse with Casaubon: not that their talk was like the subsequent colloquies with James I., of classics and Roman antiquities, or of the Five Points, but they had still one serious subject in common—the interest of the Protestant Churches. Notwithstanding Henri's abjuration, and his having now become, whatever may originally have been the case, sincerely bent on establishing the Catholic religion, he was not utterly forgetful of the interests of the Protestant minority, to whom he had till recently belonged, and whose arms had kept open for him the road to the throne. He knew, what many of his new advisers did not, that it was possible to be a Huguenot and yet a pious man. He saw that Casaubon had the zeal without the fanaticism of the Calvinists, and—strange inconsistency

sistency of the human heart!—the libertine and the gamester delighted to talk with the pious, devout, and almost ascetic scholar of their *common* religious hopes. There was no hypocrisy here: it was but the other side of the man. Pursuing his licentious amours at fifty, with a passion unpardonable at twenty-five, he loved to listen to the searching sermons of the Père Cotton, and to the serious and solemn conversation of Casaubon —'graves cum rege de pietate sermones.'

The Père Cotton, a Jesuit, was the King's confessor, and such was his influence that it was said of Henri that he had cotton in his ears. The ill offices of the Jesuit were never wanting to discredit the Huguenot. Persevering calumny, which, addressed to a weak prince, is certain death to the object of his estimation, is at least a slow poison with the strongest minds, and after a lengthened absence of the King from Paris, the clouded brow and averted eye would declare to Casaubon how the enemy had improved their opportunities. The impression was dissipated by renewed intercourse, and the eulogiums of more candid and loftier minds. It is a high testimony to Casaubon's personal worth, that the best men of both religions were his friends, and that his enemies were the fiercest and most bigoted partizans of the rival creeds. The premier president, Achille de Harlay, his brother-in-law, the great De Thou, and Petau (Paul), great-uncle of the celebrated Jesuit theologian, were a tried trio, who, though Catholics, stood by him against all opponents. It was to De Thou's interference that he was now indebted for not being disappointed of the post of King's Librarian. Casaubon had for three years had the patent of survivorship in his possession; but with great delicacy had never mentioned it to the aged occupant of the office, though at different times he received much annoyance from him. When he died, the same Spanish cabal that had clamoured against the appointment of Sully as ambassador to England, because he was a Huguenot, were urgent with the King that so responsible a post as the custody of the MSS. of the Fathers should not be intrusted to Casaubon. To avoid seeming however to pass him over an account of his religion, they proposed to invite Grotius from the Hague, to show that the objections were on personal grounds. Casaubon, with a lofty pride of spirit, refused to solicit or to urge his claims; but the cotton with which the royal ears were stopped was, as yet, penetrable by the voice of De Thou, who was grandmaster of the Library. His interference was decisive. Casaubon was confirmed in the place with an addition of 400 francs to his pension.

With an office thus honourable, of which, though not a sinecure, the duties were light and congenial, enjoying the esteem of

of all the good and wise of the capital, and having achieved a European reputation, the position of Casaubon might appear even enviable, and might certainly have been supposed productive of content. But there were bitters in the cup, and before we charge the repining tone in which he always spoke of his situation in Paris, to dissatisfied temper, we must make allowance for the annoyances to which he was exposed. A stipend of 2500 francs, though even above the average of literary incomes at the time, was a narrow dependence for a large family to whose periodical increase there seemed no end; and he had, besides, his sister (a widow) and her child on his hands. It could barely have met their necessary requirements, and education for the sons, or provision for the daughters, must have been out of the question. The scale of living, and of every other expense, was far higher in the capital as compared with the provinces than it is at present. He could not rent an apartment that would hold them all, though small and inconvenient, under 300 francs. The modest portion which would have been suitable for the daughters of a provincial curé would, he complains, be spurned by a Parisian lackey. When the city of Nismes offered him 1800 francs as Professor, he admits that it was better than the 2500 francs he had at present, if he took into account the cost of residing at the respective places. Independent of his salary his own resources were next to nothing; for he had early dipt into them by the indispensable necessity of a classical library, and he lost the remainder of his little patrimony, while still charged with his mother's jointure, by the dishonesty of the corporation of Bordeaux. The total had been but some 1500 francs and 35 sheep, and the greater part of it was invested in bonds of that town. The municipality, finding the burthen inconvenient, and knowing the widow Casaubon to be helpless, repudiated principal and interest. His wife's fortune was lost in a way he thought still more grievous, by the rapacity and injustice of the Senate and Presbytery of Geneva—his own Geneva, for which 'he would have gladly laid down his life'—and he inveighs with much vehemence against the 'unjust, inhuman, and unrighteous decision of these pharisees and hypocrites!' But John Le Clerc had heard a different version from his grandfather of one part, at least, of these proceedings. Besides a considerable sum of money, there were among the effects of Henri Estienne at Geneva the celebrated Greek matrixes, which Francis I. had caused to be cast, and the great scholar had pawned them in some pecuniary crisis for 400 crowns to Nicolas Le Clerc. The matrixes were now claimed by the King of France as the property of the Crown. Whether the claim was just or not, one thing was clear, that

that Le Clerc was entitled to his 400 crowns, and we must certainly confirm the decision of the Genevan courts, that the money ought to come from the estate of Henri Estienne. If the matrixes were not his, he had no power to mortgage them, and if they were, the French Crown, which wrongfully claimed them of the heirs, was the party in fault, and not the magistrates of Geneva. Le Clerc had the strongest reason to complain, for he was only reimbursed the half of his loan, and though it was mean in a King of France to withdraw from the Estienne family at the third generation the stock in trade which had been turned to such noble account, it is yet admitted that Francis I. had never pretended that they were an absolute gift.

Casaubon was more justified in his constant uneasiness at the uncertain tenure of what he continued to enjoy. It was with difficulty he could touch his quarter's salary of 600 francs, because perchance 300,000 in hard cash had been handed over that morning to Mademoiselle d'Entragues. No sums were too vast to be lavished on the King's pleasures; if the money is not forthcoming, the *gabelle* can be doubled, and a tax of 15 per cent. can be laid on woollen cloths; no sum was too small not to be grudged to the most learned scholar in France. Henri IV. was a patron of literature, and ranks not the lowest among the sovereigns who have encouraged and pensioned its cultivators; but the Marquise de Verneuil would not have stooped to pick up a draft for the total amount of the bounty he bestowed upon authors: 'Hos inter sumptus sestertia Quintiliano ut multum duo sufficiunt.'

Casaubon soon experienced in addition the painful truth that the man who accepts favours at court belongs no longer to himself, and has parted with his peace and independence. Innumerable compliances and accommodations were expected of him, which were no sacrifices to supple courtiers, but were felt as humiliating by one who had principles to cherish. All offices, small as well as great, were in former times held during the pleasure of the Sovereign, and if what was given was little, much was expected in return. The zeal of the Jesuits, co-operating with the favour of the Court, was bringing back the noblesse to the bosom of the Church, with a success that attracted universal attention, and was, in fact, the most remarkable occurrence of the time. The political *proneurs* of the League were succeeded in the pulpits of Paris by theological controversialists, incessantly handling the topics of Romanist polemics. In point of learning, the Reformed party in France were much overmatched by their antagonists, and Casaubon was almost the only exception among his co-religionists in the capital. His immense erudition, his standing at court, the favour of the King, and

and the friendship of the learned, made him conspicuous above the ill-educated, narrow, and obscure knot of Calvinist pastors, who ministered to the spiritual wants of the proscribed congregations at Hablon or Charenton. When his friends and patrons were going over daily, he became a mark for the renewed assaults of the proselytisers, and he might have said, as Bellamine did of himself, 'Ego pungor, ego plector.' At each fresh triumph in other quarters they returned to attack the fortress that still defied them, their irritation increasing with every repulse. Du Perron reasoned with him from antiquity; Fronto Ducæus threatened him with the loss of the royal favour; others promised him all the rewards that Rome could bestow. Argument he waived, though professing himself always willing to listen, for he had seen enough of controversy to be convinced by experience of the truth of what he had read in Gregory Nazianzen, that no fruit is ever gathered from the thorns of dialectics. The threats he despised, and the offers of preferment he indignantly rejected. His friends who were Romanized already tried their efforts. Canaye de Fresne contrived theological breakfast parties, at which he entrapped Casaubon into the company of Jesuit priests. It was more than once reported, and believed, that he had actually gone over, and the rumours were by no means fraudulent inventions. They originated in the sincere but precipitate zeal of sanguine religionists, who trained to think prodigies, when their own Church was concerned, more probable than not, were always believing that Christendom was on the eve of returning to the bosom of the Pope. The same fallacious dream has been indulged by the Romanists of our day, and however often they awake to find that it was but the phantom of their brain, they are always ready to hail anew the deceitful vision. Our Diarist's conduct, though it never afforded any real ground for such expectations, wore just that complexion which, to superficial observers, imports hesitation and uncertainty. In this way Baxter was abused by High Churchmen as a Roundhead; and stigmatised as an Erastian by Nonconformists. Casaubon, on solid grounds and sufficient knowledge, was distinctly attached to the Protestant form of faith and worship. But he was moderate in his opinions, and candid in his arguments, and while his temperate language made his Roman Catholic companions believe what they wished, the fanatics of his own party thought it treason to their cause that he refused to father the whole of their extravagance.

One of the most remarkable examples of Casaubon's impartiality and its natural consequences was exhibited in his conduct at the conference of Fontainebleau, which has been compared with that of Hampton Court. They had little resemblance except

in the unfairness with which they were managed, and the clumsy attempt on the part of those who got them up, to give a judicial character to a foregone conclusion. The issue to be tried at Fontainebleau was not the general issue between the Roman and the Protestant Church, but the good faith of certain quotations from the Fathers, in a book on the Eucharist, lately published by Philippe de Mornay, seigneur de Plessis-Marly. The elegance of the style, the noble birth of the author, and, above all, his lay character, had caused the book to make a great sensation. There is no question that his theological learning, of which he made a wonderful parade, was unequal to the undertaking. Du Perron affirmed that there were at least 500 false, garbled, or misinterpreted citations of the Fathers in the book, and Du Plessis challenged him in an evil hour to prove his charge. The Bishop, who was the most learned theologian in France, accepted the challenge, the King took up the matter, and Casaubon was adroitly nominated by the Romanists one of the arbitrators. There is an anecdote current that Henri IV., who presided at the discussion, turned to Sully after the opening debate, and said, 'What think you of your Pope?' 'I think,' replied Sully, 'that Mornay is more of a Pope than you imagine, for do not you see that he is conferring the red hat upon the Bishop of Evreux?' The minister meant that Du Plessis, by the weakness of his cause, was sure to give his popish adversary a triumph which would end in his being made a Cardinal. Besides fighting feebly while the contest continued, the Protestant pleaded illness, and withdrew from the lists. He was soon, in fact, convinced that his cause was bad. The greatest amount of critical erudition would not have saved, from innumerable blunders, any one who embarked, in that age, on the unexplored ocean of patristic learning. What could be expected from a lay-gentleman who had got up his references for the occasion, and who had doubtless, as Scaliger asserted, taken the majority of them at second-hand? It was as easy for Du Perron to expose De Mornay, as for Bentley to demolish Boyle. Though the real question put to *arbitrement* never touched the merits of the respective creeds, it was sure to be represented as a triumph of the Romanist over the Protestant cause. No Huguenot could comprehend how a true disciple could aid in the result, and Casaubon, for pronouncing that A was not B, was believed to be a secret ally of the enemy and a traitor to his faith. Pinauld, one of the ministers at Geneva, and a former friend, did not hesitate to write to him that, after the part he had played at the Conference, it must be doubtful whether he adhered to the true religion.

In the midst of the perplexities which beset him, Casaubon found,

found, or rather made, leisure to produce an enormous commentary upon Persius, which was published at Paris in 1605. None of his works were elaborated with greater vexation of spirit, and he declared that he had exhausted his mind upon the task. Scaliger, who had a low opinion of Persius, wrote to Casaubon, upon receiving the commentary, that 'the sauce was worth more than the fish.' The editor adroitly turned his defence of his author into a panegyric upon a critic who would brook no contradiction, and as among other faults he had objected to the obscurity of the satirist, Casaubon wonders that anything could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger.

In January, 1609, that celebrated scholar breathed his last. Besides his great work upon chronology, he won immense distinction as an editor of classics. Bayle has said, in a passage quoted by M. Nisard, that the ancients would laugh if they could read the thoughts that were imputed to them, and no one was ever more open to the criticism than the younger Scaliger. He showed the same partiality for ingenious refinements in amending as in interpreting his text; but nothing can be further removed than the blunders of dullness, and the extravagancies of genius, and his very errors were a proof of his powers. His contemporaries lavished on him all the flowers of panegyric. He was more allied to the Gods than to men; he was the sun of letters, the Hercules of the Muses, an abyss of erudition, an ocean of knowledge, the miracle of nature. Those who bestowed the appellations were not far from believing in them, and their subject was convinced of their literal truth. He was the most arrogant of mortals, and the faintest whisper of dissent from one of his wild conjectures or fanciful explanations almost put him beside himself. He recommended the sceptics to light a candle to add to the blaze of noon-day, and warned them that after all it would be useless, since no light could enable the blind to see. He called them asses, apes, hogs, beetles, and other names too bad to be penned. Much of the homage he received was due to the circumstance that to kiss his foot was the only way to avoid being kicked. He was attended by Heinsius on his death-bed, and the last words which fell from the lips of the disdainful dictator were:—'Fly *pride* and *arrogance;* hate as much as possible ambition; take care above all to do nothing against your conscience. My son, it is over with me. Your Scaliger has lived.' The scene recalls the dying words of Louis XIV. to his successor. 'My son, you are about to be a great king, but depend for all your happiness upon obedience to God, and the care you take of your people. Do not imitate me in my taste for buildings and wars. They are the ruin of a nation. I have

often commenced war too lightly, and persevered in it from vanity.' Of all the lessons which can be read to the living, none speaks so powerfully as this—that the commonest exhortation from dying men is to avoid the vice for which they have been notorious themselves.

The Fontainebleau Conference was held in 1600, the first year of Casaubon's residence at Paris, and from that time his position had annually become more uneasy. The King and the Catholics were now getting weary of the protracted siege. They resolved to push it with redoubled vigour, and oblige him to capitulate. Du Perron had orders to pursue him like his shadow, to waylay him in his walks, intrude upon his meals, and sit at his elbow in the library. On all these occasions, the single topic of conversation was the errors of the Protestant, and the infallibility of the Romanist religion. The skilful controversialist enticed the scholar upon ground to which he was a comparative stranger, and where he himself was as much at home as Casaubon would have been in Athenæus or Persius. Once, when the poor man felt that if he had the best cause he was having the worst of the argument, he begged that the discussion might be adjourned to the following day, and spent the night in reading the Fathers. A night's reading was but a miserable training for a conflict with a theologian who had prepared himself by years of laborious study to be the champion of his church, and the morning's conference was not more propitious to Casaubon than that of the previous evening. It was evident to him that he could not continue to be both Keeper of the King's library and of his own conscience, and it is thus that, with a summary of these and other trials, he opens the Diary of the year 1610:—

'May the year which this day commences be a happy one to us all! To myself, and all mine, wife, children, sister. Grant this, O everlasting God, I pray thee of thy mercy, and for the merits of thy only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. Now, if ever, yea more than ever, have I need of Thy aid and protection. Now, indeed, have I to fight without ceasing a spiritual fight. Not a day, not an hour, scarce a moment, have I respite from their attempts on me. The antagonists, too, are such as it is not easy either to neglect or shake off. We wrestle with men of the first consideration, either for learning or rank. I am perpetually forced to argue with an adversary who is, without dispute, of all on that side the first in learning; second to none in ability. [Du Perron.] Again, I have to support the most pressing instances from him who is above all in this kingdom in rank [the King], and to whom, under God, I owe for so long, maintenance, favour, and the leisure and ease I now enjoy. The matter has now come to that pass, that if I persist in opposing his wishes in this particular, I must forfeit his favour and benefits. When that happens what

what is to become of me? Long since, when I foresaw that it would come to this at last, I tried every resource I could think of, to provide for myself elsewhere. But all, one after another, failed me. Many offers and magnificent promises from great princes, but they have all come to nothing. My own means, besides, are in the most desperate condition. My sister has lost everything, and is dependent on me for support. I am made liable to her creditors, but we get nothing from those who are indebted to her....God immortal! my mind shudders lest, thus beset, I should offend thy Divine Majesty by doing that which I abhor and detest. πρίν μοι χάνοι εὐρεῖα χθών.'—*Ephemerides*, p. 705.

All that seemed to stand between him and disgrace, was the King's personal good will. Henri IV., though entirely selfish and destitute of real generosity, had a heartiness and frankness which enabled him to appreciate honesty of character in others. This was a very insecure guarantee; for one of the many blots in Henri's character was the facility with which, throughout life, he let his friends drop when they had served his turn. The tie, such as it was, was abruptly severed on the fatal 14th of May, 1610, and Casaubon was abandoned to the chances of a new court, where the face of everything was changed, and where he was only certain of the single fact, that his enemies were much more powerful than his friends.

At this juncture a new and unexpected patron appeared on the scene, a 'deus ex machina,' just at the crisis when he was wanted most. Many years before, while James I. was only King of Scotland, Casaubon had opened a correspondence with that prince. Though unversed in the more delicate arts 'de salon,' he administered flattery in no sparing doses, and apologised for the liberty he was taking by the necessity he felt to praise the rare qualities of the Scottish monarch. After James succeeded to the crown of England, he had more than once invited Casaubon over, who, as long as his first protector lived, did not think it grateful to quit his service. The obstacle was removed, and the Queen Regent (Marie de Medicis) gave him a graceful *congé*. She parted from him with reluctance, made him engage to return, and insisted on his leaving behind him his family and his books. His English friends too advised his coming over alone, to see how he liked it. Our insular manners were peculiar, and above all, it could not be known without trial how he would relish the usages of the Anglican Church. A prebendal stall in Canterbury was assigned him, though a layman, with the addition of a pension of 300*l.* a year.

While the negotiations were pending, an unexpected calamity came to trouble his good fortune. The Romanists, unable to shake the father, seduced his eldest son by a considerable

siderable annuity to embrace their creed. He was a mere lad of nineteen, who was utterly incapable of pronouncing on the controversy, but it was a triumph to the Catholics to be able to allege that, in spite of his paternal partialities, he had found their arguments more convincing than Casaubon's.

The adoption of our habits at fifty years of age must have cost something even to one so habitually regardless of physical enjoyment. Besides the ordinary grievances of the 'Français chez l'étranger,'—the language, the coinage, the landlord, the servant, the custom-house, each of which brought their share of troubles,—there was the vast difference in 1610 between England and France in respect of the comforts and accommodations of life. The little conveniences and luxuries, which are now within reach of all but the poorest, were then confined to our great houses. As long as he was a guest of the Bishop of Ely, or of the Dean of St. Paul's, the privation was not felt, but when he entered on a house in St. Mary Axe we find him complaining that 'he suffered from the want of everything to which he had been accustomed through life, money excepted.' Of this, through James's liberality, he had what appeared to him wealth. His first impulse on becoming master of so much ready money had been to indulge in books; but finding books, like household stuff, far more costly in England than in France, he came to a resolution to allow himself only a single work, with a reservation which every bibliomaniac will commend, 'excepto si quid forte occurrat rarius.'

On the more important subject of religious worship and belief, all doubt was speedily removed. Though Casaubon had previously conversed much with the English, he was imperfectly acquainted with the peculiarities by which the Anglican is distinguished from the other Protestant churches. Such inquiries did not come within the range of his curiosity, and he had never even witnessed the ceremonies at the celebration of the mass till his stay at Lyons in 1598. But the conclusions of his mind were in harmony with 'Anglicanism' before he had heard of it. He was, as we have seen, sincerely averse to Popery; of this he had given the best evidence, in hazarding for ten years every temporal interest rather than conform to it where it was the established, favoured, and popular form of religion. At the same time he was aware that extravagant zeal had impelled the Protestants to repudiate, for the mere sake of differing, every practice which had been defiled by the touch of Rome. His Genevan Calvinism had been corrected by an acquaintance with primitive antiquity, and he had often expressed to Du Moulin himself his condemnation of the extreme doctrines of grace and predestination

predestination propounded in their pulpits. As soon as the English Liturgy and worship was presented to his view he seemed to recognize it at once as the realization of his dreams and fondest desires. The first celebration of the Communion he witnessed in St. Paul's especially struck him: 'Vidi sanctæ Eucharistiæ communionem, certe longe aliam quam apud nos in Gallia. Itaque te magis amplector, Ecclesia Anglicana, ut quæ a veteri Ecclesia propius absis' (p. 786). If his life and character did not exclude the suspicion of insincerity, it would be sufficient to remark that all his position required was a bare acquiescence in the Anglican forms. His admiration and raptures were entirely voluntary, and are here recorded among his private thoughts. Nor does he spare censure where he differed, as when at the consecration of a bishop, though he approved the ritual, he thought it overlaid with too much pomp and show.

The general cordiality with which he was welcomed by the bishops and clergy soothed his amiable but irritable nature. He was the London lion of the season. He resolved to settle, and sent for his family and his books; but the French Queen, Marie de Medicis, refused to let the latter go. He had only leave of absence for a year, and she kept his library as security for his return. In vain his wife went back to Paris, as his special ambassador, to procure a reversal of the decree; the Queen would only relent so far as to allow her to carry him a few of the most important. This cruel act must have been a daily vexation for the rest of his life. The present stores of the British Museum could not have supplied the place of his own well-thumbed volumes, which were covered with his notes, and where he could put his finger upon any passage he required. When engaged in composing his subsequent works, how often he must have recalled some memorandum on the margin, which would have saved him hours of research, and the trial to his temper must have worn him more than all the extra toil.

The King was enchanted at having got a new gossip, and withal so capable, one who, whether the talk fell on the affairs of the French Protestants, on the heresy of Vorst, or the errors of the Douay version, was equally intelligent and informed. Casaubon was no less won by the King's *bonhommie*, and the odd mixture of sense and puerility which made Sully call him 'the wisest fool in Christendom.' James was perpetually summoning him to Greenwich, to Theobald's, to Royston, much to Casaubon's disturbance, yet it was done with so much hearty zest for his society, that the patient could not bring himself to complain aloud of these invasions of his time, though he groaned in secret over the Court attendance,

and

and thought every hour lost which was spent away from his books. When he escaped to his study it was no longer to execute his favourite schemes. During the latter portion of his residence in France he was engaged on Polybius, but he told Grotius in 1613 that he had ceased to meddle with a military history to which he had been directed by the martial monarch he formerly served, and had now turned his attention to the topics which interested the English King, who was more for peace than for war. The only war which James loved was theological controversy, and Casaubon, to whom nothing would have come amiss, if it had involved the elucidation of a Greek or Latin author, was set down to what, with him, was the wearisome task of answering Arminians and Jesuits.

Before he left Paris the affairs of his family and friends had largely encroached on his time and thoughts. These concerns multiply with years, and we carry on the business of the study at an increasing disadvantage. We find him exclaiming at that period,—'Olim inter literatos nomen habuimus; nunc eo miseriarum sumus redacti, ut dies totos amittamus, vix unam horam libris impendamus!' The polemical taint, with which the new atmosphere he breathed in London was impregnated, was still more damaging to his literary powers than the distractions of business. The attempt to make his great name in letters available in the warfare with the Romanists, could only tarnish his reputation as a scholar, instead of the scholar giving weight to the theologian. Two things were indispensable for the task, neither of which were possessed by Casaubon—a dialectical training, and a profound knowledge of Christian antiquity. He had chosen for himself a different branch, and to change his weapon was to resign his skill. After fencing with Fronton du Duc, Du Perron, and Vorst, he came to a compromise with his employer. It was agreed that he should prepare a reply to Baronius, for which he had begun to collect materials in France, and which, as it involved a little of everything, would fall in sometimes with his own taste, and sometimes with that of the royal pedagogue who had purchased the right to guide his pen. The book would comprise controversy, theology, history, and classical lore, and besides the other advantages of the compound, it was a partial fulfilment of the vow, often made, and never kept, to resign profane for sacred learning. 'I am not able,' he said, in giving an account of his progress in the undertaking, 'to disguise my taste for letters, but my highest pleasure is, that I am thus growing old in the meditation of the Holy Scriptures, and that so I shall die.' The 'Annales Ecclesiastici' of Baronius were correctly designated by Pithou, 'Annals on the Power of the Pope,' and as must invariably

invariably happen with works, which instead of embodying the results of honest research, are a forced adaptation of evidence to a previous prejudice, it swarmed with misstatements. But if it was easy to detect innumerable errors, unfortunately Casaubon committed many himself—

'Wedged in the timber which he strove to rend.'

It is admitted that the 'Exercitationes contra Baronium' were a failure, and, with his usual fate, Casaubon gave satisfaction to no one. A student of our time who takes up the work might be disposed to object that the *errata* were signalised with too much virulence. The English bishops thought otherwise. It was a vituperative age; and when a controversialist assumed the rod for his party he was expected to wield it with ferocity, and to do his utmost to flay as well as refute his antagonist.

The 'Exercitationes' appeared in 1614. They had but, as Du Plessis said, knocked down a few of the battlements of the great edifice of Baronius, and were themselves but a fragment of what Casaubon had once designed. But he had many warnings to gather up his sheaves in haste. It had been a lifelong struggle between the 'vivida vis animi,' and the weakness and maladies of the flesh. Even with care and nursing, so frail a tabernacle could not probably have held together much longer; but it had, on the contrary, to bear up against severe labour, and a fretful temper. He was in his fifty-sixth year, and began himself to feel the premonitions of the speedy decay which three years before had been plainly legible to the professional eye of his intelligent physician, Raphael Thoris. He was now no sooner called in than he discovered the lines of death in the dark ring round the eye, the prominent cheek-bone, the hectic flush, the sunken chest, and the incessant cough. Four years of unintermitted labour had deepened all the shades of the prison-house. In vain did friends, physicians, and his own good sense prescribe rest. It was worse, he said, than disease, and that he never suffered more than when his pains were sharpened by inaction, and the reflection of the detriment it was to his studies. He had long in truth been 'bankrupt of life, and prodigal of ease.' Scaliger, who had never seen him, had heard some years before that he was 'tout courbé d'étude;' but the machine had been kept going by the energy of the spring, and the feeling that he had pored over books till to desist was to make his existence a blank to everything except irritating longings after the forbidden fruit. As his end drew near, new symptoms supervened. They were attended with excruciating pains, and were so unusual in their nature, as to put the medical science of the time completely at fault. The appearances indicated either a calculous affection—the disease of

of the sedentary student—inflammation of the bladder, or granular degeneration of the kidneys. A *post mortem* examination disclosed, what it was otherwise impossible to detect, a singular and monstrous malformation of the vesica, which no skill could have arrested, but which studious habits had doubtless developed with accelerated rapidity. It carried him off with great suffering, July 6th, 1614.

The life of Casaubon is justly considered one of the most tranquil and prosperous of any scholar of his day—the proper meed of his extraordinary learning, uprightness, and moderation. He was a stranger to the worst vicissitudes of his calling, and neither wanted bread, like Scaliger in his prime, nor died, like his father-in-law, in an hospital in his age. He equally escaped many of the personal rivalries and incessant disputes which rendered learning less a peaceful pursuit than an irritating warfare. Yet the moment we come to take a closer view we discover that the brow which looked smooth at a distance is wrinkled with care. If we go with Casaubon into his study we find him beset with difficulties, and groaning with weariness; if we follow him into his family, we see him pinched at the present and anxious for the future; if we behold him in his professorial chair, we perceive that the outward honour is associated with endless and almost insupportable mortifications; if we accompany him to the French capital, a history is unfolded to us of hopes deferred, of humiliating attendances to extort the payment of his pittance, of harassing discussions with Catholics, and injurious suspicions from Protestants; if we cross the Channel with him, and attend him to the court of James, we observe that though a richer he is not a happier man—that he has purchased pecuniary independence by mental slavery—that the student, to his misery, must play the courtier, the scholar become a theologian, the critic a controversialist, and that even the advantages he obtained have only been procured when age is creeping over him, and sickness has seized upon him. Those whose lives have been a greater struggle, and who have worked more unremittingly for a smaller reward, may complain that their lot has been cast upon stony ground; but the majority of men of letters will rather have reason to gather courage and cheerfulness from the example, and be thankful that, with all the hardships of our time, it is at least an improvement on the generation of Casaubon.

ART. VI.—1. *Chapters on Mental Physiology.* By Henry Holland, M.D. London, 1852.

2. *Principles of Human Physiology.* By William B. Carpenter, M.D. Fourth Edition. London, 1853.

3. *Researches in Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force.* By Karl, Baron von Reichenbach, Ph.D. Translated by William Gregory, M.D. London, 1850.

4. *Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism.* By William Gregory, M.D. London, 1851.

5. *On the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, with an account of Mesmerism.* By Herbert Mayo, M.D. Second Edition. London, 1851.

6. *Neurypnology, or the Rationale of Nervous Sleep considered in relation with Animal Magnetism.* By James Braid, M.R.C.S.E., &c. London, 1843

7. *The Mesmeric Mania of* 1851, *with a Physiological Explanation of the Phenomena produced.* By John Hughes Bennett, M.D. Edinburgh, 1851.

8. *What is Mesmerism? an Attempt to explain its Phenomena on the admitted Principles of Physiological and Psychical Science.* By Alexander Wood, M.D. Edinburgh, 1851.

9. *Table-Turning and Table-Talking.* London, 1853.

10. *Table-Moving tested, and proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L. London, 1853.

11. *Table-Turning, the Devil's Modern Master-Piece; being the result of a Course of Experiments.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey. London, 1853.

12. *Table-Talking; Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs; a Word for the Wise.* By Rev. E. Gillson, M.A. London, 1853.

'*WHAT are we to believe?*' as to Mesmerism, Electro-Biology, Odylism, Table-Turning, and (we are almost ashamed to be obliged to add) Spirit-Rapping and Table-Talking, is a question which most persons have asked themselves or others during the last few years, and to which the answers have varied with the amount of information possessed by the respondent, with his previous habits of thought, with his love of the marvellous, or his desire to bring everything to the test of sober

sober sense. And thus an ascending series is formed, of which the base is composed of those utter sceptics who discredit the genuineness of all the asserted phenomena, maintaining that none but fools or knaves could uphold such nonsense; whilst it culminates in that assemblage of thorough-going believers, who find nothing too hard for 'spiritual' agency, and who recognise in the wondrous revelations of a *clairvoyante*, and in the dispersion of a tumour—in the communications of departed spirits with their surviving friends, and in the rotation of a table—in the induction of profound insensibility during the performance of a severe operation, and in the oscillations of a suspended button—in the subjugation of the actions of one individual to the will of another, and in the flexure of a hazel twig—in everything, in short, great and small, which they cannot otherwise explain—the manifestations of some occult power, to be ranked among the cosmical forces, but not to be identified with any one of those previously recognised.

To the class of earnest and rigorous inquirers, whom the true philosopher, whatever be his pursuit, welcomes as his most valuable coadjutors, the Mesmerists and their allies have ever shown a decided repugnance. 'All or nothing' seems to be the motto of the latter, who act as if a rational explanation of any one of their marvels were a thing to be deprecated. In order to reconcile this discouraging treatment with their professions of readiness to court investigation, they have had recourse to the hypothesis, that, just as a damp atmosphere around an electrical machine prevents a high state of electric tension, the presence of even a candid sceptic weakens the mesmeric force; and this, not merely when he manifests his incredulity by his language, his tones, or his looks, but when he keeps it concealed beneath the semblance of indifference.

It is to be attributed to the difficulties which honest investigators long encountered, through being treated as antagonists by most of those to whom they might naturally have looked for assistance, that they have until recently done little to enlighten the public. So long as they could not make up their own minds, it was neither prudent nor right that they should attempt to guide the opinions of others; and the discreet silence which best became them, was only broken by an occasional intimation from some of our medical authorities of the direction their researches were taking.

Recent events, however, have worked a great change. The obstacles which beset the inquiry, whilst Mesmerism alone was in question, have been overcome by the introduction of methods, in

in which a large number of the phenomena can be developed, without even the semblance of that exertion of power by one person over another, which was always the most suspicious feature in the Mesmeric system. The first important step was made by Mr. Braid, a surgeon in Manchester; who discovered, about twelve years since, that a state of coma passing into somnambulism (to which he gave the appropriate designation of *Hypnotism*), can be induced in numerous individuals, of all ranks, ages, and temperaments; and that the phenomena of this state are so essentially the same with those of the (so called) Mesmeric somnambulism, as to afford the most valuable assistance in the analysis of the real nature of the latter. In both, the somnambulist appears to be incapable of controlling his ideas, his feelings, or his actions; and is entirely amenable to the will of another, who may govern the course of his thoughts at his own pleasure, and oblige him to execute any command. The clue to the marvel was soon found by Mr. Braid, in the concentrated operation of that principle of *suggestion* which has long been known to psychologists; and under the guidance of this idea, he has subsequently followed up the investigation with great intelligence, making no mystery of his proceedings, but courting investigation in every possible way.

In the course of his researches, Mr. Braid discovered that a kindred mental condition may occasionally be superinduced upon the waking state, without passing through the stage of comatose insensibility; and that in some susceptible individuals, it is sufficient that the attention should be fixed, for a few minutes, or even for a few seconds, upon any object whatever. We ourselves witnessed a remarkable series of experiments, at least seven years ago, upon a gentleman of high literary and scientific attainments, who possessed in an unusual degree the power of self-concentration. It only required him to place his hand upon the table, and contemplate it for half a minute, to be entirely unable to draw it back, if assured in a determined tone that he *could not possibly* do so. When he had gazed for a short time upon the poles of a magnet, he could be brought to see flames issuing from them, of any form or colour that the operator chose to name; and when his hand was on one of the poles, the peremptory assurance that he *could not* detach it was sufficient to retain it with such tenacity, that Mr. Braid dragged him round the room, in a manner that realised Gammer Grethel's story of the Golden Goose. The character of the 'subject' placed him beyond the suspicion of deceit; and we had been prepared by our previous inquiries to find nothing too strange for belief, that could be referred to the simple and

and intelligible principle of *suggestion*. We hope, before we have done, to bring our readers to the same conclusion.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Braid's investigations were thus carried on for several years, they did not attract the notice that might have been anticipated for them. The slight difficulties which attended the employment of his hypnotic method, were sufficient to keep it from coming into ordinary use; and as the public is always more prone to run after what is marvellous, than even to walk towards what is rational, the champions of Mesmerism continued to have it pretty much their own way. A new light, however, shone forth about three years ago, which has already dissipated much of the obscurity that still hung around the subject; and we hope, by the use of it, to clear away still more. A couple of itinerant Yankees appeared in this country, styling themselves 'professors' of a new art, which they termed '*Electro-Biology*;' and asserting that, by an influence of which the secret was known only to themselves, but which was partly derived from a little disc of zinc and copper (whence the designation which they adopted), held in the hand of the 'subject,' and steadily gazed-on by him, they could subjugate the most determined will, paralyse the strongest muscles, pervert the evidence of the senses, destroy the memory of the most familiar things or of the most recent occurrences, or even make the individual believe himself transformed into any one else—all this, and much more, being done while he was still wide awake. They drew large assemblages to witness their performances; and commonly elicited some of the most remarkable phenomena from strangers whose collusion with them could not be suspected. Mr. Braid, however, soon proved that the little disc of copper and zinc may be replaced by any object which serves for the steady direction of the eyes to one point, at the ordinary reading distance, for a somewhat prolonged period. Thus, instead of the mysterious effects being limited as heretofore to a few susceptible 'subjects,' difficult to be met with, and open to suspicion on various grounds, amateurs were furnished with a ready means of experimenting upon their families and friends, the student upon his fellow-students, the officer on the members of his mess; everybody, in fact, upon somebody else on whom he could rely. 'Electro-biology,' or 'Biology' (as it was commonly designated), now became a fashionable amusement, at evening parties, though the public, in growing familiarised with its phenomena, still laboured under the difficulty of not knowing 'what to believe' as to their genuineness, or to what scientific principles to refer them if their genuineness were admitted.

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We think that the time has come when we may pronounce upon the controversy. Several of the most distinguished Professors of the University of Edinburgh, defying the prejudices of their class, have plunged boldly into the inquiry; and it has been prosecuted under their auspices with most advantageous results. Besides the special works of more or less merit which treat of the question, Sir Henry Holland has touched upon many of its most interesting points, in the republication, with additions, of the 'Chapters on Mental Physiology,' which formed part of his universally-admired 'Medical Notes and Reflections;' and Dr. Carpenter, whose 'Human Physiology' is now employed as the text-book in almost every medical school in this country and the United States, has fully discussed, in his latest edition, the entire subject. Between the views of these two authors there is an essential conformity, but as each writes in the manner dictated by his own habits of thought and by the general purpose of his work, those who wish to master all that is known of the philosophy of the phenomena will find it advantageous to consult them both.

Neither Sir H. Holland nor Dr. Carpenter, however, has given us the *rationale* of 'spirit-rapping,' 'table-turning,' or 'table-talking;' these latest fashions under which the 'spiritual influence' has been pleased to manifest itself, having only 'come out' during the season which has just terminated. Go where we would, we heard of the intimations which our friends had received from departed souls; or of the agility of some sprightly table under the hands of dignitaries of the Church, and (if report do not lie) of Privy-councillors and cabinet Ministers,—to say nothing of the miscellaneous multitudes of all ranks, among whom the farce of 'turning the tables' was nightly repeated with astounding success. We had supposed its 'run' to be suspended for a time, but the epidemic has broke out in a new form, and is spreading through a class which may be seriously endangered by it. The farce becomes tragical when we find clergymen of undoubted honesty, deluding themselves into the belief that 'Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs' are disclosed by the movements of their tables. If they have still ears to listen to a rational explanation, they will find that the turning of tables, and the supposed communications made by spirits through their agency, are due, like the actions of biologized 'subjects,' to the mental state of the performers themselves.

It is necessary to begin by recalling certain well-known principles which will afford the basis of our subsequent reasonings; for it is by building upon familiar experience, that we are

are enabled to demonstrate how large a part of these marvels may be at once reconciled with the admitted laws of mental action, and how probable it is that the remainder (so far, at least, as they are genuine) will fall under the same category, when they shall have been studied with equal care.

The first of these principles is, that *a large part of our ordinary course of thought, and consequently of action, is determined by direct suggestions.* Every one recognises the existence of 'trains of thought,' which consist of a continuous series of ideas, connected together by associations that have previously grown up amongst them, in virtue of which the presence of one brings up another, which calls forth a third, and so on. This may be termed *internal* suggestion. Every one is conscious also of the influence of impressions upon the senses in originating such trains of thought, and in modifying their subsequent course. This may be termed *external* suggestion. When these processes take place without the exercise of any control on the part of the Will, the mind may be said to be acting automatically. Such is its condition in the states of *Reverie* and *Abstraction*, which differ from one another only in the nature of the suggestions which determine the sequence of ideas. The access of both is well known to be favoured by a monotonous succession of sensory impressions (especially visual), which enchains the attention and absorbs the will, leaving the thoughts free to be swayed by impulses from without or within. As long as the mind is given up to either, it is insensible to the inconsistency between the notions that may possess it and the realities of experience; and hence arise all the absurdities in the conduct of absent people. The philosopher, who, when interrupted in his meditations by the intelligence that his house was on fire, coolly replied to the servant who had burst in upon him with the terrible news, 'Go and tell your mistress; you know that I never interfere about domestic matters,' was acting on his habitual system, unconscious, through his mental pre-occupation, of the absurdity of maintaining it at such a crisis. And the learned professor, who failed to recognise his own wife when he met her in the street, and who, when he had run against a cow, pulled off his hat and apologised as to a lady for the mischance, hoping she was not hurt, was probably following out some train of profound analysis, which, by engrossing his whole attention, prevented him from deriving any benefit from his antecedent experience in distinguishing his wife from other ladies, or even in recognising the difference between the human and the bovine female.

The direct action of external suggestion in determining the course of thought, when as yet the volitional power is scarcely

scarcely developed, is very palpable in children; and the following case is an example:—A child of English parents residing in Germany, when learning to talk, acquired both tongues simultaneously, and could speak on ordinary matters in either, without confusing the words or idioms; but seemed invariably *constrained* to employ the language used by the person he was addressing. Thus in conveying a message given him in English by his mother to his German nursery-maid, he rendered it (apparently without the slightest effort) into appropriate German; on returning, however, to his mother, if asked what the maid had said, he answered in English as often as the question was proposed in that language. Even though pressed to give the actual words he had heard in the nursery, he still continued to give the English rendering of them, without seeming to be aware of the difference; and the only mode of getting at them was to put the question in German, when there seemed to be the same inability to reply in English, as there had previously been to give a German reply to an English question. Precisely the same phenomenon continually presents itself with sleep-talkers who speak two or more languages,—their replies being given in the language in which they are addressed.

Now, the power which, in every well-constituted mind, the Will possesses to direct its course of thought, is exercised, not in *producing* ideas, but in *selecting*, from among such as spontaneously present themselves, those which are apposite to the purpose in view. This is easily shown to be the case in the familiar act of Recollection, so profoundly analysed by Mr. James Mill. When we *try to remember* anything which is not at the moment before the consciousness, we determinately fix our attention upon some idea which is already present to the mind, and use this as the instrument with which we feel after that of which we are in search. It may be that we have to repeat this process several times, getting nearer and nearer to our object at each stage, before we succeed in grasping it; and every one must have learned, from his own experience, that he cannot always recall to his mind ideas which are usually most familiar to him. Even those who are most remarkable for the accuracy and range of their memory, occasionally find themselves baffled for want of a word or a date which they feel to be only just beyond their reach at the moment; the reason being, that they had not got hold of the right suggestive key, by which to unlock the particular chamber it occupied in the mental storehouse. Thence results the important principle, that *all determinate recollection involves the exercise of volitional control over the direction of the thoughts*; and consequently, that if this control be suspended, and

the mind be left to its own automatic activity, the power of recalling even the most familiar ideas is completely annihilated.

So, again, the determinate exercise of the *judgment*, which involves the comparison of ideas, can only take place while the Will has the power of selecting those which are appropriate, and of bringing them into collocation with each other. This process is the source of that *common-sense*, whereon we rely in the ordinary conduct of life. We almost unconsciously store up a mass of impressions derived from our habitual experience, by which we are continually testing the validity of new impressions, admitting them if consonant with it, rejecting them if vehemently discordant, and keeping them on trial if we cannot at once dispose of them in one or other of these modes; while the simple credulity of the child depends upon his having no stock of experience upon which to fall back, for the correction of the erroneous notions which he may himself form, or which may be imparted to him by others. The effort required for this comparison of things present with past experience, when it once comes to be habitual, is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible even to one's self; yet slight as the effort may be, it is the one thing needful; and it may be unhesitatingly laid down, that, *if the directing power of the Will be suspended, the capability of correcting the most illusory ideas by an appeal to common-sense is for the time annihilated.* Of this we have a typical example, familiar to every one, in *Dreaming*, which is a state of automatic mental activity of a kind so unregulated that the combinations and successions of ideas are often of the most extraordinary character, and are inconsistent not merely with our most familiar experience, but also with each other. Yet, as has been most truly remarked, *nothing surprises us in dreams.* We are never struck with the impossibility of the events which we seem to witness; but we accept as genuine, with child-like simplicity, all the wonderful combinations which are successively unfolded before our mental view. The same must be the case in *any* state of mental activity, in which there is a similar abrogation of voluntary control.

Another well-known fact, essential to be carried along with us, is, that *the entire concentration of the attention upon any object of consciousness*, whether a sensory impression, an idea, or an emotion, *most wonderfully increases its intensity.* Our most familiar illustrations of this truth are furnished by the wonderful acuteness in the use of the senses yet remaining to them, which is manifested by those who have been deprived of one or more. Thus we are informed of Laura Bridgman, the blind, deaf, and dumb girl, whose education has been so admirably

admirably conducted by Dr. Howe, of the Boston (N. E.) Blind Asylum,—that she not only discriminates those with whom she is intimate, by the slightest touch of their hands, but that she can thus recognise, though somewhat less readily, individuals whose hands she may have grasped but once or twice before, and that too at a remote interval. In these and similar cases, it is not the *bodily* but the *mental* sense that is sharpened; not the power of receiving impressions, but the power of appreciating them: and it is easy to see how this intensification arises out of the absence of the distracting suggestions, which, with the rest of the world, are continually tending to weaken the impression made by any one object, by drawing off the attention to others.

So, again, when *the whole energy is concentrated upon some muscular effort*, especially under the influence of an overpowering emotion, *the body seems endowed with super-human strength and agility*: and some extraordinary feat is accomplished, at which the performer himself stands aghast when he contemplates it after his restoration to his sober senses. An old cook-maid, having heard an alarm of fire, seized an enormous box containing the whole of her property, and ran down stairs with it, as easily as she would have carried a dish of meat. After the fire had been extinguished, she could not lift it a hair's breadth from the ground, and it required two men to convey it up stairs again.

Closely akin to this state is another, of which the history of mankind in all ages furnishes us with abundant examples,—namely, the *state of subjection to a dominant idea*. The mind is liable to be seized by some strange notion which takes entire possession of it, and all the actions of the individual thus 'possessed' are results of its operation. The notion may or may not be in itself an absurd one. It may be confined to a single individual, or it may spread epidemically among a multitude. It may be one that interests the feelings, or it may be of a nature purely intellectual. We do not pretend to account for these facts; but we simply cite them as a part of the history of Human Nature, closely related to the subject of our present inquiry. The wild but transient vagaries of religious enthusiasm in all ages,—as shown in the Pythonic inspiration of the Delphic priestesses; the ecstatic revelations of Catholic and Protestant visionaries; the preaching epidemic among the Huguenots in France, and more recently in Lutheran Sweden; the strange performances of the 'Convulsionnaires' of St. Médard, which have been since almost paralleled at Methodist 'revivals' and 'camp-meetings;'—the belief in witchcraft and diabolical possession, entertained not merely by the accusing public, but often by the unfortunate

accused; the dancing mania of the middle ages; the Tarentism of Southern Italy, and the leaping-ague of Scotland in later times; together with the most recent, but not the least remarkable specimen, the character of the individuals affected being taken into account—the table-turning and table-talking of the year 1853;—are all, with many similar wonders, to be ranged under the same category, namely, the *possession of the mind by a dominant idea*, from which it makes no sufficient effort to free itself. The idea not unfrequently declines in intensity, especially when it expends its force in action, and the mind spontaneously returns to its previous condition; but sometimes it may exert a dominant influence through the whole of life, and if the conduct which it dictates should pass the bounds of enthusiasm or eccentricity, we say that the individual is the subject of Monomania.

From the sum of the principles we have been enunciating it will follow, that if the human mind should lose for a time its power of volitional self-direction, it cannot shake off the yoke of any 'dominant idea,' however tyrannical, but *must* execute its behests;—it cannot bring any notion with which it may be possessed to the test of common sense, but *must* accept it, if it be impressed on the consciousness with adequate force;—it cannot recall any fact, even the most familiar, that is beyond its immediate grasp;—upon any idea, therefore, with which it may be possessed, the whole force of its attention is for the time concentrated, so that the most incongruous conception presents itself with all the vividness of reality;—and, finally, if the automatic activity of the mind, when freed from the controlling power of the *will*, should depend more upon *external* than upon *internal* suggestion, and should hence take no determinate direction of its own, one idea may be readily substituted for another by appropriate means; and the whole state of the convictions, the feelings, and the impulses to action may be thus altered from time to time, without the least perception of the strangeness of the transition.

Considered under this point of view, the *Biological* phenomena are far from being incredible; they are simply the manifestation of a state of mind to which we may detect very close approximations within our ordinary experience; and their principal peculiarity consists in the *method* by which they may be artificially induced—viz. by *the steady gaze at some fixed object*, during a length of time which varies according to the susceptibility of the individual. That the 'biological' state may be generated in persons who were previously quite incredulous

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in regard to its reality, our own observation has fully convinced us: it does not, therefore, *require* any *mental* preparation. But we are no less convinced that the anticipation of the result tends to produce it in a shorter time than would otherwise be necessary; and it is usually among individuals who have repeatedly submitted to the operation, that the greatest facility presents itself. Every one who has sat for a photographic portrait, knows how difficult it is to maintain a fixed position for even a few seconds; and has experienced, in particular, how strong an effort is required to keep the eyes from wandering. Hence in the 'biological' process, the longer the steady gaze is sustained, the more is the will of the individual concentrated upon the direction of his *eyes*, so that at last it seems to become entirely transferred to them; and, in the mean time, the continued monotony is operating, as in the induction of sleep or of reverie, to produce a vacancy of mind, which leaves it open to any impressions that may be made upon it from without. When this state is complete, the mind of the biologized 'subject' remains dormant, until aroused to activity by some *suggestion* which it receives through the ordinary channels of sensation, and to which it responds as automatically as a locomotive obeys the manipulations of its driver. He is, indeed, for the time, a mere *thinking automaton*. He is given up to the domination of any idea that may be made to possess him; and he has no power of judging of its consistency with actual facts, because he is unable to bring it into comparison with them. Thus he may be played on, like a musical instrument, by those about him; thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, just as *they will* that he should think, feel, speak, or act; but this, *not*, as has been represented, because his Will has been brought into direct subjection to theirs, but because, his Will being in abeyance, all his mental operations are directed by such *suggestions* as they may choose to impress on his consciousness.

In the public exhibitions of professional 'Biologists,' much assumption is made of a peculiar power possessed by the operator over his 'subject;' his suggestions are conveyed in the form of commands; and the delusion is kept up by a frequent recourse to 'passes' resembling those of the Mesmerists. We are satisfied, however, that no such tie exists, save where it has been established by habit, or by a strong anticipation on the part of the 'subject.' When an individual brings himself into this state for the first time, and without the idea that he is to be controlled by one person rather than by another, he is amenable to suggestions from any of the bystanders; and the influence they exert depends chiefly upon the tone and manner in which their directions are given. But as previous expectation, or acquired habit, affect the facility with which

which this condition may be induced, so do they influence the entire course of its phenomena; and if the 'subject' be possessed with a conviction that a particular person is destined to exert a special control over him, his suggestions are received with greater readiness than those of any one else. The assumption of command has simply the effect of impressing the 'subject' with the idea of the *necessity* of the action enjoined; and we have found the earnest reiteration of the phrases 'you must' or 'you cannot,' quite as efficacious as the vehement tone of mastery in which the directions are frequently given. So, again, the effect of the 'passes' is merely to concentrate the attention of the subject upon the member to which the injunction refers; for, as Prof. Bennett has remarked, they are made over the part which is to move or to be fixed (as over the mouth when it is to be prevented from opening, or over the foot which is to be riveted to a certain spot of the floor), and not over the muscles by which the action is produced.

The biologized 'subject,' like a person in an ordinary reverie, must be considered as *awake;* that is, he has generally the use of all his senses, and for the most part retains a distinct recollection of what has occurred. Different persons, however, vary in this particular, as does the same individual on different occasions. Sometimes everything can be recalled, sometimes merely the general course of thought and action; sometimes the excitement of the feelings is more strongly remembered than that of the circumstances which produced it, whilst, in other instances, it is only the incidents themselves which leave a trace in the memory.

The same diversity shows itself in the phenomena manifested during the actual continuance of the biological state. Suggestions of different kinds are received by different individuals, with very varying degrees of readiness; and few are equally amenable to all. With many, the *muscular movements* may be entirely governed by the authoritative assurance 'you *must* do this,' or 'you *cannot* do that.' The hands of the 'subject' being placed in contact, he is assured that he cannot separate them; and they remain as if firmly glued together, in spite of all his apparent efforts to draw them apart. Or, the hand of the operator being held up before him, he is told that he cannot strike it; and all his strength is inadequate to the performance of this simple action. We have seen a strong man chained down to his chair—prevented from stepping over a stick on the floor—obliged to remain almost doubled upon himself in a stooping posture, by the declaration that he *could not move;* and when the first assertion did not produce the full effect, its repetition, in a more emphatic tone, was sufficient to retain him. So we have seen a lively young

lady

lady struggling in vain for utterance, with a ludicrous expression of distress, when told that she could not open her mouth to speak a word; and it has required all the strength of a man to drag over the threshold of the door another lady who had been assured that she was without the power to cross it. There is no end to the strange performances which may be thus called forth; and they are all referable to the principle we have laid down as the characteristic of this state—the possession of the mind by *a dominant idea*, which the individual himself has lost the ability of testing by his previous or present experience, simply because he cannot carry his thoughts to any other object. The attempts which are frequently made to resist the mandates of the operator, and which are often successful for a time, are obviously due to the persistence of a certain degree of self-directing power, which preserves to an imperfectly biologized individual some little capacity of judging for himself.

No sooner is the attention of a spell-bound 'subject' diverted into another channel, or the infused idea dissipated by a word, a sign, or a look, on the part of the agent who is directing him, than the potent charm by which he was enchained is at once dissolved, the effort to fulfil the supposed necessity immediately subsides, the most violent struggle with the assumed impossibility comes to an end, and he appears to be 'himself again.' Yet he is not so in reality; for his volitional power is still withdrawn from the direction of his thoughts, so that the peremptory command of another exerts its influence over him, even after a considerable interval may have elapsed. We cannot say precisely how long this state may continue; we have known it to last for several hours; and we are inclined to think that the biologised 'subject' does not usually regain his proper self-control until he has experienced the renovating influence of sleep.

We may remark, in passing, that the want, not really of power to move, but of a belief in the possession of that power, is the characteristic of the peculiar form of paralysis which is commonly designated as 'hysterical;' and that the most efficacious treatment of this remarkable disorder is to work the patient up to the conviction that the ability *has been* or *will be* restored. Such was the manner in which, about twenty years since, a young lady, who had been for some time confined to her couch, was enabled to rise up and walk, at the bidding of a clerical friend, who had successfully inspired her with religious *faith* in her [illegible] his command.* And such is the manner in which

* The conductors of the 'Christian Observer' of that period will do [illegible] discussion to which this occurrence gave rise; some maintaining that supernatural miracle had been worked, whilst others had the good sense to rest satisfied with the natural explanation given by the eminent medical attendants of the patient.

marvels

marvels have been brought about by any *modus operandi* whatever, which begets in the mind of the 'subject' a confidence that the thing hitherto deemed impossible *can* be accomplished, and concentrates all the mental and physical powers on the effort to perform it. What youth is there, to take a lesser example within the cognisance of all, that has not felt the inspiriting influence of encouragement when a brook has had to be leaped, or a gate to be vaulted over, in affording an increased degree of volitional command over the muscles, which seems to double their strength? or who, on the other hand, has not found himself half paralysed by the doubt of success, suggested, perhaps, by some malicious rival whose prophecy thus works its own fulfilment? Let the doubt be converted into certainty—let the whole mind be unwaveringly possessed by it—and the impossible becomes easy, the most commonplace action as difficult as the removal of a mountain. This is just what happens, as we have seen, in the 'biological' state; and it happens, too, in any case in which people allow themselves to be possessed by some dominant idea, to which honest enthusiasm or selfish charlatanism may have given currency. Thus we remember, some twenty years ago, being among those who tested the assertion contained in Sir David Brewster's 'Natural Magic,' that four persons could hoist a full-sized individual from the ground upon the points of their fingers with a marvellous facility, provided that they and the person lifted all took in a full breath previous to the effort. We were sceptical of any other benefit from this preparation, than what would be physiologically afforded by the distention of the chest with air; and we were so far from experiencing the predicted result, that our share of the burden appeared to us just as great, as if we had omitted the prescribed formalities. Among our coadjutors, however, we found many, who, strong in the faith inspired by the eminent name of Sir David Brewster, implicitly believed that the body *would* ascend like a cork, and asserted that it *did* so. They were not aware how much force they were putting forth; the expectation of the result having most powerfully aided the volitional effort.

We return, however, to our biologized 'subject,' whom we left awaiting a new set of operations, whilst we have been rationalizing on those already witnessed. A glass of water is presented to him, and he is directed to drink it, with the assurance that it is milk, coffee, porter, wine, or any other liquid the operator may choose to name. The liquid is tasted, and all the indications of approval may be given by the 'subject,' who believes that he is actually partaking of the liquor in question; the assurance which has been conveyed to his mind through his sense of hearing, having

having taken such full possession of his consciousness, that the impressions made by the liquid itself upon his sight and taste are not sufficient to correct the erroneous notion. Here, as with the muscular movements, a curious result often presents itself, in consequence of the imperfect degree in which the subject is possessed by the notion which the operator has endeavoured to impress upon him. He often, after tasting or looking at the liquid, expresses hesitation, or downright disbelief, as to the asserted metamorphosis; and reiterated and very forcible assurances may be required to convince him that it is anything else than what it really is. Convinced, however, he usually is at last; although it is a singular fact that some biologized subjects, whose muscular movements are entirely amenable to the control of the operator, never give up their senses to his direction; whilst, on the other hand, some of those who may be most successfully played on as regards their sensations, altogether resist the influence of suggestion with respect to their movements. Nay, further, there are instances in which the 'subject' will believe himself to be *tasting* anything which the operator names, but is instantly disabused by *looking at* the liquid, if its appearance is inconsistent with the representation; whilst, on the other hand, another will *see* milk or porter, wine or coffee, as he is directed to see it, but instantly sets himself right when directed to *taste*. Nothing can be more amusing, however, than to experiment upon a subject who has no misgivings, but whose perceptive consciousness is entirely given up to the direction of external suggestions. He may be made to exhibit all the manifestions of delight, which would be called forth by an unlimited supply of the viands or liquors of which he may happen to be fond; and these may be turned in a moment into expressions of the strongest disgust, by telling him that the liquid which he is imbibing so eagerly is something which he holds in utter abomination. Or, when he believes himself to be drinking a cup of tea or coffee, let him be assured that it is so hot that he cannot take more than a sip at a time, and neither persuasion nor bribery will induce him to swallow a mouthful at once; yet, a moment afterwards, if assured that he can do so without inconvenience, he will be ready to gulp the whole at a draught. Tell him that his seat is growing hot under him, and that he cannot remain upon it, and he will fidget uneasily for some time, and at last start up with all the indications of having found his place no longer bearable. Whilst he is firmly grasping a stick in his hand, let him be assured that it will burn him if he continue to hold it, or that it is becoming so heavy that he can no longer sustain it; and he will presently drop it, with gestures conformable to the impression with which his mind is occupied.

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We as entirely repudiate the doctrine that the Will of the operator directly controls the senses of his 'subject,' as we reject the dogma that it immediately directs his muscular movements. We have shown that it operates on the latter, not immediately but *mediately*, through the mind of the 'subject' himself; and we hold the same to be the case in regard to the alteration of his perceptions. No one can be ignorant of the fact, that we frequently experience sensations, which, originating in our own sensorium, instead of being called forth by impressions made by external objects upon their appropriate organs of sense, are designated as *subjective*. The ringing in the ears, the flashes of light before the eyes, the nauseous tastes or disagreeable odours constantly perverting the true savour of everything that is tasted or smelled, the feeling of cutaneous irritation excited by the simple mention of the unclean torments of our beds, are familiar examples. We may cite, as parallel phenomena, those renewals of past sensations, which are often excited, with all the vividness they could derive from the actual presence of the object, by the mere force of mental association. Thus, it is by no means uncommon for those who suffer acutely from sea-sickness, to experience nausea at the mere sight of an agitated ocean, especially if a wave-tossed vessel be within view; and a like feeling, we are assured, has been produced by the sight of a toy, in which the motion of a ship was imitated with peculiar fidelity. We have even known a case in which a lady, who witnessed the departure of a friend by sea on a stormy day, was affected with an actual paroxysm of sea-sickness. Such facts are so familiar as to have become proverbial; for the common phrase, 'it makes me sick to think of it,' is nothing else than the expression of a physical feeling excited by mental association. There are few persons indeed who have not experienced the vivid return of past sensations, pleasurable or painful, when the appropriate mental state had been renewed. A Roman Catholic, who had gone to confession for the first time, when a boy, with his mouth full of the taste of a particular kind of sweet cake in which he had been indulging rather immoderately, never went on the same errand for a dozen years or more, without the distinct recurrence of the same flavour.

It is obvious, then, that visual, auditory, gustative, olfactory, or other perceptions may be excited in the mind, not merely by impressions made upon the corresponding *organs of sense*, but also by *ideas* with which the mind becomes possessed through other channels. And applying this principle (fully recognized by every scientific psychologist) to the case before us, we shall see that it affords the key which unlocks the whole of this part of the biological mystery. For when the 'subject' is assured, whilst

whilst drinking a glass of water, that it is coffee or porter, this assurance, taking firm possession of his consciousness, produces the very same effect upon it, as would be induced by the actual contact of the liquid in question with his tongue and palate. He tastes it, so to speak, with his mind, though he does not taste it with his tongue; and it is the mental, not the bodily impression, that constitutes the actual perception. This false perception is not contradicted by the inconsistent impression transmitted from the organ of sense; because it is characteristic of the biologized condition, that the mind of the 'subject,' being *entirely* possessed by the idea which may chance to be before it at the time, can entertain no other, and is incapable, therefore, of bringing it to the test of experience. It is a mere question of the relative strength of the two suggestions—that conveyed by the assurances of the bystander, and that derived from the 'subject's' own sensory impression. The latter, as we have seen, may prevail in the first instance, and may yet be overcome by the augmented force which the former will derive from vehement repetition.

It may strengthen the belief in the truth of this explanation to add a few more instances, in which, under ordinary circumstances, our sensory impressions are determined by the ideas with which our consciousness may be possessed at the time. Most persons have heard of the exclamation of Dr. Pearson,—'Bless me, how heavy it is!' when he first poised upon his finger the globule of potassium produced by the battery of Sir H. Davy; his preconception of the association between metallic lustre and high specific gravity, leading him to attribute to this new body a character which the test of the balance determined to be the opposite of the fact. So Professor Bennett mentions a case of supposed child-murder in Scotland, in which, when the coffin was exhumed, the Procurator-fiscal, who attended with the medical men to examine the body, declared that he already perceived the odour of decomposition which made him feel faint, and withdrew in consequence; yet, on opening the coffin, it was found to be empty; and it afterwards turned out that no child had been born, and consequently no murder committed. Another case, related by Prof. Bennett upon an authority which we know to be trustworthy, is yet more remarkable, as showing, beyond a doubt, the reality and intensity of pains, which had their origin in a mental delusion, and not in a physical lesion. A butcher, who had a shop in the market-place at Edinburgh, in trying to hang up a heavy piece of meat upon a hook above his head, lost his footing in such a manner that his arm was caught upon the hook. On being taken down and carried

carried into the house of a neighbouring surgeon, he expressed himself as labouring under the most acute agony; and the paleness of his countenance, and the almost entire absence of pulse at the wrist, were unmistakable indications of the reality of his torture. His arm could not be moved without causing excessive pain, and he frequently cried out while the sleeve of his coat was being cut off; yet when the arm was exposed, it was found quite uninjured, the hook having only penetrated the cloth of the sleeve, and the skin being scarcely even grazed!

Those, moreover, who are familiar with hypochondriacal states, have constant opportunities of noticing how disordered sensations referred to a particular region, are created by the determination of the patient to believe in the existence of disease; yet more, the constant direction of the attention to its supposed seat has a tendency to alter the organic action of the part, and thus to induce real disease in the stead of that which was at first imaginary. The subject has been most ably treated by Sir H. Holland; whose chapter 'On the Effects of Attention on Bodily Organs' embodies the results of his large medical experience, interpreted by the most advanced principles of physiological science.

It is only necessary to glance at some of the most familiar features of Insanity, to be satisfied that the strangest perversions of the perceptions of sense exhibited by the biologized 'subject' have their counterparts in those morbid states, in which the mind is possessed, not transiently but enduringly, by some dominant idea. The lunatic who supposes himself to be a sovereign prince, looks upon the place of his confinement as his palace, believes his keepers to be his obsequious officers, and his fellow-patients to be his obedient subjects; the plainest fare is converted into a banquet of the choicest dainties; and the most homely dress into royal apparel. Now and then, perhaps, a gleam of common sense will enable him to see things in a truer light, and he may be sensible of some inconsistency between his real and his imaginary circumstances; and it is curious that this should be often limited, as in the case of the biologized 'subject,' to some particular class of sensory impressions. Thus, a patient confined in a Scotch pauper lunatic asylum, after dilating upon the imaginary splendours of his regal state, confessed that there was one thing which he could not quite comprehend—that all his food tasted of oatmeal!

Passing now to the more purely psychical phenomena of the biological condition, we find that even such of these as are most extraordinary are readily explained on the same principle. The operator assumes the power of controlling the memory of his 'subject;' and tells him that he cannot remember his own name,

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the first letter of the alphabet, or something equally familiar. The 'subject' exhibits a puzzled and somewhat vacant aspect, and confesses that he is baffled. Nothing is more intelligible when we call to mind that the very simplest act of determinate recollection involves a voluntary change in the direction of our thought, *from* the idea which may occupy the consciousness at the moment, *towards* that which we desire to recall. But the biologized 'subject' is unable to escape from the notion infused into him by the operator, and the most familiar thing is consequently as much beyond the reach of his mental apprehension as a bank-note of a hundred pounds, offered him as a reward for his successful effort, would be beyond the grasp of his hands, if he has been possessed by the conviction that he cannot use them for the purpose. In fact, there is a complete parallelism between his bodily and mental state; the will being temporarily withdrawn from control over both alike.

So, again, the loss of the sense of personal identity, or the actual change of personality, which the biological operator asserts that he is able to induce, is to be referred to the same cause. Mr. A. is repeatedly assured that he is Mrs. B., or Mrs. C. is brought by reiterated assertion to the belief that she is Dr. D.; and they are incapable of correcting this absurd perversion, because the sense of personal identity is dependent upon memory, and they can recollect nothing when forbidden to do so. It is not by any means in all 'subjects,' that we meet with a capability of being thus affected; there are many whose ordinary course of thought and feeling can be entirely directed by external suggestion, who yet obstinately cling to their own personality; but when the transformation *is* made (and we have noticed that it is most readily brought about in individuals who have been habitually disposed to project themselves into characters that have strongly excited their interest in works of fiction), it is usually complete; and nothing can be more remarkable than the assumption of the tone, manner, habits of thought, forms of expression, and other characteristic peculiarities of the individual whose personality the 'subject' has been made to adopt. No one who heard it could forget the intensity of the lackadaisical tone, in which a lady thus metamorphosed into the worthy clergyman on whose ministry she attended replied to the matrimonial counsels of the physician to whom, in her clerical character, she had been led to give a long detail of her hypochondriacal symptoms—'A wife for a dying man, doctor!' *Intentional* mimicry could never have approached the exactness of the imitation which spontaneously proceeded from the idea with which the fair 'subject' was possessed, that she herself experienced

experienced all the discomforts whose detail she had doubtless frequently heard from the real sufferer.

It is almost superfluous to remark that the precise counterpart of this condition is one of the commonest forms of Insanity. Every large asylum contains patients who imagine themselves to be kings, queens, princes, lords, bishops, or the like; nay, the metamorphosis may proceed to yet greater extremes, the lunatic persisting that he is the Holy Ghost, Jesus Christ, or even the Eternal Father. No reasoning will dispossess him of this conviction; because whilst his mind remains under the domination of this idea, all the arguments that can be employed are to his apprehension entirely irrelevant. Even in the ordinary experience of life, we meet with individuals who are possessed by notions scarcely less absurd, from which they cannot be driven by any appeals to their common sense, simply because the dominant idea presents itself to their consciousness with greater force than does any other that can be brought before it. Of this there have been abundant illustrations during the last few months, in the vain endeavours of enlightened men to subvert the baseless vagaries of 'spiritual influence' by the heavy artillery of scientific facts.

From what has been said of the unchecked operation of the principle of suggestion in the biological condition, it might easily be anticipated that the thoughts of the 'subject' may be directed into any channel, by appropriate hints; and descriptions be called forth, by leading questions, of any scene which the operator chooses. This 'mental travelling,' as it has been called, is not accomplished with equal readiness on the part of every 'subject.' Those obey the impulse best who have been accustomed vividly to picture to themselves scenes or incidents: and the replies elicited are obviously determined by the previous knowledge and feelings of the individual, where they are not directly suggested by the words or tone of the questioner. The same lady who underwent the metamorphosis into a hypochondriacal clergyman, ascended in a balloon, and proceeded to the North Pole in search of Sir John Franklin, whom she found alive; and her description of his appearance and that of his companions was given with an inimitable expression of pity.

We have thus shown by the analysis of the principal phenomena of the 'biological' state, how easily they may be all reduced to the one simple principle of *suggestion*, acting on a mind which has lost for a time the power of volitional direction; and how much this state of mind, anomalous as it appears at first view, has in common with others, with which we are all more or less familiar. The chief marvel, we repeat, lies in the discovery

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that a continued steady gaze at a fixed object will induce this condition, chiefly with such as are constitutionally predisposed to abstraction or reverie, or who possess that kind of imaginative power which transports them into circumstances altogether different from those which surround them. The proportion of such individuals is stated by those whose experiments have been extensive, to be from one in twelve to one in twenty; so that in a company of fifty or sixty persons, there are pretty sure to be two or three who will prove to be good biological 'subjects,' if they take the appropriate means. We are far, however, from encouraging needless trials, and their frequent repetition upon the same individuals is to be especially deprecated; for the phenomena are essentially morbid; and the reiterated suspension of the volitional power over the direction of the thoughts, can scarcely do otherwise than tend to its permanent impairment.

One of the most remarkable of all the effects of the biological condition, however, yet remains to be considered; namely, the superinduction of genuine *sleep*, which may often be accomplished in a few minutes, or even seconds, by the declaration of the operator that the 'subject' *shall* sleep, or even, in some cases, by the simple prediction that he *will*. Here again, however, we find that the apparent marvel disappears upon consideration; for the most important step in the induction of sleep — the suspension of the spontaneous activity of the mind—has been already gained by the antecedent process, which, in many individuals, itself suffices to produce the whole effect. And when the biologized subject is left in a state of perfect inactivity, and the whole attention is concentrated upon the idea of sleep, it seems quite consistent with our knowledge of the conditions which most favour its ordinary supervention, that the undisturbed monotony of impression, though continued but for a short time, should be adequate to the purpose.

The duration of this slumber, and the mode of its termination, may be decided in a most remarkable manner by the impression made upon the mind of the 'subject' before passing into it. If he be previously directed to awake speedily, he will awake accordingly; and the same result will ensue upon a like suggestion conveyed in other ways. Thus we have seen a lady sent off to sleep by the conviction that a handkerchief held beneath her nose was charged with chloroform; the precise symptoms ensued as if she had inhaled the narcotic vapour (which she had actually done on two or three occasions), and she gradually passed into a state of profound insensibility, from which she awoke in a few minutes, just as would have happened had she been really 'chloroformed.' But this same lady, having been put to sleep by

by the assurance that she could not resist, and having received from the operator the injunction not to awaken until called by himself, showed no sign of consciousness when a large hand-bell was rung close to her ear, when she was somewhat roughly shaken, or when a feather was passed full two inches up her nostril. Her slumber appeared likely to be of indefinite duration (in one instance a patient of Professor Simpson slept for thirty-five hours, with only two short intervals of permitted awakening); but it was instantly terminated by the operator calling the lady by her name in a gentle tone.

The influence thus exerted over the duration of the sleep and the susceptibility of the 'subject' to certain sensory impressions, whilst utterly insensible to all others, are points of extreme interest. Believing that the solution is to be found in *the dominant impression by which the mind of the 'subject' may be possessed at the time of entering this state*, we shall endeavour to confirm this instance, like the rest, by an appeal to familiar experience.

Common observation affords ample proof of the influence of previous habits of attention to sensory impressions of a particular kind, in determining what *shall* and what *shall not* be effectual in recalling the sleeper from the land of dreams to the working-day world. Thus, most persons are more readily awakened by the sound of their own names, than by any other mode of address. The medical practitioner, in his first profound sleep after a laborious day, is aroused by the opening stroke of the clapper of his night-bell, or even by the movement of the bell-wire which precedes it; the telegraph-clerk, however deep his repose, is recalled to activity by the faintest sound produced by the vibration of that wondrous needle, to whose indications he is required to give diligent heed; the mother is awakened by the slightest wail of uneasiness proceeding from her infant charge. And these facts cannot be explained upon the supposition that the sleep, prevented from becoming profound by the persistence of the previous excitement, is consequently interrupted by trifling disturbances; for in all these instances the sleeper may remain unaffected by much louder sounds, which have not the same relation to his previous mental state. Thus the doctor's wife shall be insensible to the full peal of the night-bell, whose first tingle awakes her snoring spouse; and he may go forth upon his errand and return to his couch, without disturbing the slumbers of his partner. But her turn next comes; the cries of her child arouse her maternal vigilance; and she may spend hours in the attempt to soothe it to repose, which are passed by her husband in a state of blissful unconsciousness. This is no imaginary picture, but one

one of daily, or we should say nightly occurrence. It is the very familiarity of these facts, which, as in so many other instances, prevents their import from being duly apprehended.

A remarkable example of this class of phenomena was furnished by the late Sir Edward Codrington. When a young man, he was serving as signal-lieutenant under Lord Hood at the time of the investment of Toulon, and, being desirous of obtaining the notice of his commander, he applied himself to his duty—that of watching for signals made by the look-out frigates—with such perseverance, that he often remained on deck nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, going below only to sleep. During his snatches of repose, his slumber was so profound that no noise would awake him; and it was a favourite amusement with his comrades, to try experiments devised to test the soundness of his sleep. But if the word 'signal' were *even whispered* in his ear he was instantly aroused, and was fit for immediate duty; the constant direction of his thoughts towards this single object having given to the impression produced by the softest mention of its name, a power over his mind which nothing else could exert.

But it is not requisite that the sensory impression should be one habitually attended to during the waking hours. It is generally sufficient to produce the effect, that the attention should be strongly fixed upon it before going to sleep. Thus, the traveller who requires to start early upon his journey, is awakened by a gentle tap at the door of his chamber, although he may have slept through a succession of far louder noises with which he had no concern. And the student who has set his heart upon rising at a particular hour, in order to continue some literary task, is aroused by the recurrence of the strokes of the clock which mark it, although no other may have affected him throughout the night, and although he may have habitually slept to a later hour without being disturbed by it. Nay, more; it is common to meet with individuals who have the power of determining, on going to rest, the time at which they will awake; and, unlike many, who would be prevented by such a determination from obtaining an hour of continuous repose, they enjoy unbroken slumbers until the allotted limits are reached.

Whatever may be considered as the most feasible explanation of these well-known facts, the same will be equally applicable to phenomena, which are usually considered, as dependent upon some special agency, directly exercised by the will of another individual upon the corporeal organism of the sleeper. When B. goes to sleep at the bidding of A., and is also told by A. that she will awake at a certain hour, in what essential respect does the case differ from that last cited, save that the requisite

state of mind is produced by the assurance of another, instead of by the spontaneous determination of the individual herself? Or, again, when B. is told, on going to sleep, that she is to awake at the sound of A.'s voice, and that no other sounds are to recal her to consciousness, wherein does the phenomenon differ from circumstances which naturally occur, except in the production of the peculiar susceptibility to the one kind of sound, by an impression forced upon the individual, instead of by the habit of attention to it? In the one instance, as in the other, the effect is obviously dependent upon the previous mental state of the subject.

The state of *Somnambulism*, or sleep-waking, may be regarded as having much the same relation to that of dreaming, as the 'biologized' state bears to ordinary 'reverie:' in fact, it may be best characterized as an *acted dream*. There is the same want of control over the thoughts, and the same subjection of the consciousness to the one notion which may for a time possess it, as we perceive both in the dreamer and in the biologized subject; but, like the former, the somnambulist must be regarded as *asleep*, his ordinary relation to the external world being suspended; whilst, like the latter, he retains such a control over his nervo-muscular apparatus, as to execute, or at any rate to attempt, whatever it may be in his mind to do. The sequence of ideas is sometimes determined entirely by *internal* suggestion. A mathematician will work out a difficult problem; an orator will make an effective speech; a preacher will address an imaginary congregation with such pathos as deeply to move his real auditors; a musician will draw forth most enchanting harmonies from his accustomed instrument; a poet will improvise a torrent of verses; a mimic will keep the spectators in a roar of laughter. The reasoning processes may be carried on with remarkable accuracy; so that the conclusion may be quite sound, if the data have been correct. But the usual defect of the intellectual operations is, that, owing to their very intensity, the attention is drawn off from the considerations which ought to modify them; and thus it happens that the result is often palpably inconsistent with the teachings of ordinary experience, which, if they present themselves to the consciousness at all, are not perceived by it with sufficient vividness for the exercise of their due corrective influence.

In this form of Somnambulism, there is usually as complete an insensibility, as in ordinary sleep, to all external impressions, excepting such as fall in with the existing current of ideas. No ordinary sights or sounds, odours or tastes, pricks, pinches, or blows, make themselves felt; and yet, if anything is addressed to the somnambulist which is in harmony with the notion that occupies his mind

mind at the time, he may take cognizance of it, and interweave it with his web of thought, which may receive a new colour therefrom. A case is cited by Dr. Carpenter,* of a young lady who when at school frequently began to talk, after having been asleep an hour or two; her ideas almost always ran upon the events of the previous day; and, if encouraged by questions, she would give a very coherent account of them, frequently disclosing her own peccadilloes and those of her schoolfellows, and expressing great penitence for the former, whilst she seemed to hesitate about making known the latter. To all ordinary sounds, however, she seemed perfectly insensible. A loud noise would awake her, but was never perceived in the sleep-talking state; and if the interlocutor addressed to her any observations that did not fall in with her train of thought, they were completely disregarded. By a little adroitness, however, she might be led to speak upon almost any subject if a transition was made from one to another by means of leading questions.

It is an important and distinctive feature of the somnambulistic state, that neither the trains of thought which have passed through the mind, nor the actions which have resulted from them, are remembered when the subject awakes; or, if any recollection of them should be preserved, they are retraced only as passages of an ordinary dream. Both the trains of thought and the events of a former somnambulistic state, are nevertheless frequently remembered, on its renewal, with the utmost vividness, even at a distant interval; and of this interval, however long it may have been, there seems to be no sort of consciousness. The same thing happens, but more rarely, in ordinary dreaming, the sleeper sometimes recollecting a previous dream, and even carrying on the thread; a circumstance which marks the close affinity of this form of dream to that of somnambulism, since it is only when the idea of the sleeper possesses the fixity and congruity characteristic of the latter, that it shows a tendency to recurrence. The following incident, which recently happened, is a good exemplification of the 'acted dream,' and of the continuity of the impression from one occasion to another:—A servant-maid, rather given to somnambulism, missed one of her combs; and on making the most diligent search, was unable to find it. One morning, however, she awoke *with the comb in her hand*, so that there can be little doubt that she had put it away on a previous night, without preserving any recollection of the circumstance, when she was awake; and that she had recovered it when the remembrance of its hiding-place was brought to her mind by the recurrence of the state in which it had been secreted.

* Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, vol. iv. p. 691.

Many of the most characteristic features of this species of Somnambulism are presented by a case which is narrated by Dr. Carpenter as occurring within his own experience.* The subject of it was a young lady of highly nervous temperament; and the affection occurred in the course of a long illness, in which all the severest forms of hysterical disorder had successively presented themselves. The state of somnambulism usually supervened upon the waking state; instead of growing, as is commonly the case, out of sleep:—

'In this condition her ideas were at first entirely fixed upon one subject, the death of her only brother, which had occurred some years previously. To this brother she had been very strongly attached; she had nursed him in his last illness; and it was perhaps the return of the anniversary of his death, about the time when the somnambulism first occurred, that gave to her thoughts that particular direction. She talked constantly of him, retraced all the circumstances of his illness, and was unconscious of anything that was said to her which had not reference to this subject. On one occasion she mistook her sister's husband for her lost brother; imagined that he was come from heaven to visit her; and kept up a long conversation with him under this impression. This conversation was perfectly rational on her side, allowance being made for the fundamental errors of her data. Thus she begged her supposed brother to pray with her; and on his repeating the Lord's Prayer, she interrupted him after the sentence "forgive us our trespasses," with the remark, "But *you* need not pray thus; *your* sins are already forgiven." Although her eyes were open, she recognised no one in this state, not even her own sister, who, it should be mentioned, had not been at home at the time of her brother's last illness.

'On another occasion it happened that, when she passed into this condition, her sister, who was present, was wearing a locket containing some of their deceased brother's hair. As soon as she perceived this locket, she made a violent snatch at it, and would not be satisfied until she had got it into her own possession, when she began to talk to it in the most endearing and even extravagant terms. Her feelings were so strongly excited on this subject, that it was judged prudent to check them; and as she was inaccessible to all entreaties for the relinquishment of the locket, force was employed to obtain it from her. She was so determined, however, not to give it up, and was so angry at the gentle violence used, that it was found necessary to abandon the attempt; and having become calmer, after a time, she passed off into ordinary sleep. Before going to sleep, however, she placed the locket under her pillow, remarking, "Now I have hid it safely, and they shall not take it from me." On awaking in the morning, she had not the slightest consciousness of what had passed; but the impression of the excited feelings still remained; for she remarked to her sister, "I cannot tell what it is that makes me feel so; but every time that S——

* Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, vol. iv. p. 692.

comes

comes near me I have a kind of shuddering sensation," the individual named being a servant, whose constant attention to her had given rise to a feeling of strong attachment on the side of the invalid, but who had been the chief actor in the scene of the previous evening. This feeling wore off in the course of a day or two.

'A few days afterwards, the somnambulism again recurred; and the patient, being upon her bed at the time, immediately began to search for the locket under her pillow. In consequence of its having been removed in the interval (in order that she might not, by accidentally finding it there, be led to inquire into the cause of its presence, of which it was thought better to keep her in ignorance) she was unable to find it; at which she expressed great disappointment, and continued searching for it, with the remark, "It *must* be there; I put it there myself a few minutes ago, and no one can have taken it away."—In this state the presence of S—— renewed her previous feelings of anger; and it was only by sending S—— out of the room, that she could be calmed and induced to sleep.

'This patient was the subject of many subsequent attacks, in every one of which the anger against S—— revived; until the current of thought changed, no longer running exclusively upon what related to her brother, but becoming capable of direction by *suggestions* of various kinds presented to her mind, either in conversation, or, more directly, through the several organs of sense.'

Here, then, we perceive the complete limitation of the consciousness to the one train of ideas which was immediately connected with the object of strong affection. Her recognition of the locket which her sister wore, when she did not recognise the wearer, was extremely curious; and, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, may be explained in two modes, each of them in accordance with the known laws of somnambulism. Either the concentration of her thoughts caused her to remember only that which was *immediately* connected with her brother, or she may have been directed to the locket by the sense of smell, which is frequently exalted in the somnambulistic state to a remarkable degree, enabling the somnambule to find out the owner of a ring or a glove amongst a number of bystanders, with as much facility as the best-trained hound. The continuity of the train of thought from one fit to the next was strongly marked in this instance; and the prolongation of the emotional excitement throughout the interval, without any idea as to its cause, is a feature of peculiar interest, as showing that some organic impression must have been left by the mental operations of the somnambulistic state, which the waking consciousness could not trace to its source. Common experience furnishes facts of the same order; a sense of undefined uneasiness often remaining as a consequence of a troubled dream, of whose character there is no definite remembrance; and this uneasiness sometimes manifesting itself especially in regard to certain persons or objects, the sight of

of which calls forth a vague recollection that they have been recently before the mind in some disagreeable association.

But there is a very different phase of the Somnambulistic state, in which the mind, though not less possessed for the time by its own idea, is yet capable of having the direction of its thoughts, and consequently the bodily actions which they prompt, as readily influenced by *external* impressions, as in the biologized subject. Between these two forms, again, there is every gradation; the facility with which the mind of the somnambulist is amenable to the guidance of suggestions, being always inversely proportional to the degree in which he is possessed by some one dominant idea. Of the form of natural somnambulsm in which the influence of external impressions is most complete, the well-known case of the officer who served in the expedition to Louisburg in 1758, is an apt illustration.* The course of his dreams could be completely directed by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar (another illustration of our previous position, that the sensibility to impressions is in great degree dependant on the attention paid to them in the waking state); and his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming, all the motions of which he immediately imitated. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life, which he did, with such force as to throw himself from the locker upon the floor, by which he was bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his companions found him one day asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his apprehensions by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next to himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was aroused from his danger

* This is frequently referred to the head of dreaming; but as the dream was *acted*, it most legitimately falls under the present category.

and

and his dream together by falling over the tent-ropes. After these experiments he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing him some trick.

It is a state very similar to this, that Mr. Braid discovered might be *artificially* produced by fixing the eyes, for several minutes consecutively, on some bright object placed somewhat above and in front of them, at such a distance that the convergence of their axes towards it is accompanied with a sense of effort, amounting to pain. It will be at once perceived that this process is of the same kind as that employed for the induction of the biological state; the only difference lying in the greater intensity of the gaze, and in the more complete concentration of will upon the direction of the eyes, which the nearer approximation of the object in Mr. Braid's method requires for the maintenance of the convergence. The condition thus induced differs little from the intenser forms of the biological state, save in its more complete removal from the ordinary waking consciousness. In regard to the influence of external suggestion in directing the current of thought and action, the two states are essentially the same; and we need not repeat with regard to Hypnotism what we have described so fully already. There seems to be, however, a state of greater *concentration* about the hypnotic somnambule, than exists in the biologized 'subject.' The whole man seems given to each perception. No doubts or difficulties present themselves to distract the attention; and, in consequence, there is a greater susceptibility to suggestions, and their results are more vividly displayed. This is the case especially in regard to *emotional* states, which are generated with the utmost facility, and which can be governed by a word, or even by the 'subject's' own muscular sense, which suggests to his mind ideas corresponding to the attitude into which he may be put by the operator. Thus, if the hand be placed upon the top of the head, the somnambulist will frequently, of his own accord, draw his body up to its fullest height, throw back his head, and assume a countenance expressive of the loftiest *pride*. Where the first action does not suffice, the operator has only to straighten the legs and spine, and to place the head somewhat back, to produce the result. While this emotion is in full play, let the head be bent forward, and the body and limbs gently flexed; and the haughty bearing instantaneously gives way to the most profound *humility*. The reception of ideas connected with particular actions is not less common. If the hand be raised above the head, and the fingers be bent upon the palm, the notion of *climbing*, swinging, or pulling at a rope, is called up;

up; if the fingers are bent when the arm is hanging at the side, the idea excited is that of *lifting* some object from the ground; and if the same be done when the arm is advanced forwards in the position of striking a blow, the idea of *fighting* is at once aroused, and the somnambulist is apt to put it into execution. On one occasion, Dr. Carpenter tells us, a violent blow was given which chanced to alight upon a second somnambulist, whose combativeness being excited, the two closed, and belaboured one another with such energy that they were with difficulty parted. Although their passions were so strongly excited, that, even when separated, they continued to utter furious denunciations against each other, a little discreet manipulation of their muscles restored them to perfect good humour.

Not only may the mind be thus played-upon, through impressions communicated to it from the body;—it can react upon the body in a way which at first sight appears almost incredible, but which is in perfect conformity with the principles already laid down. Thus an extraordinary degree of power may be thrown into any set of muscles, by telling the somnambulist that the action which he is called upon to perform is one which he can accomplish with the greatest facility. One of Mr. Braid's hypnotized subjects — a man so remarkable for the poverty of his physical development, that he had not for many years ventured to lift a weight of twenty pounds—took up a quarter of a hundred-weight upon his little finger, and swung it round his head with the utmost ease, upon being assured that it was as light as a feather. On another occasion he lifted a half-hundred weight as high as the knee on the last joint of his forefinger. The impossibility of any trickery would be evident to an observant eye, since, if he had been trained to such feats (which few of the strongest men could accomplish without practice), the effect would have been visible in his muscular development. Consequently, when the same individual afterwards declared himself unable to lift a handkerchief from the table, which he had been assured that he could not move, we saw no reason for questioning the truth of his conviction; based as this was upon the same kind of suggestion, as that by which he had been just before prompted to a far more astonishing action.

In like manner various other muscular movements may be induced, of which the same individual would not be capable in the natural state. One of the most remarkable of these phenomena was the exact imitation of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's vocal performances, which was given by a factory girl whose musical powers had received scarcely any cultivation, and who could not speak her own language grammatically. This girl, in the

the hypnotized state, followed the Swedish nightingale's songs in different languages so instantaneously and correctly, both as to words and music, that it was difficult to distinguish the two voices. In order to test the powers of this somnambule to the utmost, Mademoiselle Lind extemporised a long and elaborate chromatic exercise, which the girl imitated with no less precision, though in her waking state she durst not even attempt it.

So, again, there is abundant evidence that the sensibility of a patient in this condition may be exalted to an extraordinary degree in regard to some particular class of impressions; this being due, as before, to the concentration of the attention upon the objects which excited them. We have known a youth in the hypnotized state find out, by the sense of smell, the owner of a glove from amongst a party of more than sixty persons. In another case, the owner of a ring was unhesitatingly singled out from amongst a company of twelve, the ring having been withdrawn from the finger before the somnambule was introduced. We have seen other cases, again, in which the perception of temperature was extraordinarily exalted; very slight differences, inappreciable to ordinary sense, being at once detected; and any considerable change, such as the admission of a current of cold air by the opening of a door, producing the greatest distress. Some of the most striking examples of this kind are afforded by that refinement of the *muscular* sense, which seems to be an almost constant character of the somnambulistic state, replacing the exercise of sight in the direction of the movements. We have repeatedly seen hypnotised patients write with the most perfect regularity, when an opaque screen was interposed between their eyes and the paper, the lines being equidistant and parallel, and the words at a regular distance from each other. We have seen, too, an algebraical problem worked out, with a neatness which could not have been exceeded if the person had been awake. But still more curious is the manner in which the writer will sometimes carry back his pen to dot an *i*, cross a *t*, or make a correction in a word. Mr. Braid had one patient (the individual whose sense of smell was so remarkably exalted, the son of a most respectable solicitor in Manchester) who could correct with accuracy the writing on a whole page of note-paper; but if the paper was moved from the position it had originally occupied on the table, all the corrections were on the *wrong* points of the page, though on the *right* points as regarded its *previous* place. Sometimes, however, he took a fresh departure (to use a nautical phrase) from the upper left-hand corner of the paper; and all his corrections were then made in their right positions, notwithstanding the displacement. 'This,' says

says Mr. Braid, 'I once saw him do, even to the double-dotting a vowel in a German word at the bottom of the page—a feat which greatly astonished his German master, who was present. We might fill many pages with the record of such marvels, which present themselves alike in *natural*, and in *artificial* or *induced* Somnambulism. All such phenomena are reducible to the general principles we have already laid down,—the concentration of the entire mind on whatever may be for a time the object of its attention, and its passive resignation (when not previously engrossed by a 'dominant idea' of its own) to any notion that may be suggested to it.

There is one point which Mr. Braid's experiments have brought into prominent relief, too important to be passed by, on account of its bearing on the supposed curative powers of Mesmerism. We have already adverted to the influence of 'expectant attention' upon the organic functions of the body; and the phenomena being acknowledged by scientific physiologists, there can be no difficulty in believing that the peculiar concentration of the mind in the 'hypnotic' state may produce still more striking results. It is found, accordingly, that the pulsations of the heart and the respiratory movements may be accelerated or retarded; and various secretions altered both in quantity and quality. A lady, who was leaving off nursing from defect of milk, was hypnotized by Mr. Braid, and whilst she was in this state, he made passes over the right breast to call her attention to it. In a few moments her gestures showed that she dreamt that the baby was sucking, and in two minutes the breast was distended with milk, at which she expressed, when awakened, the greatest surprise. The flow of milk from that side continued abundant, and, to restore symmetry to her figure, Mr. Braid subsequently produced the same change on the other side; after which she had a copious supply for nine months. We are satisfied that, if applied with discrimination, the process will take rank as one of the most potent methods of treatment, and Mr. Braid's recent Essay on Hypnotic Therapeutics seems to us to deserve the attentive consideration of the medical profession.

We are now prepared to sift the reputed phenomena of *Mesmerism*, with some likelihood of being able to distinguish what is probable from what is incredible—what may be admitted as scientific truth, from what must be rejected until more satisfactory evidence shall be adduced in its support.

In the first place, then, we may freely admit that 'mesmerized' subjects have exhibited all the symptoms analogous to those which are presented in 'electro-biology' and 'hypnotism.' That a state

a state resembling 'biological' reverie, as well as true somnambulism, can be induced by Mesmerism, we are assured by Dr. Gregory; and we have witnessed it not unfrequently in mesmeric somnambules who, although they had been awakened in the ordinary mode, had not completely recovered the control of their faculties,—any command given to them being automatically obeyed. It is unquestionable, moreover, that the mode in which these conditions are usually generated by the mesmerizer, is such as to rivet the attention and produce a monotony of impression. Some, for instance, content themselves with directing the subject to gaze fixedly at their eyes, which is just like looking at a shilling in the hand, or at Mr. Braid's lancet-case. In fact, we have seen a young lady 'biologized' either by staring at her own fingers or at the eyes of the operator; and her *rapport* with the operator was the same in both cases. Other mesmerizers employ certain strokings and waftings of the hand, termed 'passes;' and these have a two-fold effect, serving to produce the monotony of impression which is favourable to the access of the sleep, and to direct the thoughts towards any part upon which it may be intended to act.

All the ordinary methods of the Mesmerist, then, may be considered to operate in the same manner as when practised by those who employ them merely as means to fix the attention of the 'subject.' The question of magnetic or other dynamical force, which is the fundamental article in the mesmeric creed, must, therefore, be decided by quite a different kind of evidence;—namely, that which should demonstrate that either the somnambulistic state, or some other characteristic phenomenon, could be induced, *without the consciousness on the part of the subject that any agency was being exerted.* Now, we must own that all the evidence yet adduced to prove the affirmative of this position, appears to us to be utterly wanting in scientific accuracy. It is far more difficult than most persons who have not studied the phenomena are aware, to guard against sources of fallacy, arising out of the guesses at which the 'sensitives' are marvellously ready, and their alertness in taking advantage of the unconscious intimations of what is expected. So far as our own experience has enabled us to bring this question to the test, it has gone most completely to negative the existence of such a power; for we have found that mesmerizers, who asserted that they could send particular individuals to sleep, or affect them in other ways, by an effort of 'silent will,' have altogether failed, when the subjects were kept from any suspicion that the will was being exercised; whilst, on the other hand, we are cognizant of numerous cases in which 'sensitive' patients have gone to sleep, under the impression

that

that they were being mesmerized from a distance, when the supposed mesmerizer was not even thinking of them.

But, it is asserted, the existence of some such influence is proved by the peculiar *rapport* between the mesmerizer and his 'subject,' which is not manifested towards any other individuals, save such as may be placed *en rapport* with the 'subject' by the mesmerizer. Nothing is more easy, however, than to explain this on our principle of 'dominant ideas.' If the mind of the 'subject' be so yielded up to that of the mesmerizer, as to receive any impression which the latter suggests to it, the notion of such a peculiar relation is as easily communicable as any other. Hence the commands of the mesmerizer meet with a response which those of no one else can produce. In fact, other persons usually seem to be unheard by the somnambule, simply because they are not related to the dominant impression—a phenomenon of which, as we have seen, natural somnambulism presents frequent examples. Moreover, as individuals have brought themselves, by the habit of obedience, into complete subjection to the will of some second person, even in the waking state, without any mesmeric influence whatever, it is not at all difficult to understand how such a habit of attending to the operator, and to him alone, should be peculiarly developed in a state in which the mind has lost its self-directing power, and is the passive recipient of external impressions. The same explanation applies to the other phenomena of this *rapport*, such as its establishment with any bystander by his joining hands with the mesmerizer and the somnambule. It is because the somnambule is previously possessed with the idea that this new voice will thus be audible to her, and that she must obey its behests, that it produces the same effects as that of the mesmerizer had previously done. The history of Mesmerism affords abundant evidence in support of our position; for the *rapport* was not discovered until long after the practice of the art had come into vogue, having been unknown to Mesmer and his immediate disciples; and its phenomena have only acquired constancy and fixity, in proportion as its laws have been announced and received. Several mesmerizers, who have begun to experiment for themselves without any knowledge of what they were to expect, have produced a great variety of remarkable phenomena, and yet have never detected this *rapport;* though they have obtained immediate evidence of it, when once the idea has been put into their own minds, and thence transferred into those of their 'subjects.' In all the experiments we have witnessed, which seemed to indicate its existence, the previous idea had either been present, or it had obviously been suggested by the methods employed to induce the mesmeric somnambulism; whilst

whilst in a large number of other cases in which the subjects were not among the *habitués* of the mesmeric *séances*, their consciousness was not confined to the mesmerizer, or to those whom he placed *en rapport* with them, but was equally extended to all around.

It appears to us that the mesmeric manifestations may be grouped under the following categories:—

I. Those whose genuineness may be admitted, without any extraordinary weight of evidence in their support; since they are quite conformable to our previous knowledge, and can be explained on principles sufficiently established.

II. Those which, not being conformable to known facts, or explicable upon principles already admitted, cannot be accepted without a great amount of evidence in their favour; but which, not being in absolute opposition to recognized laws, may be received, upon strong testimony, without doing violence to our common sense, holding ourselves ready to seek their explanation in a more extended acquaintance with the powers of mind and of matter.

III. But there is another order of facts, which not only lies beyond our existing knowledge, but is in direct contrariety to it. Here, even though the *external* evidence should be the same with that which affords a secure support to the preceding groups, yet, as the *internal* evidence is altogether antagonistic, its force must remain conclusive against the validity of all statements, save those which shall have been sagaciously investigated by observers qualified for the task by habits of philosophical discrimination, and by their acquaintance with the numerous sources of fallacy which attend this particular department of inquiry. Entertaining the lowest possible opinion of the logical powers of the great bulk of the upholders of the mesmeric system, it has astonished us to find the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, bearing the honoured name of Gregory, asserting the monstrous proposition, that if we admit the reality of the *lower* phenomena of mesmerism, the same testimony ought to convince us of the *higher*. Let us try the learned professor by his own canon. He would have no difficulty in crediting a witness who told him that a stone which he had let fall from a height descended to the ground; or that a solution of tartaric acid, poured upon carbonate of soda, produced effervescence. But would he place the same reliance on the assurance, that a piece of lead, let go from the top of a tower, mounted like a balloon to the sky; or that, when sulphuric acid was poured on caustic potass, the two substances continued to exhibit their previous acid and alkaline properties, instead of uniting into a neutral salt? Once admit

Dr.

Dr. Gregory's principle, and there is nothing too hard for belief, either in mesmerism or anything else. Mr. Atkinson breathes a dream into a glove, and sends it to a lady; the dream occurs. Mr. Lewis raises a gentleman, previously thrown into a state of cataleptic rigidity, by the simple traction of the hand held above his head, without contact, and keeps him suspended in mid-air, like Mahomet's coffin, by the mere force of his will. And Major Buckley avers that his clairvoyant patients, to the number of one hundred and forty-eight, have read upwards of 36,000 words inclosed in boxes, and the mottoes contained in 4860 nut-shells.

Now the result of recent inquiries, directed towards the phenomena of hypnotism, electro-biology, and the like, has been to bring into the first of the above categories a large number of mesmeric phenomena, which must have previously been ranked under the second; since it has been shown that nothing more is needed for their elucidation, than an extension of principles already known to physiologists. Thus, the induction of comatose sleep and of somnambulism or sleep-waking, the establishment of a peculiar *rapport* between the mesmerizer and his subject, the government of the thoughts and actions of the latter by the expressed or implied determinations of the former, the production of cataleptic rigidity or of convulsive movements in the muscles, the extraordinary exaltation of sensibility as regards particular impressions, and the production of entire insensibility with respect to others,—these and numerous kindred phenomena are perfectly credible, because they are spontaneously exhibited in some cases, and may be brought about, in many more, by processes which cannot be fairly supposed to have any other action than on the *mind* of the 'subjects.'

In the second category we may place that power of 'thought-reading' which some mesmeric somnambules are affirmed to possess. Every one knows that there are individuals who have a remarkable capability of discerning what is passing in the minds of others, by the intuitive interpretation of looks, tones, and gestures, such as we all continually and unconsciously exercise in a minor degree, and where a strong motive begets a concentrated scrutiny, even dull observers will detect feelings which we had believed to be hidden in our own breasts. How common is it, for example, that a growing affection is perceived by the party who desires to be, but is not, the object of it, before its existence has been clearly revealed to the individual in whose secret soul it has taken root. Is it not quite conceivable, then, that in the state of expectant attention, which is the necessary condition of the performance, this power of introspection should be

be exalted in such individuals as already possess it in an unusual degree; just as we have seen that the muscular and other senses may be intensified, by the exclusive direction of the mind to some particular class of impressions?

To this peculiar quickness we are inclined to trace a large proportion of these asserted successes of *clairvoyant* somnambules, which are triumphantly appealed to, on the one hand, as affording the most indisputable evidence of the truth of the mesmeric system, and which, on the other, are regarded as so preposterous by its opponents as to stamp the whole as a tissue of delusion or imposture. In the form in which they are presented to us by Professor Gregory and other thorough-going believers, those asserted facts must unquestionably be placed in our third category. We are required to believe that there are individuals who can tell us what is taking place at the moment in localities which they never visited, what is being done by persons whom they never saw, what is being thought or felt by individuals of whose personality they had no previous knowledge; who can inform us of the entire past history of such individuals, and can predict their future course and destination; who can tell, when a key or a ring is placed in their hands, not only to whom it now belongs, but also to whom it has belonged ever since it *was* a key or ring; who can read what is cunningly shut up in boxes, or hidden behind a screen of stone walls; from whose mental vision, in fact, nothing can be concealed, if only it happens to take the required direction, which (it is admitted) cannot be always secured.

In estimating the value of these statements, we must bear in mind, in the first place, that they come to us only from thorough-going believers, to whom alone are these higher mysteries revealed—the presence of an opponent or even of a neutral investigator being sufficient to prevent them altogether. Many such believers have passed at once from the extreme of scepticism to the extreme of credulity, and have been equally rash and uninquiring in both; others have always thought that 'there must be something in mesmerism,' and as soon as they have met with any facts of whose reality they were satisfied, they have taken the whole series, together with the mesmeric *rationale*, for granted, without the least consideration as to whether the phenomena were not otherwise explicable; and others have been predisposed from the commencement to the reception of everything however marvellous (the more incredible to ordinary apprehension, the more credible to theirs), by a strange exaggeration of the love of novelty, or by a passion for a so-called 'spirituality' after which they are perpetually longing. It has not yet been our fortune to meet with a single

single believer in these higher mysteries who has exhibited the qualities of mind which would entitle his testimony to respect upon *any other* subject in which his feelings were interested, while we have known several (and as to these the mesmerists are of course silent) who have begun with a favourable predisposition, but have ended in utter disbelief, through their detection of the fallacies which lurked behind the ostensible results. To some of these fallacies we shall briefly advert.

In the first place, we have to guard against *intentional deception* on the part of the mesmeric 'subjects,' or the persons with whom they are connected. Numerous exposures have been made, from time to time; and others might, no doubt, be effected by any sharp-witted inquirer who would take the trouble to search them out. Dr. Forbes and Prof. Sharpey, for example, detected a certain George Goble in opening a box within which a card had been placed for the purpose of testing his clairvoyant powers; the said George having previously managed so cleverly, as nearly to convince the former of these gentlemen. Another case, which occurred several years ago, has recently been published, in which a pretended *clairvoyante*, having described what the members of her family at a considerable distance were doing at the moment, was found to have written to them by that afternoon's post, to cause them to answer any inquiries in such a manner as to accord with her revelations. The *motives* to such impostures are far more numerous than may be generally supposed. They are not merely love of gain, or love of notoriety; though these exert a most powerful influence; but there is a tendency well known to medical men, which manifests itself especially among hysterical females (the class to which the greater number of the reputedly clairvoyant subjects belong), and which may almost be called *a monomania for deception.* The ingenuity displayed by them in this morbid exercise of their powers is all but incredible.

But, in the second place, we have to guard against the *unintentional deception* to which every one is exposed who goes into the inquiry either with a foregone conclusion, or with an inclination to be convinced, and we could give instances of the facility with which persons have permitted themselves to be deluded, which would excite the astonishment of unprejudiced minds. Thus the patron of Mr. George Goble was persuaded that the said George Goble had opened the box *on one occasion only*, when he experienced unusual difficulty in the exercise of his clairvoyant powers, but did not like to disappoint the company, and we have even seen complete failures, taken up by the believers present, and ingeniously transformed (by a slight unintentional perversion)

perversion) into marvellous successes. It is, therefore, a reasonable rule, *to receive none of these statements upon the unsupported testimony of believers;* not that we impute to them the least intention of stating anything but what is *to their minds* strictly true, but that we are sceptical as to their power of discriminating the whole of the truth.

The third, and probably the most fertile source of fallacy in the reputed performances of clairvoyant subjects, arises from the influence of *suggestion.* Most of their revelations are made in reply to interrogatories, and not only 'mesmeric' but 'hypnotized' somnambules, and 'biologized' subjects, can be made to describe anything, existent or non-existent, by *leading* questions. We have repeatedly caused the two last classes to describe every thing of note in our house, without giving them any positive information; and when, in the absence of other guidance, a mere guess was hazarded, coincidences have now and then occurred, such as mesmerists would doubtless have trumpeted forth as wonderful successes. But that the descriptions were either suggested or guessed, was easily shown by giving the queries a false direction; when the replies being altered to suit them, had no relation whatever to the reality. We have tested mesmeric clairvoyants in the same manner. They all readily detail what is in everybody's house, such as chairs, tables, sofas, book-cases, piano, fire-screens, &c.; but when they have exhausted the standing catalogue, they go no further, until some suggestive question is asked, and, like the hypnotic somnambules, are readily enticed into error. In following the 'lead,' whether in accordance with the realities or not, they often show a marvellous amount of acuteness. It happens, however, that we possess a rather unusual piece of drawing-room furniture, to wit, an organ, of considerable size, with gilt pipes in front, which could neither be overlooked nor mistaken for anything else; yet no *clairvoyant has ever spontaneously mentioned this.*

In the fourth place, we may point out that in Somnambulism, as in dreams, the *memory*, like other faculties, occasionally becomes remarkably intensified; so that the hidden stores, whose very existence had been forgotten in the waking state, have been unlocked, and an amount of information is brought into use, which the individual was himself unconscious that he possessed. This display of dormant knowledge, frequently ornamented by the imagination (which is often extremely vivid), comes upon the credulous auditors like a new revelation; until some one traces it to the pages of an Encyclopædia, or to the recollections of early life.

There are many cases of asserted Clairvoyance, to which, if

all that is stated of them be true, none of these causes of fallacy apply. But until they have been sifted by philosophical sceptics, instead of being passively registered by believers, we feel justified in the conviction that some undiscovered fallacy exists, and this scepticism will continue, unless one of Major Buckley's 148 clairvoyants will perform the easy task of reading five lines of Shakspeare, shut up in five separate boxes; for which Prof. Simpson, of Edinburgh, has offered a reward of 500*l.*, a sum quite adequate, we should think, to stimulate the most refractory 'subjects' to the efficient exercise of their powers.

At the risk of exhausting the patience of our readers, we must direct their attention, before we conclude, to some of the remaining aspects of this curious subject. The automatic or semi-automatic action of the mind, which takes place when it has become possessed by an *expectant idea*, will be found to afford the key to the greater part, if not the whole, of the phenomena brought under notice a few years since by Baron von Reichenbach, and attributed by him to a hypothetical 'Odylic force.' These phenomena consisted for the most part in the peculiar sensations and attractions experienced by certain 'sensitive' subjects, when in the neighbourhood of magnets or crystals. After a magnet had been repeatedly drawn along the arm of one of these subjects, she would feel a pricking, streaming, or shooting sensation; or she would see a small volcano of flame issuing from its poles, when gazing at them even in broad daylight; or, again, she would find her hand so irresistibly attracted towards a crystal, as to follow any movement that might be given to it. Some of these sensitives could never sleep in beds which lay north and south; but were impelled to sleep whilst looking either east or west; a fact which is considered by the learned Baron to account scientifically for the somniferous influence which is occasionally experienced by the most devout church-goers. Some, again, saw sparks and flames issuing from ordinary nails or hooks in a wall,—a circumstance which the Baron was somewhat puzzled to explain. To us, however, it is evident that his 'sensitives' were merely individuals possessed of considerable powers of voluntary abstraction; so that, like similar subjects of Mr. Braid, they could see or feel whatever they were led to believe that they *would* see or feel. In some instances, we admit, there is no indication of the channel through which the suggestion may have been conveyed; but when Von Reichenbach's complete want of appreciation of the importance of excluding all intimation of what was expected, is taken into account, it cannot be deemed unlikely that it *was* communicated, however

however unintentionally, even in the cases which at first seem exceptional; nor must it be forgotten, that when the mind is in a state of concentrated attention upon a particular object, circumstances, which would pass unnoticed by others, have a powerful suggestive influence on the performer.

It is admitted by Von Reichenbach that the attractive force which draws the hand to the magnet, cannot draw the magnet to the hand: the magnet, though poised on a delicate balance, remaining unmoved by the solicitations of a hand placed beneath it. Surely this fact alone ought to have convinced him, that the force which keeps the hand of the 'sensitive' in contact with the magnet, has nothing in common with the physical forces, whose action is invariably reciprocal; but that it must be generated solely *within* the living body which exhibits the movement. Whatever may be his merits as a chemist, he has shown his utter incompetency for the conduct of an inquiry which is essentially physiological and psychological; and we are compelled to say that the public sanction which Professor Gregory has given to Von Reichenbach's assertions, proves that *he* too is chargeable with the same want of philosophical discrimination, and that his own recorded experiences on the subject must consequently be put aside as of little account.

Von Reichenbach never gained any large 'following' in this country, for to repeat his experiments, it is necessary to find 'subjects' of peculiar susceptibility, which are not always to be obtained. The next form under which the phenomena of 'expectant attention' manifested themselves, was a much more popular one; and it served alike to fill up the hiatus *in time* between Odylism and Electro-Biology; and to connect these two pseudo-sciences in the minds of their votaries, by the link of a common causative force. If a ring, button, or any other small body be suspended by a string from the end of the finger, it will speedily begin to oscillate with a pendulum-like movement, and its oscillations will often take a definite direction. In our schoolboy days there was a prevalent belief, that a button so held would strike the hour of the day or night against the side of a glass tumbler. This certainly *was* the case in a large proportion of the instances in which we witnessed the experiment; but it is scarcely possible *now* to avoid seeing, that the influence which determined the number of the strokes was really *in the mind* of the experimenter; since the division of the day into hours is purely artificial, and cannot be supposed to have any other relation with the oscillations of the button, than that which it derives from the mental anticipation of a certain result. The subject was again brought up, about four years

since, in another form, by Dr. Herbert Mayo, who investigated it with a great appearance of scientific precision. Beginning with a gold ring, and then proceeding to other bodies, he came to the conclusion that 'a fragment of anything, of any shape, suspended by a silk or cotton thread, the end of which is wound round the first joint either of the fore-finger or the thumb,' would answer the purpose; though he finally gave the preference to a flat piece of shell-lac. To this he gave the name of 'Odometer,' having almost from the commencement assumed that the oscillations were dependent upon the 'odyle' of Von Reichenbach, whose system he had already embraced. By varying his experiments Dr. Mayo became convinced that the direction and extent of the oscillations could be altered, either by a change in the nature of the substances placed beneath his odometer, or by the contact of the hand of a person of the opposite sex, or even of the experimenter's other hand, with that from which the odometer was suspended. He gradually reduced his results to a series of definite laws, to which he seems to have imagined them to be as amenable as the motions of the heavenly bodies are to the law of gravitation. Unfortunately, however, other observers, who worked out the subject with like perseverance and good faith, framed a very different code; and it at once became apparent to those who knew the influence which 'expectant attention' exerts in determining involuntary muscular movements, that this was only another case of the same kind, and that the cause of the change of direction lay in the *idea* that some such change would ensue from a certain variation in the conditions of the experiment. Let it be tried upon *new* performers, who are entirely devoid of any expectant idea of their own, and who receive no intimation, by word or look, of what is anticipated by others, and the results are found to have no uniformity whatever. Even those who have previously been successful will find that *all their success vanishes, from the moment that they withdraw their eyes from the oscillating body*, its movements thenceforth presenting not the least regularity—a demonstration of itself that the definite direction which they previously possessed was due, not to any magnetic or odylic force, of which the body of the operator was the medium, but to the influence exercised by his ideas over his muscles, under the guidance of his visual sense.

We do not know whether Mr. Rutter's Brighton 'Magnetometer' was an offshoot from Dr. Mayo's 'Odometer,' or had an independent origin. About the same time, however, that no inconsiderable portion of the British public was amusing itself with swinging buttons and rings from its finger-ends, the attention of scientific men was invited to the fact that a definite series

series of movements of a like kind was exhibited by a ball suspended from a metallic frame (which was itself considered a fixture), when the finger was kept for a short time in contact with it; and that these movements varied in direction and intensity, according as the operator touched other individuals with his disengaged hand, laid hold with it of bodies of different kinds, or altered his condition in various other modes. Among Mr. Rutter's disciples was a homœopathic physician at Brighton, Dr. H. Madden, who conceived the notable idea of testing the value of the indications of the magnetometer, by questioning it as to the characters of his remedies, in regard to which he was of course himself possessed with certain foregone conclusions. Globules in hand, therefore, he consulted its oscillations, and found that they corresponded exactly with his notion of what they ought to be; a medicine of one class producing longitudinal movements, which at once changed their course to transverse when a medicine of opposite virtues was substituted for it. In this way Dr. Madden was going through the whole homœopathic pharmacopœia, when circumstances led him to investigate the subject *de novo*, with the indispensable precaution, that he *should not know* what were the substances on which he was experimenting, the globules being placed in his hand by a second person, who should give him no indication of their nature. From the moment that he began to work upon his new plan, the whole aspect of affairs was altered. The same globules produced oscillations at one time transverse, at other times longitudinal; whilst remedies of the most opposite kinds frequently gave no sign of difference. In a short time, Dr. Madden was led to the conviction, which he avowed with a candour very creditable to him, that the system he had built up had no better foundation than his own anticipation of what the results should be.

That the rhythmical motion of the hand should be sufficient to cause vibrations in the solid magnetometer, will not surprise any one, who knows how difficult it is to prevent the tremors of a telescope or a microscope by the most careful construction of its supporting frame-work; or who bears in mind that the form of the speculum of Lord Rosse's telescope, weighing five tons, having a thickness of six inches, and composed of the hardest known combination of metals, is perceptibly altered (as is demonstrated by the immediate impairment of the distinctness of its reflected image) by a moderate pressure of the hand against its back. Moreover, as Dr. Madden has remarked, the arrangement of Mr. Rutter's apparatus is such as to admit of the greatest sensible effect being produced by the smallest amount of imparted motion; and every modification

tion which increases its immobility, decreases in the same proportion its apparent sensibility to the magnetic currents. Yet although it has been demonstrated to Mr. Rutter himself, that his apparatus is so far from being absolutely rigid that the pendulum-vibrations may be induced by intentional movement; and further, that no definite vibrations take place unless the pendulum be watched, he still persists in attributing his performances to 'Human Electricity,' and still draws after him a train of admiring disciples, who refuse to see the possibility of any fallacy either in his method or in his conclusions.

The same explanation will go far to account for the mysterious phenomena of the Divining Rod, whose ancient reputation has been hitherto proof, even in the estimation of many who are ranked among the master-spirits of the age, against the scepticism of modern science in regard to all matters which it cannot explain. In many parts of the world there are to be found certain individuals, who profess to be able to discover the presence of hidden treasures, mineral veins, or springs of water, by the indications afforded by a forked hazel twig, shaped like the letter Y. The two legs of the fork being firmly grasped by the hands, in such a position that the stem shall point forwards, the diviner walks over the ground to be explored; and it is affirmed that the stem begins to bend upwards or downwards as soon as he passes over the object of which he is in search, its writhings being obvious to the bystander, and becoming stronger and stronger as the fork is held tighter. The motions of the rod, like the oscillations of the odometer, are *facts*,—explain them how we will; and notwithstanding that there may have been much intentional deception, yet the phenomena have presented themselves so frequently, when the rod was in the hands of individuals whose good faith could not be doubted, that we cannot set them down as being always, or even generally, no better than conjuring tricks. The 'expectant attention' of the performer was long since recognized as the cause of the movements by MM. Chevreul and Biot; who many years since made a most valuable series of experiments which have never attracted the attention they deserve. Even Dr. H. Mayo, with all his predilection for odylic agency, was constrained to admit that when his performer knew which way he (Dr. M.) *expected the fork to move*, the results were conformable; but that when the man was left in ignorance, or was blindfolded, they were vague and contradictory.

The question still remains, whether, after making due allowance for the influence of 'expectant attention,' there are any residual

sidual phenomena which this agency does not explain, and which must still be ranked as the mysteries of the divining-rod. All our inquiries have led us to one conclusion—that *where every kind of suggestion has been rigidly excluded, the failure has been complete;* and that the instances of success are to be accounted for (where no fraud was practised) by guesses on the part of the performers themselves, or by the unintentional promptings they have received from the bystanders who are in the secret. It was clearly shown by the French *savans*, that when the effort to maintain a fixed position is kept up in any part of the body for some time, the attention being directed to it, a state of *muscular tension* is induced, which at last discharges itself in movement. The forked hazel-twig cannot be firmly grasped for a quarter of an hour or more, without such a tendency to approximation or to separation between its branches, that its point is made to move upwards or downwards, according to the mode in which the rod is held; and the higher this state of tension has become, the more readily will the slightest suggestion determine the time and the direction of its movement.

We are now arrived, we are thankful to say, at the latest phases of this remarkable series of popular delusions. Into the previous history of the 'Spiritual Manifestations' on the American side of the Atlantic, we do not think it worth while to enter; it will be quite enough to examine the phenomena, as they presented themselves to the observation of the British public. The facts of the case were, briefly, as follows:—The 'medium' professed to place the questioner in such a relation with any departed spirit whom the latter might choose to summon, that answers should be given by the spirit to any questions which the summoner put *mentally*, without making them known either to the medium or to any one else. The replies were conveyed by gentle raps from the spirit, whilst the questioner gradually moved a pointer along the successive letters of the alphabet, or the figures of the numeral series, a fresh commencement being made after each letter had been indicated. In this manner words were put together; and, with patience, a whole sentence might be formed. Now, even allowing the strongest weight to the *à priori* improbabilities of this method of communication, and giving to Mrs. Hayden and her disciples the full credit, or rather discredit, of being a cheat, the means by which so many correct answers were given to questions which had never been put in any other than a mental shape, yet remained a mystery. The true explanation was first suggested by Mr. G. H. Lewes, in a weekly newspaper. This gentleman considered that Mrs. Hayden probably derived her

her indications when to 'rap,' from some involuntary sign of the questioner, as his pointer arrived at the letter which should form the next component of the answer;—this sign being either a delay in passing to the next letter, or some unconscious gesture, which would be perceived by an observer habitually on the watch. By *purposely* giving such indications, he caused Mrs. Hayden to *rap out* answers of the most absurdly erroneous character, to a series of questions which he had previously written down, and communicated to another member of the party, for the sake of negativing any charge of invention that might be raised against him. One exception, however, did occur to the constant character of these replies, and that was the one made to the final question—'Is Mrs. Hayden an impostor?' to which the answer was returned by unhesitating raps, as his pointer came upon the letters Y, E, S.

The correctness of this solution was confirmed by the results of many similar experiments; and we could give a long series of ludicrous replies, which were spelled out under the direction of waggish questioners. We uniformly found too that those whose questions had been most accurately answered, were persons of excitable temperament, who were liable to betray by outward emotion more or less of what was passing in their minds, whilst those to whom the spirits would give no information, were persons of comparatively imperturbable nature, possessing considerable command over their muscles. On one occasion a scientific friend, who belongs to the former class, having been much surprised at the accuracy of the replies he obtained, but having observed that none could be furnished to a gentleman whose temperament was of the opposite kind, made a fresh trial, with the determination to prevent any indication escaping him of the times at which he expected the 'raps.' His second experiment was as complete a failure as the first had been a success. It was clearly proved, in conclusion, that the sounds *can* be produced by a movement of the foot, which is not perceptible even to those who are watching it. Mrs. Hayden, however, has doubtless realized a very considerable profit from the gullibility of the London public, who paid her almost as handsomely for this exercise of her toes, as if they had been employed in the highest performances of the choregraphic art.

The taste for 'spiritual communications' once excited, has taken such hold of the minds of impressible subjects, that the number of 'mediums' who now sincerely believe themselves to be holding intercourse with departed spirits, would almost surpass the belief of any sober-minded man, who did not know the liability of such vagaries to become epidemic. Until we shall have heard

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of revelations presenting more internal evidence of genuineness, than is afforded by the anxiety of a careful old housekeeper that her daughter shall lay in an adequate stock of preserves for family consumption, by the modest disclaimer of Shakspeare who assures the world that he is 'a very much overrated poet,' or by the indignation of Columbus that America is not called by his name, we must take leave to class the communications in the same category with the dreamy reveries of religious mystics in all ages, and to regard the 'mediums' as simply persons who are possessed with certain 'dominant ideas,' of which, for their own mental health, it is desirable that they should be freed as soon as possible.

It can scarcely be necessary for us to enter into any elaborate analysis of the phenomena of *Table-turning*. What are the facts? A number of individuals seat themselves round a table, on which they place their hands, with the idea impressed on their minds that the table will move after a time in a rotatory manner; the direction of the movement, whether to the right or to the left, being generally arranged at the commencement of the experiment. The party sits, often for a considerable time, in a state of solemn expectation, with the whole attention fixed upon the table, and looking eagerly for the first sign of the anticipated motion. Generally one or two slight changes in its place herald the approaching revolution; these tend still more to excite the eager attention of the performers, and then the veritable 'turning' begins. If the parties retain their seats, the revolution only continues as far as the length of their arms will allow; but not unfrequently they all rise, feeling themselves obliged (as they assert) to *follow* the table; and from a walk, their pace may be accelerated to a run, until the table actually spins round so fast that they can longer keep up with it. All this is done, not merely without the least consciousness on the part of the performers that they are exercising any force of their own, but for the most part under the full conviction that they are not.

To those who already possessed the clue to the mysteries of electro-biology, odylic force, the magnetometer, *et hoc genus omne*, nothing could be simpler than the explanation of table-turning. As in so many other cases, the continued concentration of the attention upon a certain idea gives it a dominant power, not only over the mind, but over the body; and the muscles become the involuntary instruments whereby it is carried into operation. In this case, too, as in that of the divining-rod, the movement is favoured by the state of muscular tension, which ensues when the hands have been kept for some time in a fixed position. Many of those who tried the experiment upon a table that was somewhat

somewhat refractory, felt at last that they *must* move their arms, to get rid of the uneasy sensations they experienced.

All the results of the variations introduced into the experiment are perfectly conformable to this notion of their origin. Thus, when the direction of the movement had not been previously determined, it has generally happened (within our experience at least) that the table turned *from right to left;* plainly because it is the same direction which we give to everything (as in turning a winch, passing the after-dinner bottle, or spinning a tetotum) to which we are in the habit of imparting rotation, unless with some definite purpose to the contrary. When what we may term the *retrograde* movement has occurred, we have generally been able to trace it to the agency of a single individual, whose 'lead' has been unconsciously followed by the other performers; and the direction which he originates may be determined by the accident of his position. An intelligent writer has remarked, that if the body rests more on one side than on the other (which is almost always the case when the muscles are fatigued by remaining long in one posture), the automatic movement tends to direct the table *from* that side towards the other; and he states that he has thus determined the movement at his pleasure, by throwing the weight of his body (whilst standing) upon the right or the left leg. It was a favourite doctrine with those who attributed the rotation to electrical agency, that the movement would take place much earlier if the table were insulated; and this, in a great number of comparative experiments, seemed undoubtedly the case. The fact, however, would afford no support to the electrical hypothesis, even if this were tenable on other grounds, unless the performers had been left in ignorance whether the table were insulated or not; since the expectation that it would move round sooner under particular circumstances, was quite sufficient to bring about the result. The same explanation applies to another method which was at one time much in vogue, and was even represented by some to be essential to success,—that of forming a continuous circuit of hands, by spreading them out so that they touched each other by their little fingers and thumbs. In this case also—the hands being extended in a constrained position, instead of resting easily upon the table—the state of muscular tension is much more rapidly induced, and more quickly becomes unbearable. Again, we may fairly attribute to the 'dominant idea' that feeling of obligation to go along with the table when once its revolution has commenced, which is obviously the real cause of its continued movement. Although the performers may most conscientiously believe that the attrac-

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tion of the table carries them along with it, instead of an impulse which originates in themselves propelling the table, yet we never met with one who could not readily withdraw his hand if he really *willed* to do so. But it is the characteristic of the state of 'expectant attention,' to which the actors give themselves up in all such performances, that the power of volition is entirely subordinated to that of the 'dominant idea.'

Finding, then, in the known laws of mental physiology a sufficient explanation of these wonders, it is against all the rules of philosophy to assume that any other force is concerned in their production. Yet we have learned by painful experience, that when the common sense of the public once allows itself to be led away by the love of the marvellous, there is nothing too monstrous for its credulity. The greatest difficulty in the whole case has been to persuade the performers that the movement of the table was really due to the impulse which it received from their hands,—their conviction being generally most positive, that, as they were not *conscious* of any effort, the table must have been propelled by some other agency. So resolutely was this believed, that when the table was intentionally prevented from moving by the pressure of one of the parties, so that the hands of another performer, automatically moving in the expected direction, slid over its surface, the fact, instead of being received as evidence that the hands *would* have moved the table, had it been free to turn, was set down to a repulsive influence exerted by the table on the hands! Even since Professor Faraday's ingenious apparatus has supplied the most unequivocal proof that the movement of the table, instead of anticipating that of the hands, is consequent upon the pressure which they impart, they are many who affirm that the tested cases could not have been genuine, and yet decline to apply the touchstone to their own performances. This is in the very spirit of the opponents of Galileo, who would not look through his telescope at the satellites of Jupiter, because they supplied evidence in favour of the Copernican theory.

In our investigation of these phenomena we have found it necessary to treat with complete disregard the testimony of all who had given themselves up to the domination of the table-turning idea; for it has happened—no doubt quite unintentionally—that they commonly omitted from their narrative the very point most essential to the elucidation of the mystery. Thus a lady assured us that, in *her* house, a table had moved round and round, *without being touched*. On inquiring into the circumstances, we found that a hat had been placed upon the table, and the hands of the performers upon the hat; but our fair informant

informant was as sure that the hat could not have carried the table along with it, as she was that the hat moved round without any mechanical force communicated from the hands! In another case we were seriously informed that a table had been moved round by *the will of a gentleman sitting at a distance from it;* but it came out, upon cross-examination, that a number of hands were laid upon it in the usual way, and that after the performers had sat for some time in silent expectation, the operator called upon the spirit of 'Samson' to move the table, which then obediently went round. Experience of the worthlessness of the testimony of table-turners is thus an additional warning against accepting the evidence borne by the champions of Mesmerism to the wonders which they honestly declare themselves to have witnessed.

We had hoped that a little reflection was making the perpetrators of these absurdities sufficiently ashamed of themselves, when a new style of performance, a sort of 'cross' between 'spirit-rapping' and 'table-turning,' began to claim the attention which its predecessors no longer commanded. This consisted in *putting questions* to the table, with directions that it should *reply* by turning to the right or to the left, or by tilting-over towards one side or the other, or by rapping with one of its feet; and conversations were thus carried on, either by asking such questions as might be answered by a simple *yes* or *no*, or by directing the table to spell the words of the reply by such methods as the experimenters should devise. A large number of persons, of various ranks and degrees, have given themselves up to the belief, that by these clumsy contrivances they are brought into direct intercourse with the spirit-world. Nothing can be clearer than that these movements of the tables, like the preceding, usually take place in accordance with the *ideas* entertained by some or all of the performers. The very system of communication affords the proof of itself; for how could the meaning of the signs given by the tables be known to those who interrogated them, save by the conformity of the reply, with the foregone conclusion of the questioner as to what that reply should be? In fact we could select no more forcible illustrations of our previous principles than those which are afforded by the last three publications of which we have placed the titles at the head of this article.

The Rev. N. S. Godfrey is obviously possessed by the dominant idea, that scepticism as to the personal existence and constant agency of the Devil is one of the crying sins of the present period; and that supernatural manifestations of his power, in a mode obvious to our senses, are to be reasonably expected. He

has also adopted the conclusion that whatever the nature of the power or influence which produces 'Table-Moving' may be, 'it is at present a controllable one; that it is an intelligent power; that it is an obedient power; and that it is, when its effect is manifested in an insensate piece of wood, as a table, a supernatural one.' He traces Satanic agency downwards from the times of the Egyptian magicians to the present epoch; appealing, in proof of the prevalence of 'the evil spirits' in our own time, 'to the tradition of every country, town, and neighbourhood.' Having thus, as he honestly tells us, 'prepared the way,' Mr. Godfrey sits down with his wife and his curate, with their hands upon a small round mahogany table, which (as we presently learn) stood upon three legs. Having got the table into motion, and assumed the direction of its movements, he commanded it to stand on one leg, to move forward on one leg, to move forwards on its three legs successively, to rock quickly from side to side, to turn to him, to turn from him, to throw off a hat in a given direction,—all which commands it implicitly obeyed. When it is remembered *who* were Mr. Godfrey's partners in this performance, and that (as he honestly informs us) they were satisfied that he really had power to cause the table to obey him, their unconscious yielding to his suggestions, after they had been sitting in solemn expectancy for three-quarters of an hour, is precisely what our physiological view of the matter would lead us to anticipate. He now began to interrogate the table upon the subject as to which he was evidently most anxious for information:—

'I spoke to the table, and said, "If you move by electricity, stop." It stopped instantly! I commanded it to go on again, and said, while it was moving, "If an evil spirit cause you to move, stop." It moved round without stopping! I again said, "If there be any evil agency in this, stop." It went as before.'

It is obvious, from Mr. Godfrey's subsequent explanations, that he was not at all staggered by this negative reply, and that he had, in fact, rather expected it; having already conceived the idea that the spirit which moved the table would be forced by the Arch-fiend to attempt 'to deceive the very elect.' He accordingly devised a test, on whose efficacy he felt that he could rely:—

'I was now prepared for an experiment of a far more solemn character. I whispered to the schoolmaster to bring a small Bible, and to lay it on the table when I should tell him. I then caused the table to revolve rapidly, and gave the signal. *The Bible was gently laid on the table, and it instantly stopped!* We were horror-struck. However, I determined to persevere. I had other books in succession laid on the table, to see whether the fact of a book lying on it altered any of

of the conditions under which it revolved—it went round with them without making any difference! I then tried with the Bible four different times, and each time with the same result; it would *not move so long as that precious volume lay upon it.*'—p. 22.

After a few more experiments, the party went to supper; and then, 'at twenty minutes before twelve,' they again laid their hands on the table. As soon as it had begun to move, Mr. Godfrey pursued his interrogations, still plainly under the impression that he had got hold of a 'lying spirit;' and the following were his results:—

'I now said, "If there be a hell, I command you to knock on the floor with this leg twice;" it was motionless. "If there be not hell, knock twice;" no answer. "If there be a devil, knock twice;" no motion. "If there be not a devil, knock twice;" *to our horror, the leg slowly rose and knocked twice!* I then said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if there be *no* devil, knock twice;" it was motionless. This I tried four several times, and each time with the same result. I then asked other questions—"If there be a heaven, knock twice." "If there be not a heaven." "If there be not an eternity." "If the soul live after death." To not one of these questions could I get an answer.'—p. 24.

The table nevertheless would answer readily enough to commonplace interrogatories, such as the day of the month, and actually announced that the party had entered upon the next day, having carried on their experiments until past midnight,—a piece of intelligence which Mr. Godfrey seems to think supernatural, but for which we should account by the supposition that some one of the party either knew or guessed that the clock had struck twelve.

It is curious to observe how little some persons know of themselves. Mr. Godfrey assures us that, when the Bible was placed on the table, the emotion in the minds of all the parties was that of simple curiosity, and that, if they *had* a bias, it would have been *against* the table stopping. Why, the very fact of trying such an experiment, taken in connexion with Mr. Godfrey's obvious prepossessions on the subject of evil spirits, witchcraft, &c., sufficiently indicates what his real ideas were, even though he might not acknowledge them to himself.

Mr. Godfrey's second pamphlet contains much more to the same effect. He had established such an understanding with his table, that it 'lifted up its foot' and rapped, sometimes very emphatically, when it meant *yes*, and was silent when it meant *no*. The interrogations were all what lawyers would call 'leading questions;' and no one can doubt for an instant what were the answers expected by the inquirer. The spirit having announced himself (by spelling out his name) as Alfred Brown, and given a faint

a faint affirmative reply to the question, 'Are you immortal?' the conversation thus proceeded:—

'Are you sorry now for the sins you committed when alive?—Yes (very emphatically).

'Are you suffering now from those immoral desires, without the power of satisfying them?—Yes (very decidedly).

'Do we increase your suffering by keeping you here?—No answer.

'Do you want to be released?—No answer.

'Had you rather stay?—Yes.

'Does the Devil send you here?—Yes (very emphatically).

'Does he send you here for the purpose of deceiving us?—Yes (very decidedly).

'Does God compel you to answer questions?—Yes.

'Do you like to answer me?—Yes (very emphatically).

'Shall you be sorry when you leave here?—Yes.

'Are you happier in the presence of God's people?—Yes (decidedly).

'Must you come again if told by Satan?—Yes.

'Are you compelled by God to come to tell us that table-turning is of the Devil?—Yes.

'Could you answer with the Bible on you?—No.

We shall now give the Rev. E. Gillson an opportunity of narrating his experiences. He has obviously taken his cue from his predecessor; knowing, like him, 'that we are surrounded by innumerable devils,' though scarcely expecting to have their agency thus sensibly manifested; and labouring, in addition, under strongly excited feelings as to Papal aggression. The following is his narrative of the occurrences of a table conversazione held at the house of some members of his congregation:—

'I placed my hand upon the table, and put a variety of questions, all of which were instantly and correctly answered. Various ages were asked, and all correctly told. In reply to trifling questions, possessing no particular interest, the table answered by quietly lifting up the leg, and rapping. But, in answer to questions of a more exciting character, it would become violently agitated, and sometimes to such a degree that I can only describe the motion by the word *frantic*.

'I inquired, Are you a departed spirit?—The answer was Yes, indicated by a rap.

'Are you unhappy?—The table answered by a sort of writhing motion, which no natural power over it could imitate.

'It was then asked, shall you be for ever unhappy?—The same kind of writhing motion was returned.

'Do you know Satan?—Yes.

'Is he the Prince of Devils?—Yes.

'Will he be bound?—Yes.

'Will he be cast into the abyss?—Yes.

'Will

'Will you be cast in with him?—Yes.

'How long will it be before he is cast out?—He rapped ten.

'Will wars and commotions intervene?—The table rocked and reeled backwards and forwards for a length of time, as if it intended a pantomimic acting of the prophet's predictions:—The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again (Is. xxiv. 20).

'I then asked, where are Satan's head-quarters? Are they in England?—There was a slight movement.

'Are they in France?—A violent movement.

'Are they in Spain?—Similar agitation.

'Are they at Rome?—The table literally seemed frantic.

'At the close of these experiments, which occupied about two hours, the invisible agent in answer to some questions about himself did not agree with what had been said before. I therefore asked,

'Are you the same spirit that was in the table when we began?—No.

'How many spirits have been in the table this evening?—Four.

'This spirit informed us that he had been an infidel, and that he embraced Popery about five years before his death. Amongst other questions, he was asked,

'Do you know the Pope?—The table was violently agitated.

'I asked, How long will Popery continue?—He rapped ten; exactly coinciding with the other spirit's account of the binding of Satan.

'Many questions were asked, and experiments tried, in order to ascertain whether the results would agree with Mr. Godfrey's, and on every occasion they did, especially that of stopping the movement of the table with the Bible. The table was engaged in rapping out a number, but the instant the divine volume was laid upon it the movement ceased. When the Bible was removed it went on. This was repeatedly tried, and invariably with the same result. Other books were laid upon the table, similar in size and shape to the Bible, but without any effect.

'As we proceeded with our questions, we found an indescribable facility in the conversation, from the extraordinary intelligence and ingenuity displayed in the table, *e.g.* I inquired if many devils were posted in Bath.

'He replied by the most extraordinary and rapid knocking of the three feet in succession, round and round for some time, as if to intimate that they were innumerable.

'I asked, Can you give me your name?—Yes.

'Give me the first letter by rapping the number from the beginning of the alphabet. It was instantly done.

'The second letter. It was given.

'I would not allow him to proceed, because he had told us that his relations lived in Bath, and I thought it might lead to very painful feelings if the name were given.

'However

'However, it is needless to multiply particulars. I might enumerate scores, if not hundreds of questions, which were instantly answered in a similar manner.'

Both these clerical seers assert that Professor Faraday's physical proof that the table never moves, unless the performers make it move by their own pressure, has not the slightest bearing upon *their* experiments; inasmuch as, naïvely observes Mr. Godfrey, 'those who tried it in his (Professor Faraday's) presence imparted the motion, he tells us, *which we did not*:' whilst Mr. Gillson assures us that 'the most violent movements were often performed *without the slightest pressure*.' But they must have read Professor Faraday's letter to very little purpose, if they did not see that *his* table-turners were at first as fully convinced as *theirs* that the table could not have derived its motion from them; they repudiated the idea as stoutly when it was suggested to them; but the infallible indicator showed that they always *did* press before the table moved, and that *until* they pressed, the table was stationary. Unless, therefore, Messrs. Godfrey and Gillson *prove* by the use of Professor Faraday's indicator, or some other equally valid test, that they *do not* move the table, their affirmation is not of the slightest value. Those who have followed us through this discussion will have met with numerous instances in which motion was unquestionably communicated without any consciousness on the part of the mover, and in which gigantic efforts were put forth without any sense of extraordinary exertion. It is not a little amusing to find Mr. Godfrey concluding his investigations with the assertion that table-turning 'appears to be whatever the investigator supposes it to be,' and that its general law, therefore, is *Lying and Deceit*, in other words *Satanic Agency*. To us, as to him, the motion appears to be 'lying and deceit,' so long as the actors in it so egregiously and pertinaciously *deceive themselves*.*

We must add a few words of remark upon that condition of the public mind, which has been revealed by the prevalence of this

* We do not pretend to account for all the wonders of table-talking narrated by Mr. Godfrey, nor for those which have been privately communicated to us. Nor do we feel called upon to make the attempt, until we can convince ourselves that we are in full possession of *all* the facts of the case, some of the most essential of which are frequently (as we have shown) left out of the narration. But we may mention that we have reason to suspect that the responses given by the automatic movements are not always directed by ideas which are distinctly present to the consciousness at the moment, but may proceed from impressions left upon the brain by some past events,—such impressions as often vaguely flit before our thoughts in the waking state, but reproduce themselves more distinctly in dreaming, in delirium, or in those sudden memories which sometimes flash in upon us unbidden. *why* or *whence* we cannot tell. This is only an hypothesis, but it will be found to be in strict conformity with the physiological views put forth by Dr. Carpenter as to the unconscious action of the cerebrum.

table-turning and table-talking mania. When the physician studies the history of epidemic diseases, he sees that their spread is limited by the *predisposition* of the people whom they affect; and that this predisposition is nothing else, than a certain state of bodily constitution induced by previous habits of life. When that condition is fully established, a very small dose of the zymotic poison is sufficient to produce the most direful results. When, on the other hand, such predisposition is entirely wanting, through the previous observance of all the laws of health, the same poison, even though present in far greater potency, is altogether innocuous. Now there are epidemic disorders which affect the mind, as well as diseases which attack the body; and the prevalence of the former, as of the latter, must be accounted as indicative of something essentially wrong in our previous condition; especially when it is recollected that this last delusion has taken a firm hold, not merely of ignorant men and silly women, but of well-instructed, sober-minded persons, by whose judgment on ordinary subjects we should set the greatest store. There can be no question then that Prof. Faraday was right in the hint he so modestly gave, that the unfavourable predisposition arises from a radical defect in our system of education; and we shall briefly endeavour to point out where the defect lies.

The study of *Human Nature*—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—is by far too much neglected in our educational arrangements. That the preservation of corporeal health is in great degree dependent upon the observance of the rules dictated by physiological science, and that a general knowledge of the structure and functions of man's *body* is really worth his possessing, for its own sake, is gradually coming to be generally acknowledged. We would urge, however, that an acquaintance with the constitution of his *mind* is not one whit the less desirable for the right development of its powers and for the preservation of its health. We have seen in the various phenomena we have been discussing how largely the Will is concerned in all those higher exercises of the reasoning powers, even upon the most common-place subjects, by which our conduct ought to be governed; and how important it is that the automatic tendencies, of whatever nature, should be entirely subjugated by it. We are satisfied, from extensive observation, that in a large proportion of cases of Insanity, the disorder is mainly attributable to the want of acquirement, in early life, of proper volitional control over the current of thought; so that the mind *cannot* free itself from the tyranny of any propensity or idea, which once acquires an undue predominance. The deficiency of power

power to repel the fascinations of some attractive delusion that appeals to the vanity, to the love of the marvellous, or to some other receptive predisposition, by employing the reason to strip off its specious disguise and expose its latent absurdities, really proceeds from a want of the same kind, the supply of which ought to be one of the prominent objects of educational culture in every grade.

In all ages, the 'possession' of men's minds by dominant ideas has been most complete, when these ideas have been *religious* aberrations. The origin of such aberrations has uniformly lain in the preference given to the feelings over the judgment, in the inordinate indulgence of emotional excitement without adequate control on the part of the rational will. No one, who is as yet untainted by kindred sentiments, can read the productions of Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Gillson, without perceiving that they have abandoned their sober judgment, if ever they possessed any, to the tyranny of their abhorrence of Papal aggression and their dread of Satanic agency, as completely as the biologized 'subject' gives up the guidance of his thoughts to the direction of the operator. This is, in fact, the most melancholy part of the whole affair; since they thus place themselves beyond the pale of any appeals to their reasoning faculty, and lead others into the same position. Such persons are no more to be argued-with, than are insane patients. They cannot assent to any proposition, which they fancy to be in the least inconsistent with their prepossessions; and the evidence of their own feelings is to them the highest attainable truth. It is not to these, that we address ourselves—'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone'—but we would save from this pseudo-religious pestilence those who are yet unharmed by it, and who may find themselves unexpectedly smitten by its baleful poison. If any further warning be required, it is to be drawn from the fact, that many of the victims of these delusions have become the subjects of actual Insanity. Mr. Gillson himself confesses to have heard of one such case, which might, he admits, have been caused by excitement, though, he adds, 'I think it more probable that a spirit entered in and took possession.' What kind of spirits they are, which thus take possession of credulous and excitable minds, we hope that we have made sufficiently plain. They are *Dominant Ideas.*

ART. VII. — *Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter. From his Autobiography and Journals.* Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Esq., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and late Professor of the English Language and Literature in University College, London. In 3 Vols. London, 1853.

THE last page of this work should have been the first. There we read that Benjamin Robert Haydon died on the 22nd of June, 1846, by 'self-inflicted death,' and that—

'the coroner's jury found that the suicide was in an *unsound state of mind* when he committed the act.'—iii. 322.

This is, we think, the key to his whole life—*le mot de l'énigme*—the explanation of a series of delusions, follies, eccentricities, and inconsistency such as we believe were never before deliberately recorded—of wild talents mistaken and misapplied—of extravagant pretensions and feeble powers—of enthusiastic professions of piety and honour, shamelessly contradicted by a laxity of practice which can hardly be less severely characterized than as dishonesty and swindling. We can have now no doubt that the mind was 'unsound,'—or, to adopt the vulgar but expressive metaphor, *cracked*—from the beginning. The main symptom was the early mistake of fancying that he was destined to be a great painter; while there was, on the contrary, hardly any vocation in which his cleverness, ardour, and perseverance would not probably have had better success. This misconception of his vocation, and the wayward eccentricities of style by which he endeavoured to conceal and supply the want of natural powers, brought on failure, disappointment, and distress. Then came mortified vanity, degrading want, and desperate old age—

"tristisque senectus,
Et metus et *malesuada fames* et *turpis egestas*.

Such a life has obviously no just claims to the distinction of a special biography, and one's first impression is, *the less said about it the better*. He himself seems to have had misgivings that no one would be found to write it, and his characteristic vanity provided against such neglect by writing it himself. He left behind him his '*Autobiography*'—a narrative of his life to 1820—which occupies the first of these volumes. 'This,' he desires in his will, 'may not be curtailed by an editor.' Whether this has been exactly obeyed the editor does not say; he hints indeed that it has been '*compressed*;' but more than enough remains; 'as to the rest of his life,' says the will, 'his Journals will suffice.' These journals are twenty-six large folio volumes, of which the editor

editor has made large 'curtailments,' occasionally filling up the chasms with connecting remarks of his own. We must, however, add, that, whatever omissions the editor may have made in either, the *journals* are much safer guides to Haydon's character than the *autobiography*, for they were the sincere impulses of the moments at which they were written; whereas the autobiography (though founded, Haydon tells us, on earlier journals) was put into its present shape at least thirty years after the events, and affords numberless instances of having been *accommodated* to subsequent circumstances and *later* views. Mr. Taylor, who appears from his interspersed observations to be a gentleman of good sense and good taste, seems to be of our opinion, that *intrinsically* a '*Life of Haydon*' would be a very superfluous work, and he naturally wishes to relieve himself from the responsibility of such a publication by telling us at the outset—

'This is not a biography of Haydon, but an *autobiography;* not a life of him by *me*, but his life by *himself*.'—*Preface.*

This is a delicate and ingenious apology; but it would be, we think, a very unsatisfactory one if Mr. Taylor were responsible for the fact of *publication*. We are not informed how he happened to be employed in this task, nor in what relation he stands to the owners of the MSS. We see by the will that he was not an executor, and we gather that his personal knowledge of the man was very slight, if any. If then he has merely assisted in doing what would have been done at all events, and is answerable only for the details of the execution, we see little to complain of and much to commend in the mode in which he has performed a somewhat hazardous duty. Our wonder is that any one having the least personal regard for Haydon should have consented to the appearance of a work which does him no credit as an artist, and is positively disgraceful to him as a man. It will be pleaded that Haydon himself ordered the publication in his will. No doubt he did, but what was that but another symptom of his mental infirmity? The will was written but a few moments before the final act of insanity. Admitting, however, that he had throughout his life the same design, the same question will arise, Would it have been justifiable to have lent him a pistol or procured him poison to execute the suicide which he committed, merely because he were mad enough to desire it, and is it more justifiable to have helped his posthumous insanity to inflict suicide on his character?

Having thus entered our protest against what we consider a bad principle, seldom more indiscreetly adopted than on this occasion, we repeat that Mr. Taylor has done his part with delicacy, good feeling, and good sense, and we can add that—bating this original mistake of sacrificing Haydon's personal reputation

to inferior considerations—the work itself is one singular in character and powerful in various kinds of interest.

In the first place, it is both morally and physically curious to have from the patient himself so remarkable an example of the co-existence in the same mind of, as Dryden phrases it, 'wit and madness,' of sagacity and delusion, of a sound judgment on many subjects with a permanent and incorrigible aberration on one. We read of, and indeed see every day around us, specimens of this morbid combination, but we know not where to find such an anatomical exhibition of it as Haydon unconsciously gives us in his own person. Of this, however, there is so much that it grows to be at last not painful only, but tedious and disgusting. Mr. Taylor has been, he says, as brief in his extracts from the later journals as he could be, for—

'the two last volumes are little more than a record of desperate struggles, alternating with desponding and angry protestations, all pointing to the sad catastrophe which brought this stormy career to a close.'—iii. 221.

We have no doubt that Mr. Taylor's suppressions have been judicious, and might have been carried much further without impairing the general result; for the habitual derangement of mind exhibited in the later journals, though more striking in degree, is obviously of the same class and arising from the same causes as his earlier hallucinations.

In the next place, we find—apart from his delusions about himself and his own style of art—no inconsiderable degree of acuteness and justice in his appreciation of artistical subjects, and particularly a great deal of critical and biographical observation and information on the works and private characters of his contemporaries, too often, no doubt, tinged with something of personal spleen and jealousy, but, on the whole, freer from such blots than we could have expected either from the peculiar temper of the man, or from the general effect of professional rivalry. His natural disposition was to be kind and candid.

A third, and what will doubtless be to the public at large the most interesting feature, of the work is, that Haydon, though incapable of producing even a tolerable portrait with his *pencil*, turns out to have had a great deal both of talent and taste in sketching with his *pen*. By dint of what he called enthusiasm for art—but which would be more generally and justly characterized as impudence and importunity—he forced himself into communication with a number of the most eminent men of his day, not only in art, but in literature and politics; and by registering, as he did assiduously in his Journals, what he saw and heard amongst them with an easy off-hand cleverness, evident diligence,

gence, and general good faith, he has left us a collection of anecdotes very entertaining, and not without a certain importance as to the characters of several of the most remarkable personages of his time and ours. Indeed this 'Life of Haydon'—if we could subtract from it all that relates to the poor painter, his own troubles, and his own works—would be a peculiarly amusing book. But we must take the volumes as we find them, in which—as in most of his own pictures—the principal figure is decidedly the worst, and with that least agreeable portion of the work we must begin our observations.

Haydon was born at Plymouth on the 25th of January, 1786, where both his father and grandfather had been respectable booksellers; and Haydon himself, after having been at two schools, at the latter of which he arrived at the dignity of 'reading Virgil and murdering Homer,' was bound apprentice to his father's trade, for which it soon appeared he had neither taste nor *temper*. 'Now began,' he says, 'that species of misery I have never been without since—*ceaseless opposition*' (i. p. 12.) This is true: but it must be added that he was of a temperament that during his whole career created opposition where he would not otherwise have found it. By a series of accidents, he was inoculated with a love of drawing. He probably had some hereditary turn—we cannot say taste—that way; for his grandfather was, if Northcote may be credited, an execrable amateur dauber. It happened too that one of his schoolmasters and two of his father's apprentices and an Italian bookbinder in his employ had the same propensity:—

'The apprentices,' he adds, 'thought they were geniuses because they were idle. One, I remember, did nothing but draw and paint.'—i. p. 8.

Haydon's own turn for drawing seems to have been at first much like that of the apprentices—an excuse for being idle:—

'My father's business realized a handsome income: I had nothing to do but to pursue his course and independence was certain, but my repugnance to my work grew daily. I rose early, and wandered by the sea; sat up late, and *pondered on my ambition*. I hated day-books, ledgers, &c. I hated standing behind the counter, and *insulted the customers*. I hated the town, and people in it.'—i. 12.

One day, after insulting a customer, he flung out of the shop, and never entered it again:—

'Now what was to be done? Into the shop I would not go, and my father saw the absurdity of wishing it. He was a good, dear, fond father. We discussed my future prospects, and he asked me if it was not a pity to let such a fine property go to ruin? "I could not help it." "Why?" "Because my *whole frame convulsed* when I thought of being a great painter." "Who has put this stuff into your head?" "Nobody;

"Nobody; I have always had it" "You will live to repent it." "Never; I would rather *die in the trial.*" Friends were called in; aunts consulted, uncles spoken to; my language was the same; my *detestation of business unaltered.* My resolution no *tortures of the rack* would have altered.'—i. 13.

Just at this time an accident occurred which must have tamed a soberer mind, but it only exasperated his:—

'Luckily I had an illness which in a few weeks ended in chronic inflammation of the eyes. For six weeks *I was blind*, and my family were in misery. I recovered my sight, but *never perfectly*; had another attack—slowly recovered from that, but found that my *natural sight was gone*, and this too with my earnest and deep passion for art. "What folly! How can *you* think of being a painter? Why, you can't see," was said. "I can see enough," was my reply; "and, see or not see, a painter I'll be; and if I am a great one without seeing, I shall be the first."'—*ib.*

He then proceeds to confess, in that style of mingled reason and aberration which marked his whole life:—

'It would have been quite natural for an ordinary mind to think blindness a sufficient obstacle to the practice of an art, the essence of which seems to consist in perfect sight; but "when the divinity doth stir within us," the most ordinary mind is ordinary no longer.

'It is curious to me *now*, forty years after, to reflect that my dim sight never occurred to me as an obstacle. Not a bit of it. I found that I could not *shoot* as I used to do; but it never struck me that I should not be able to *paint*.'—i. 14.

All this is *to us* peculiarly curious, for we never saw one of his pictures without a strong impression that he had an eye even for *form*, but above all for *colour*, very different from the rest of mankind. When, on his arrival in London, he waited with a letter of introduction on Northcote, the old cynic

'looked maliciously at me, and said, "I remember yeer vather, and yeer *grandvather* tu; he used tu peint." "So I have heard, sir." "Ees; he peinted an elephant once for a tiger, and he asked my vather what colour the indzide of's ears was, and my vather told un, *reddish*, and your grandvather went home, and peinted un a vine vermilion.'—i. 22.

We cannot but suspect that if Haydon inherited his grandfather's taste for drawing, he had also something of his eye for colour.

While he was in this state of mind, he bought from one of the apprentices two plaster casts of the Discobolos and Apollo:—

'I looked at them so long that I made my eyes ill again. I doated over them, I dreamt of them, and when well, *wandered about the town in listless agony* in search of books on art.'—i. 14.

In

In this search he found Reynolds's Lectures and a volume of *anatomical* drawings. This sealed his fate.

'The thing was done. I felt my destiny fixed. The spark which had for years lain struggling to blaze, now burst out for ever.

'I came down to breakfast with Reynolds under my arm, and opened my fixed intentions in a style of such energy that I demolished all arguments. My mother, regarding my looks, which probably were *more like those of a maniac than of a rational being*, burst into tears. My father was in a passion, and the whole house was in an uproar. Every body that called during the day was had up to bait me, but I attacked them *so fiercely* that they were glad to leave me to my own reflections. Affection for home was smothered, not extinguished, in me, I thought only of London—Sir Joshua—drawing—*dissection*—and *high art*.'—i. 14-18.

One of his ideas of *high art* was, that a great painter must be a practical anatomist; but of what use could anatomy be to one who never attained any certainty of copying even the external form of the living model? Of what avail was it to him to '*get by heart all the muscles of the body? How many heads to the deltoid?* [one of the humeral muscles.] *Where does it rise? Where is it inserted?*' (i. 15)—when there is abundant proof that he was not sure of being able to copy the outline of the arm which the *deltoid* had elevated? If he could have accurately copied that action from his model, he had all of the *deltoid* that was required for a representation of visible nature, which is the object of the painter. No one will deny that a knowledge of anatomy may enable an artist to *understand* better the *appearances* of his models, but we cannot see how it will advance the power of *imitating* them. Old Northcote and others, whom he talked to, told him plainly 'it was of no use;' that Sir Joshua, like most, if not all great painters, knew nothing about it. But Haydon was not to be persuaded. And he gives us the following strange instance of his pertinacity on this point. After he had gone to London he was recalled to attend, as was thought, the death-bed of his father. On the *very next morning* after his arrival on this pious visit, which might, one should have thought, have suspended at least the prosecution of such a class of studies—

'I got *bones and muscles from the surgeon of the hospital* and was *hard at work that very night*.'—i. 32.

Well might his uncle, after seeing him stretched on the floor of his lodgings in London studying anatomical plates, report to his afflicted father, '*Oh, he is mad—he is certainly mad*.'—*ib.*

We have dwelt the longer on these early proofs of an obstinate irregularity of mind, first, because it grew with his growth, and is to be traced, we think, in every subsequent event and production

duction of his artistic life, but still more, because they show that all the verbiage about *grand style* and *high art* with which he duped himself, and not a few followers, were really the self-excuses of a man who had neither eyes to see, nor judgment to appreciate, any more than he had a hand to copy the simple and unexaggerated aspects of *nature*.

On the morning of the 15th of May the Plymouth mail brought the young enthusiast to London. He had letters to Northcote and Opie, and his sketches of their appearance and manners are striking for drollery and truth; and here we may say, and once for all, that his description of his various characters are throughout the whole work enlivened with graphic touches of their air, dress, manner, dialect, and persons that bring those of them whom we happened to know very vividly to our recollection.*

He immediately became a student at the Academy, was assiduous at the drawing-school, where however he tells us 'he had no great repute,' in spite of his diligence in the study of anatomy, and practice of dissection, which he still pursued with a morbid zeal. In Fuseli, the keeper, he found a kind, but, on the whole, a mischievous instructor—for Fuseli's faults as an artist were too near akin to the extravagance of Haydon's own dreams. When he came thirty or forty years later to complete or revise his *autobiography* he could see his master's errors, but at that time they seem rather to have confirmed him in his own.

'I found him the most grotesque mixture of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity, and kindness. . . . Weak minds he destroyed. They mistook his wit for reason, his indelicacy for breeding, his swearing for manliness, and his infidelity for strength of mind; but he was accomplished in elegant literature, and had the art of inspiring young minds with high and grand views. I told him that *I would never paint portraits*, but devote myself to high art. "Keep to dat!" said Fuseli, looking fiercely at me. "I will, sir." We were more intimate from that hour. He should have checked me, and pointed out that portrait was useful as practice, if kept subordinate, but that I was not to allow myself to be seduced by the money that it brought in from making high art my predominant object. This would have been more sensible.'—i. 29, 30.

At the Academy he formed a close intimacy with Jackson, and soon after a closer with Wilkie, who both got an immediate start

* There are, however, some exceptions. One error of this kind is worth correcting. He says that 'Lord Nelson,' whom he saw once in 1799, and again in 1801, was '*a little diminutive man.*' This was not so. Lord Nelson, though slight made, was not below the average height of men. Our own recollection, and that of some still surviving who knew him more intimately, is, that he was between 5 feet 7 inches and 5 feet 8.

of

of him in reputation and employment, but very generously endeavoured to bring forward their more obscure friend to the notice of the patrons they themselves had acquired. With Wilkie the friendship seems to have been cordial and lasting—and we doubt whether the large share that he occupies in these volumes is not the most interesting—as well as to Haydon the most creditable—portion. To be sure he tells us many anecdotes of little oddities and foibles that poor Wilkie would have been very sorry to see recorded; and the great success of the painter of humble subjects on small canvasses sometimes provokes the envy and more often the ire of Haydon, whose engrossing idea of anything *great*, was, that it must be *big;* huge sizes, coarse surfaces, and *pound brushes* were his symbols of 'high art;' but notwithstanding this opposition of tastes, and a still stronger one in manners and character, Haydon does justice to Wilkie's genius, industry, modesty, integrity, and amiability; in short, to all the precious qualities in which Haydon himself was the most lamentably deficient. The first and most distinguished patrons of Jackson and Wilkie were Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont. On the favourable reports of Jackson and Wilkie they gave commissions to Haydon, not only before they had ever seen him, but it seems before he had ever painted in oil. It was Haydon's destiny to weary out and disgust both these amiable and indulgent men, as indeed he did every body who at any time of his life interested themselves for him.

About this period Haydon gives us many ludicrous, and some serious scenes of the modes of life of the crowd of young artists who, with various, but generally like himself with adverse results, aspired to the fame and the opulence of Reynolds.

Our English proverb says, '*poor as a poet*'—the French says, '*gueux comme un peintre.*' They are both too true, but we believe the French one is the more extensively so. A poor poet may have some other resource than mere rhyming—he may try other styles of writing, newspapers, magazines, even penmanship at a desk—he has time to spare—his workshop is in his head, his tools cost nothing, and he may live in a garret; but painting, besides being an art, is also a handicraft which engrosses both mind and body, which requires a fixed position, some accommodation of space, and, painting portraits, a decent residence—its materials require a certain outlay that, however moderate, generally creates a *debt* that hangs about the poor artist for years; and the production, in case of failure, is worse than nothing, for it is an incumbrance to the owner and a stimulus to duns—a picture cannot be put away in a drawer like a poem, nor can a poem be taken in execution like a picture. We do not rely

rely on Haydon's example, for, though he suffered under all these difficulties, he exaggerated them by his own faults and follies; but, taking a larger view, we believe there is no class of intellectual men in which more instances of distress are to be found than amongst the young and undistinguished painters.

The same observation may apply to sculptors, and hence it is that persons of these classes become more legitimate objects of patronage, than those whose work is less dependent on external circumstances. Patronage therefore judiciously administered is a wholesome and almost necessary aliment to these arts, and even when abused, ill-directed, or capricious, it is still in a great majority of cases—a real charity.

We venture to say these few words of encouragement to the patronage of young artists, on *this* special occasion, because the insatiable pretensions, importunity, and ingratitude, with which Haydon confesses that he harassed all his patrons—we might say his *patients*—must tend to disgust even the most benevolent from the indulgence of either taste or charity in that direction. There is, we think, no instance in which those whom Haydon applied to in his distresses, high or low—and his audacity neither spared the highest nor his meanness the lowest—who did not help him kindly, liberally—many of them nobly—and there is *not one* towards whom these pages do not attest his flagrant ingratitude and injustice. To exemplify this would require us to enter into the history of each of his pictures and each of his patrons, and the catalogue would be too long and too disgusting; but we may give the following as a specimen of the spirit in which, even when his own interest was not concerned, he looked at the relative duties of a patron and *patronee*. Lord Mulgrave had assisted Jackson, not merely by personal attentions and professional employment, but by a pecuniary allowance till his abilities should have time to make their own way to independence. This, Haydon tells us, Jackson forfeited by his indolent and, what would be worse, his low habits:—

'Sooner than not gossip, he would *sit down and talk to servants and valets, drink brandy and water with them, and perhaps sing a song*. At last his carelessness became so apparent, that Lord Mulgrave, in a passion, cut off his income, and threw him on his own resources. This brought Jackson to his senses. He exerted himself; and he told me that it had saved him. When he found himself deserted, he *dared all sorts of things* for an honest subsistence, and found himself happier as his own master. I *thank God I never had a patron*, as he had, and I would have shown the door to any man who had offered *such patronage*.'—i. 40.

'We have selected this story not merely to exemplify Haydon's character,

character, but to do justice to Jackson's memory. There is no reason—indeed, quite the reverse—to suspect that Haydon had any malevolence towards Jackson, yet we are satisfied that this is essentially erroneous and part of it, if not absolute calumny, a gross exaggeration. In the first place, Jackson was never 'deserted,' for the special assistance was, according to its original design, continued until it was no longer needed; in the next place, the injurious insinuation about '*daring all sorts of things*,' was wholly undeserved; he dared nothing that was not natural and reasonable: what we suppose Haydon hints at was his having painted for a time portraits in water colours with great taste and success—but the rest of the charge is more serious. That Jackson was occasionally indolent, and intermitted for social converse the solitary labours of the brush, may be admitted, and Wilkie, in a letter from Mulgrave Castle, where Jackson was expected but had not arrived according to appointment, describes Lord Mulgrave's real and indulgent feeling on such points:—

'We are all astonished that Mr. Jackson has not yet arrived; but he is not one of those who are scrupulously punctual, else we might be uneasy about him. I find that Lord Mulgrave is as well acquainted with his feelings as we are. He laughs at his unsteadiness, is amused at his simplicity, admires his talents; but grieves at his want of industry, and moreover observes that Jackson is a person he never could be angry with.'—i. 48.

Certain it is that Lord Mulgrave never could have suspected Jackson of such low propensities as Haydon charges on him. It is impossible that he should have continued to be—as he was—a constant guest in Harley-street or at Mulgrave Castle, if his Lordship could have any idea that he *drank with his servants*.

And then Haydon proudly *thanks God that he never had a patron*, and boasts that he would spurn *such patronage*. But within ten pages we find him in rapturous ecstasies at obtaining, through the recommendation of that very Jackson, the patronage of that very Lord Mulgrave:—

'This roused my spirits. I had got my first commission for a grand historical picture "to set me going," as Lord Mulgrave had promised. It was a triumph to me—a reward for what I had suffered. I wrote home; Cobley [the uncle who thought him mad] was silenced, and began to cry; Plymouth was quite pleased. I was really become a public character My father swore Lord Mulgrave was of the right sort.'—i. 49.

And the whole of his after-life was employed in shifts, sometimes very mean, to allure patrons, whom he as constantly disgusted by his incapacity, his arrogance, his worrying, and, in some instances, his extortion. It

It was after he had received Lord Mulgrave's commission that he began his first picture in oil—a flight into Egypt (6 feet by 4), of which, and its figures and composition, he gives us a minute account, remarkable only for a strange omission—'Joseph is holding the child asleep,' 'the ass on one side,' 'two angels,' 'and the Pyramids in the distance'—but no hint of the *mother*; no doubt she is there, but where or how employed we know not, never having seen the picture, which, however, we suspect may be one of Haydon's best—for it obtained, unknown as the author was, a good place in the Exhibition, and was bought by a very good judge, Mr. Thomas Hope. It is now at Deepdene—the only one of Haydon's pictures (except Sir Robert Peel's *Napoleon* and Lord Grey's *Reform Banquet*) which we know of in its original position. The fate of those painted before 1826, he himself was doomed to record in that year, when old Reinagle the artist asked him—

'"Where is your *Solomon*, Mr. Haydon?" "Hung up in a grocer's shop." "Where your *Jerusalem?*" "In a ware-room in Holborn." "Where your *Lazarus?*" "In an upholsterer's shop in Mount-street." "And your *Macbeth?*" "In Chancery." "Your *Pharaoh?*" "In an attic, pledged." "My God! And your *Crucifixion?*" "In a hay-loft." "And *Silenus?*" "Sold for half price."'—ii. 137.

And ten years later:—

'An accomplished Frenchman came to my room to see my works. "I have none." "Where are they?" "My *Solomon* is rotting in a carpenter's shop—my *Lazarus* in a kitchen."'—iii. 46.

These bitter lessons had no effect on Haydon, and he persisted in pursuing the same ungrateful class of subjects in the same unpalatable style of execution, and went on believing, or at least asserting, to his dying hour, that this universal neglect arose from the hostility of individuals and the bad taste of the public, and not from any demerit in the repudiated pictures. We shall endeavour to account for this presently by a more powerful motive than mere vanity, which we think could not alone have resisted the evidence of such mortifying facts:—

'My first picture being considered very promising, I had now begun Lord Mulgrave's Dentatus, but, as I have said before, I found the difficulties so enormous, that, by Wilkie's advice, I resolved to go into Devonshire and practise portraits.'—i. 72.

Here, let it be observed, that in this moment of his first success—and success in 'history,' too—he had already forgotten his pledge to Fuseli, and we detect none of the contempt for *portraits* which he subsequently professed, and to which he so boldly attributed what he considered his martyrdom. He readily postpones Lord Mulgrave's historical commission, and attempts portraits.

portraits. Now this was, we are satisfied, the real point on which his artistic life turned:—

'Here [at Plymouth] I resolved, as soon as settled, to paint *my friends* at *fifteen guineas a head*, a good price, at which I soon got full employment. *Execrable as my portraits were* (I sincerely trust that not many survive), I rapidly accumulated money, not, probably, because my efforts were thought successful, even by sitters, but more because *my friends* wished to give me a lift, and thought that so much enthusiasm deserved encouragement.'—i. 72-3.

He might well call *fifteen guineas* a head a good price. It was, as he seems himself to have guessed, a factitious one, which could not have been maintained even if his portraits had not been *execrable:* but why should they have been *execrable?* He had painted, and exhibited, and sold a successful history piece—he was about to commence another on a subject of 'enormous' difficulty—why should his heads have been, *ipso teste*, *execrable?* but so execrable they were as even to deter provincial patronage. Lord Boringdon and his lady, a celebrated beauty, resided near Plymouth—an even tolerable portrait of Lady Boringdon would have made a painter's fortune:—

'Both my Lord and Lady seemed disposed to patronize me, but, *as usual, I did not succeed in portraits of every-day* [no, nor of *any-day*] people, and Lord Boringdon, calling one day when I was out, was naturally enough not over well pleased with some of the *worst of my bad efforts*, which happened, unfortunately for my reputation, to be on the easel, and I never heard of him more.'—i. 73.

This is an honest confession of the fact—the main fact, that he *could* not paint portraits. All that followed was delusion and deception; and because he found that he could not paint reality at Plymouth, he hastened back to paint fiction, which he called *history*, in London. He had, no doubt, considerable power of *drawing*, and we dare say his outlines in chalk, which were probably what attracted the notice of Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, were clever; but he could not paint—above all, he found he could not paint with certainty and precision, and he was driven into the visionary and the vague. We will not here enter into the general reasons that make us think excellence in portraits one of the highest tests of art. The human countenance is undoubtedly the finest object on which it can be employed; and whatever the subject of any picture may be—the Cartoons—the Transfiguration—the sweetest Correggio—the richest Titian—the most gorgeous Rubens, the human countenance is the soul of the picture, all the rest, however skilful or splendid, are but accessories. The choice of the subject, the disposition of the figures, the blended harmony and contrast of colour

colour and expression, require, no doubt, a higher and a much rarer combination of qualities than a *single* portrait. We see that there are thousands who can do the latter tolerably, who can make no approach to the former; but we know of no instance of a fine group of heads from any hand that was incapable of producing a single fine one. In fact the finest portraits in the world are the works of the greatest masters in general art. We had said so much to counteract the weight that has been given—though by Mr. Taylor very sparingly and with judicious hesitation (ii. 59)—to the idle nonsense, as we think it, of poor Haydon's eternal contrasts between portraits and 'high art,' and to explain our view of the real cause of his aberrations and paradoxes. He could not encounter the *reality* of the one class, and escaped into the vague and conjectural facilities of the other. It may perhaps be said that Haydon's Reform Banquet, which includes some hundred portraits, might be adduced as contradicting our hypothesis—we do not think so: all he wanted in such a picture, and more than he attained, was a general and indistinct approach to likeness, but nothing of the lifelike individuality which life-size portraiture requires. And even this sort of resemblance was so imperfectly attained in that work, that Haydon candidly enough tells, that 'Jeffrey did not recognise a single head in the whole picture' (ii. 337). We are surprised at so wholesale a censure from that clever critic, for *our* recollection is that, though many were very poor sketches, there were several very recognizable. This deficiency in the power of accurate imitation, combined with the original obliquity of poor Haydon's intellect, is, we suspect, the solution of his incorrigible obstinacy and eternal failure.

It would be equally idle and irksome to follow the infinite details he gives us of his processes in his so-called great pictures, his puttings in and his takings out, his delusions and his blunders, his satisfaction overnight at what he obliterates next morning, only to produce similar monstrosities the day after—not the natural and inevitable correction of imperfections incident to every work of every kind, but radical, we might say desperate, changes, which prove the uncertainty of his mind and the incapacity of his hand. Our readers who have not seen the book could not, without an example, believe in these wild processes, or of the delusion under which they are performed. We shall, therefore, give a few short extracts from the history of the *Dentatus*—Lord Mulgrave's commission. It took him two years altogether, and fifteen months of uninterrupted labour. It was begun in April, 1807—it was finished in March, 1809. *In October*, 1808, when more than half way in the time occupied,

nor that he should have been glad to escape from all further concern with the Trades' Unions by proposing to the painter a less ticklish subject—the great Reform dinner in Guildhall. There is no doubt that he and some of his colleagues were frightened at the storm they had raised. Even the morning after the triumphal banquet, Haydon found that—

'Lord Grey was shaken the ministers all seeming afraid of the people.'—ii. 313.

The collecting the portraits for that picture brought Haydon into what was his great delight—communication with eminent men; and while his pencil was employed on their features, his pen made sketches of their manners and talk:—

'There is,' says Mr. Taylor, 'much in these transcripts of opinions, judgments, impressions, scandals, and *on dits*, which might figure very effectively in a *chronique galante*, or a secret history of the time; but the period is too recent to admit free use of such confidence, even if it were fair to make public what was certainly *never meant to meet the public eye*.'—ii. 333.

We have nothing to say against the principle thus laid down, but that we are at a loss to reconcile it with what Mr. Taylor has done throughout *all the rest* of the publication. If by 'not being meant to meet the public eye' he means *not meant by Haydon*, it is at variance with both Haydon's and Mr. Taylor's explicit declarations that he meant it all to be printed; if it means '*not by Haydon's interlocutors*,' then we ask Mr. Taylor whether he thinks that Sir George Beaumont, Sir Charles Long, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and the Duke of Wellington, and a hundred others, could have wished, or meant, or imagined, that their accidental observations should be exposed 'to the public eye,' any more than Lord Grey or Lord Durham. Our readers will not fail to observe the exact period at which Mr. Taylor's scruples appear *to begin and end.*

We think it right to enter this slight protest against what seems to us like a *unilateral* delicacy—though practically there seems little to complain of. Our specimens of this portion of the work shall be confined to a few prominent names of persons now no more.

'Lord Melbourne is the most delightful sitter of any, and I am always brilliant with him. He seems equally pleased with me. I feel at my ease. He is a shrewd man, and is not satisfied with random reasons. I was talking about art, and he brought me to an anchor for a minute by asking me a question that required reflection to refute, and set me thinking when he was gone.'—ii. 331.

'October 12th. Lord Melbourne relished my stories, and was extremely affable and amiable. He has a fine head, and looked refined and

thought the success of his Pharaoh in 1825, considered it 'little better than Dentatus, painted ten years before: and that on the whole, eighteen years had done little for his talent' (ii. 107). Two of them, however, 'the, Judgment of Solomon' (1814) and the 'Raising of Lazarus' (1823), deserve a few words, not only for being what the painter considered his masterpieces, but because in them his characteristic faults are—we cannot say redeemed, but—diversified by passages of a better character. Mr. G. F. Watts—himself an artist of no mean promise—has assisted Mr. Taylor with some critical remarks on Haydon's works, from which, though written with becoming tenderness to his brother painter, we could extract, if we thought it necessary, a confirmation of all our own opinions. Of those two pictures Mr. Watts says,—

'His first great work, the Solomon, appears to me to be beyond all comparison his best. It is far more equal than anything else I have seen, very powerful in execution and fine in colour. I think he has lowered the character of Solomon by making him a half-joker, but the whole has, at least, the dignity of power. Too much praise cannot, I think, be bestowed on the head of Lazarus.'—iii. 332.

We agree with Mr. Watts that the Solomon is Haydon's best, though it has, to our eyes, gross defects in drawing and colour as well as in attitude and grouping: but we cannot agree that he has lowered the character of Solomon by giving him a half-joking expression; we think it decidedly the cleverest idea in the picture, and gives the only rational solution of the story. Could it be believed that the wisest of men could have seriously proposed such a test? and however grave he may have looked while pronouncing his sentence, it surely would be natural that, on the success of his stratagem, a significant smile should have justified the humanity, as well as the sagacity of the young monarch. We do not think that Haydon has done it well—he was very inadequate to paint any such delicate expression; but surely the idea is not merely ingenious, but natural. All the rest of the picture seems to us, as we have said, very poor, except the figure of a young mother in the left corner of the picture, hurrying away with her two infants. Her face is the best if not the only specimen of female beauty that we recollect in all Haydon's works; and it was painted, he tells us, from *Patience Smith*, a gipsy whose loveliness he celebrates and for once succeeded in transferring to his canvas. *If it was like*, it would certainly be a proof that both Haydon was, and we are, under a mistake that he could not have painted portraits; but we suspect it to have been a lucky ideality suggested by the gipsy.

The head of Lazarus, celebrated by himself, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Watts, is, in our opinion also, very remarkable: the pale, ghastly,

ghastly, bewildered stare always struck us as a representation, almost sublime, of what might be imagined of a state in which death and life would be, as it were, co-existent. In fact, it is very like what Haydon himself said—(20th June, 1810—ten years before he made his own attempt)—of Sebastian del Piombo's picture (now in the National Gallery) on the same subject:—

'The head of Lazarus has a fine expression, like a man just from the grave, as if he was astonished and had not recovered his perceptions.'—i. 146.

Mr. Taylor says:—

'Long before I knew anything of Haydon or his life, I have often paused before the awful face of Lazarus in that picture, wondering how the same mind that conceived the Lazarus could have fallen into the coarse exaggeration of some of the other figures of the composition.' —ii. 4.

Such was our own feeling; but the publication of these journals a little diminishes our wonder, and accounts for this single bit of cleverness, by circumstances quite reconcileable with our low estimate of his general powers. Its first striking effect is undoubtedly produced by its being a *pallid patch* (we do not use the term disrespectfully, but to express its insulation) contrasting with the muddy daubing which surrounds it. He tells us whence he got that effect:—

'Whilst looking over *prints* at the British Museum one day about this time [autumn, 1820], I saw a Resuscitation of Lazarus in such a state that a space was left vacant where the head of Lazarus ought to be. My imagination filled the vacancy, and I trembled at my terrific conception of the head.'—i. 385.

This conception—whatever it might have been—was not that which ultimately filled the startling *vacancy*—for we find, two years later, that—

'My pupil Bewick sat for it, and, as he had not sold his exquisite picture of Jacob, he looked quite thin and anxious enough for such a head.'

The poor youth was, it seems, starving.

'"I hope you get your food regularly?" said I. He did not answer; by degrees his cheeks reddened, his eyes filled, but he subdued his feelings.'—ii. 31.

Here, then, again we have a kind of portrait, and we cannot but suspect the vague uncertainty of his hand (like Protogenes's sponge) gave that air of ghastliness, which, in a mere portrait, would have been execrable, but in this lucky circumstance produces certainly an awful effect in spite of the mean accessories that surround it.

In the midst of these signal and to him eventually ruinous

failures there was one thing that never deserted him, his imperturbable self-confidence. He, as we have seen, thought that his Dentatus was to equal the *greatest painters that ever lived.* Before he began Solomon, he had this dialogue with his friend Mr. Prince Hoare:—

"What are you going to paint?" "Solomon's Judgment." *Rubens* and *Raffaelle* have both tried it." "So much the better," I said; "*I'll tell the story better.*"—i. 171.

Even in the last months of his exhausted life, while he was expending the dregs of whatever power he ever possessed in an almost mechanical reproduction of his own Napoleon and Wellington, he stands before one of these manufactures, and apostrophises himself in a burst of admiration:—

'*What magic! what fire! what unerring hand and eye! what fancy! what power! what a gift of God! I bow and am grateful.*'—iii. 245.

And when, after all these failures in 'high art,' he began to practise the lowest and most ignoble style of the grotesque, from the gaping admirers of Punch in the streets, and from the vulgar and disgusting combination of vice and effrontery, mirth and misery, in the 'Mock Election' and 'Chairing the Member' in the King's Bench Prison, he boldly asserts that he equals Hogarth. Talking of one of the heads in these pictures, he exclaims:—

'The careless, Irish, witty look, the *abandon de gaieté* of his head and expression, was never surpassed by Hogarth. *This is my genuine belief and conviction, and so will posterity think.*'—ii. 169.

This mention of Hogarth reminds us of another aspect of Haydon's character, of which he never dreamt, and which Mr. Taylor seems to have only slightly observed—we mean simple and farcical absurdity. The general tenor of his insanity is melancholy to contemplate; and even where—as it often happens—it is pushed to a ridiculous contrast, it is only the more painful—

'Moody madness laughing wild
Amidst severest woe'—

but his ordinary life, before the extent of his derangement was revealed by his melancholy end, was only laughed at as a living *pendant* of Hogarth's Distressed Painter or Enraged Musician. We find in Mr. Borrow's remarkable story of 'Lavengro,' a chapter entitled '*The Historical Painter*,' in which it is impossible not to recognise Haydon; and, whatever there be of reality in other portions of that extraordinary work, the light afforded by these journals enables us to pronounce that the picture given of him—which we first read as a comic exaggeration—is minutely correct, and not one jot more ludicrous than the living original. The

reality

reality of the story is attested in these volumes. Mr. Taylor does not give us the entries from the original journal, but substitutes the following statement, which sufficiently authenticates Mr. Borrow's description:—

'By the end of May (1824) he had two more portrait subjects in hand. One a family group of citizens, and the other a full-length of Mr. Hawkes, ex-mayor of Norwich. . . . The great drawback was the reception the critics gave these portraits when exhibited; but we shall perhaps do the critics justice if we believe that Haydon's portraits had something about them provokingly open to ridicule. The heroic style could hardly have been adapted to a provincial ex-mayor. Indeed I am assured that in this performance he had represented the mayor, of proportions too heroic ever to have got through the doorway out of which he was supposed to have issued.'—ii. 73, 86.

The author of Lavengro was not one of those critics, for his work was not published for some years after Haydon's death. The story is this. Mr. Borrow's brother, himself an artist, residing at Norwich, was deputed to engage Mr. Haydon in the work, and Mr. Borrow accompanied him:—

'The *Painter of the Heroic* resided a great way off, at the western end of the town. We had some difficulty in obtaining admission to him—a maid-servant, who opened the door, eyeing us somewhat suspiciously: it was not until my brother had said that he was a friend of the painter that we were permitted to pass the threshold. At length we were shown into the studio, where we found the painter, with an easel and brush, standing before a huge piece of canvas, on which he had lately commenced painting a heroic picture. The painter might be about thirty-five years old; he had a clever, intelligent countenance, with a sharp grey eye; his hair was dark brown, and cut à-la-Rafael, as I was subsequently told, that is, there was little before and much behind; he did not wear a neckcloth, but in its stead a black riband, so that his neck, which was rather fine, was somewhat exposed; he had a broad, muscular breast, and I make no doubt that he would have been a very fine figure, but unfortunately his legs and thighs were somewhat short. He recognised my brother, and appeared glad to see him.

'"What brings you to London?" said he. Whereupon my brother gave him a brief account of his commission. At the mention of the hundred pounds I observed the eyes of the painter glisten. "Really," said he, when my brother had concluded, "it was very kind to think of me. I am not very fond of painting portraits; but a mayor is a mayor, and there is something grand in that idea of the Norman arch [of Norwich Cathedral, out of which the mayor was to issue]. I'll go. Moreover, I am just at

at this moment confoundedly in need of money; and when you knocked at the door, I don't mind telling you, I thought it was some dun. I don't know how it is, but in the capital they have no taste for the heroic, they will scarce look at a heroic picture; I am glad to hear that they have better taste in the provinces. I'll go. When shall we set off?"

'Thereupon it was arranged between the painter and my brother that they should depart the next day but one; they then began to talk of art. "I'll stick to the heroic;" said the painter. "I now and then dabble in the comic, but what I do gives me no pleasure, the comic is so low: there is nothing like the heroic. I am engaged here on a heroic picture," said he, pointing to the canvas; "the subject is 'Pharaoh dismissing Moses from Egypt,' after the last plague—the death of the first-born;—it is not far advanced—that finished figure is Moses." They both looked at the canvas, and I, standing behind, took a modest peep. The picture, as the painter said, was not far advanced; the Pharaoh was merely in outline. My eye was, of course, attracted by the finished figure, or rather what the painter had called the finished figure; but, as I gazed upon it, it appeared to me that there was something defective—something unsatisfactory in the figure. I concluded, however, that the painter, notwithstanding what he had said, had omitted to give it the finishing touch. "I intend this to be my best picture," said the painter; "what I want now is a face for Pharaoh; I have long been meditating on a face for Pharaoh."

'On the morrow my brother went again to the painter, with whom he dined; I did not go with him. On his return he said, "The painter has been asking a great many questions about you, and expressed a wish that you would sit to him as Pharaoh; he thinks you would make a capital Pharaoh." "I have no wish to appear on canvas," said I; "moreover, he can find much better Pharaohs than myself; and, if he wants a real Pharaoh, there is a certain Mr. Petulengro." "No," said my brother, "he will not do, he is too short: by the by, do you not think that figure of Moses is somewhat short?" And then it appeared to me that I had thought the figure of Moses somewhat short.

'On the morrow my brother departed with the painter for the old town, and there the painter painted the mayor. I did not see the picture for a great many years, when, chancing to be at the old town, I beheld it.

'The original mayor was a mighty, portly man, with a bull's head, black hair, body like that of a dray horse, and legs and thighs corresponding; a man six feet high at the least. To his bull's head, black hair, and body, the painter had done justice;

there

there was one point, however, in which the portrait did not correspond with the original—the legs were disproportionably short, the painter having substituted his own legs for those of the mayor, which, when I perceived, I rejoiced that I had not consented to be painted as Pharaoh, for, if I had, the chances are that he would have served me in exactly a similar way as he had served Moses and the mayor.

'Short legs in a heroic picture will never do; and, upon the whole, I think the painter's attempt at the heroic in painting the mayor of the old town a decided failure. If I am now asked whether the picture would have been a heroic one, provided the painter had not substituted his own legs for those of the mayor, I must say, I am afraid not. I have no idea of making heroic pictures out of English mayors, even with the assistance of Norman arches; yet I am sure that capital pictures might be made out of English mayors, not issuing from Norman arches, but rather from the door of the 'Checquers' or the 'Brewers Three.' The painter in question had great comic power, which he scarcely ever cultivated; he would fain be a Rafael, which he never could be, when he might have been something quite as good—another Hogarth; the only comic piece which he ever presented to the world being something little inferior to the best of that illustrious master.'

We will not dispute Mr. Borrow's surmise, founded no doubt on the Mock Election (though that was not painted till 1827), that Haydon's real forte was the comic, and that he might have made—in conception at least—nearer approaches to Hogarth than to Raphael. We know not whether such subjects were congenial to his nature, but they were certainly more within reach of his powers: they did not require elegance, precision, or taste; and the natural defects of his style, loose execution, and extravagant ideas, that shock one in the Dentatus, Lazarus, or Christ in the Garden, are equally recognised, but more easily forgiven, in the grotesque scenes of the King's Bench orgies. But, whether it was from his defective sight, or from the want of manual dexterity, or finally from the woolly, furzy practice of his large canvases, we have great doubts that he could have made any nearer approach to the simplicity and the distinctness of Hogarth, than he did to the higher qualities of the great masters after which he aspired, and which, poor man, he believed he had attained. We shall close our observations on his paintings with a few words on the subject of what is undoubtedly his best work—Sir Robert Peel's Napoleon—which, though so much above all that we have been examining, affords some traits of his peculiar character. Mr. Taylor tells us, under the date of 1829, that—

'about

'about this time I find the first sketch of a subject which he afterwards painted, and with which Haydon's name is more identified than with any other of his works—I mean Napoleon at St. Helena contemplating the setting sun. This first sketch is marred by an allegorical Britannia with her lion in the clouds, which luckily he did not carry into *the picture*.'—ii. 227.

By *the picture*, Mr. Taylor evidently means Sir Robert Peel's, but there was a small picture painted from this first sketch—minus the Britannia—of which an engraving was published: of this his journals at the time make no mention, but two years later we find—

'*8th Dec.* 1830.—Sir Robert Peel gave me a commission to paint Napoleon musing, size of life.'—ii. 266.

And his account of the Peel picture which he published on its exhibition, would lead one to believe that the former small picture was only a sketch, the success of which induced him to produce it on a larger scale, and he then proceeds to state the care and trouble he had taken to get all the details of the person and costume for *the picture* from the most authentic sources. All this, we believe, was a mere *puff*: the larger picture was painted from the smaller one, and this was painted from nothing but a little bronze statue. The slight mention of the *first picture* was, it seems, intended to slur over or soften the contradiction that it afforded to the obstinate protests of Haydon's whole life against cabinet pictures and small sizes. We never saw that small picture, but, if our recollection of a print made from it be correct, it differed in no respect from the larger one; and the following account of Sir Robert Peel's commission, which we heard at the time, and believe to be authentic, confirms our recollection. The story as told us was this:—Sir Robert, walking in the street, was struck by a small print in a shop window representing Napoleon as looking at the last gleam of the setting sun, and was surprised to find that so simple and appropriate an idea should belong to Haydon.* He had already been (who with a name and character for wealth and taste had not?) much importuned by the unfortunate artist, and had charitably relieved him; he now, with his usual discrimination and nice tact, thought that this would be a good occasion to serve him without incumbering himself with one of his speculative works. Here was a defined and settled subject which the painter would have only to copy on a larger

* While these pages are passing through the press, we learn that the idea was not Haydon's after all. We are assured by a gentleman, who has seen it, that in an edition of 'Les Messéniennes' of Casimir Delavigne, published in Paris in the year 1824, there is a vignette of Napoleon gazing on the sea, exactly resembling Haydon's picture.

canvas,

canvas, and into which no crotchets or vagaries could be introduced. Haydon did not much relish this. He rather wished to paint a different Napoleon, which he said would afford him more scope. This was exactly what Sir Robert was afraid of, and he prudently, and fortunately, even for the somewhat offended artist himself, persisted in requiring a facsimile of the thing which his excellent judgment had selected.

Here we close all that we think it necessary to say of the *artist*. We see in his works and in his views on art the same morbid influence as in his life and his death; and if there be spots in them that approach to talent, or even common sense, such as portions of the Solomon, the face of Lazarus, or the Napoleon musing, they are obviously accidents too insulated and too few to save their author from the judgment of having been on the whole one of the most defective painters of his day.

His personal character, at least as to probity, is even less satisfactory. He was, it appears, a good husband, an affectionate father, and—a less ordinary merit—a kind and even fond step-father; his ideas of his own merit were so high that he did not condescend to envy any one; and even when he could not but remark with some degree of mortification the successes of his acquaintances and friends—Jackson, Wilkie, Landseer, &c.—it was rather with wonder than resentment—*non equidem invideo—miror magis*; and his spleen is rarely directed against the merits of the man, however violently against the depravity of public taste. What he may have been in ordinary social life we know not, but the journals afford such innumerable instances of friends made and lost, and yet regained, and of dupes deceived and cheated, but who were still willing to be deceived and cheated to the last, that we cannot doubt that he must have had, under a decided air of vulgar arrogance, considerable plausibility, and even attraction—perhaps naturally—certainly when he had any point to carry. We must repeat, however, that his ordinary resources on such occasions were of a coarser kind—impudence and importunity, which he would strain till the string broke; and when it did, he would coolly knot it up again and endeavour to go on playing the same tune as if nothing had happened. His friendly appreciation of a rival—his monstrous vanity—and his frequent candour, originality, and sagacity of observation, are curiously illustrated in the following contrast between Wilkie and himself:—

'Wilkie's system,' says Haydon, 'was Wellington's—principle and prudence, *the groundworks of risk*. Mine that of Napoleon—audacity, with a defiance of principle, *if principle was in the way*. I got into prison: Napoleon died at St. Helena. Wellington is living and honoured,

honoured, and Wilkie has had a public dinner given him at Rome, the seat of art and genius, and has secured a competence; while I am as poor and necessitous as ever. Let no man use evil as a means for the success of any scheme, however grand. *Evil that good may come of it is the prerogative of the* DEITY *alone, and should never be ventured at by mortals.*'—ii. 146.

Who could have expected that an identification of Wilkie and Wellington, Buonaparte and Haydon, would end in a maxim of such depth? and, strangest of all, this maxim was solemnly repeated in a paper entitled '*Last Thoughts of H. B. Haydon, half-past ten*'—that is, five minutes before his suicide. Thus he sealed by his end the inconsistency—the insanity of his life.

Next to, or even beyond, the records of his artistic labour, the most prominent feature of his journals are the disgraceful manœuvres by which he endeavoured to escape from the pecuniary difficulties in which his folly and improvidence had 'steeped him to the very lips.' There is more in these journals about £. *s. d.* than, we believe, are to be found in all the biographies of English artists put together; and in Haydon's case, whenever it came to a question of payment, they were only the symbols of Lies—Shifts—Dishonesty. He seems to have out-Sheridaned Sheridan. In breaking promises he was stronger than Hercules. He 'robbed Peter to pay Paul'—and did not pay Paul—nay, he cozened Paul into paying Peter.

We spare our readers the odious details of this nature which swarm especially in the last volume, but they will not be offended at one specimen in which professions of honour and acts of knavery are ludicrously blended:—

'*Feb.* 3, 1843.—In an hour and a half I had 10*l.* to pay *upon my honour*, and only 2*l.* 15*s.* in my pocket. I drove away to Newton and *paid him* the 2*l.* 15*s.*, and *borrowed* 10*l.* I then drove away to my other friend, and paid him the 10*l.* and borrowed 5*l.* more—but felt relieved I had not broke my *honour*!'—iii. 223.

Falstaff would not have talked so disrespectfully of *honour* if he could have guessed that it could have helped a man having only 2*l.* 15*s.* to satisfy two creditors and to return with a balance of 5*l.* in his pocket. The sums are small, but in the dexterity of the thing old Sherry never accomplished a greater feat.

We are sorry to say that we ourselves could supply some other ludicrous and some lamentable instances of a similar character, but, as we have said, his own journals are full of them *ad nauseam*. There is one class of them, however, which requires distinct reprobation; he had the unpardonable dishonesty of inducing some of the young and inexperienced pupils whom his pretensions and *fanfaronnades* had procured him to sign bills, on which he

he raised money, leaving the poor youths and their families to get out of the scrape how best they could. The conclusion of this humiliating chapter of his life is that he lived in an agony of pecuniary difficulties, amounting, as he tells us over and over again, to *madness*, and that certainly was sufficient to have produced it in a sounder mind. He was in custody of bailiffs and in sponging-houses oftener than we can reckon up; he was four times in prison, and twice passed through the Insolvent Courts, without having paid his creditors a penny; and he died at least 3000*l.* in debt—and this after having received more benevolent patronage (which we distinguish from a mere purchasing patronage), more pecuniary assistance, more indulgence, more liberality, and in fact more charity, than any artist that we have either read or heard of.

We must now say a few words of his literary efforts. His father had been, we have heard, connected with the newspaper press, and may have given him a turn that way. His first attempts were some skirmishes with Mr. Leigh Hunt in his own paper (the Examiner) on artistic points, in which he *proclaims himself* the victor; but he soon drew his goosequill weapon in his own quarrel. The Academy had *hung* his Dentatus in the anteroom, in quite as good a place, we then thought, and still think, as it deserved, and which we believe it owed rather to the name of the patron, Lord Mulgrave, than to the merit of the picture. To this cruel, this shameful injustice, as he called it, Haydon attributed, not only the failure of *that* picture, but the blasting of all the hopes and prospects of his whole subsequent life; and more immediately a difference with Sir George Beaumont about the dimensions of a subject from Macbeth, which Haydon persisted most perversely in painting of a size too big for Sir George's walls, and which, in fact, when his good-nature was, we may say, bullied into taking the picture, was so large that it could only be hung on the staircase of his country-house. About this time, too, Mr. Payne Knight had given some very depreciatory, and certainly mistaken, opinions on the Elgin marbles,* which Haydon affected to take under his special protection; and, sore with his own grievances, in which he somehow blended Payne Knight, he declared war against the Patrons, the Connoisseurs, the Academy, and the whole artistic world:—

'Exasperated by the neglect of my family, tormented by the consciousness of debt, cut to the heart by the cruelty of Sir George, fearful of the severity of my landlord, and enraged at the insults from the Academy, I became furious. An attack on the Academy and its abominations darted into my head. I began by refuting an article by

* See *Q. Rev.*, v. xiv., p. 533.

Payne

Payne Knight on Barry in the Edinburgh Review, which came out in the previous year.

'To expose the ignorance of a powerful patron (thus offending the patrons), and to attack the Academy (thus insuring an alliance of the Academicians with the patrons), would have been at any time the very worst and most impolitic thing on earth. I should have worked away and been quiet. My picture rose very high, and was praised. The conduct of Sir George was severely handled. People of fashion were beginning to feel sympathy. In fact, had I been quiet, my picture would have sold, the prize of three hundred guineas would have been won, and in a short time I might in some degree have recovered the shock his caprice had inflicted.

'But, no: I was unmanageable. The idea of being a Luther or John Knox in art got the better of my reason. Leigh Hunt encouraged my feelings; and without reflection, and in spite of Wilkie's entreaties, I resolved to assault. "Hunt," said Wilkie, "gets his living by such things; you will lose all chance of it. It is all very fine to be a reformer; but be one with your pencil, and not with your pen."'—i. 163-4.

All his other friends gave the same advice as the wise and gentle Wilkie, but poor Haydon was incapable of taking advice even from *adversity*, that general 'tamer of the human breast.' He continued during the rest of his life to write on these subjects with considerable dogmatism and wearying pertinacity. We had incessant appeals on behalf of '*high art*' and of the necessity of 'public patronage,' but they ceased to command any attention as soon as the public saw in Haydon's own canvases what he considered '*high art*,' and that the chief exercise of 'public patronage' that he proposed was the purchase of his own unsaleable works and the employment of his own unmanageable pencil. Mr. Taylor, not without hesitation, asks us to allow to Haydon at least the merit of having *rung the bell* to the recent improvement of the public taste on subjects of art, and especially to the decorations of public edifices as commenced in the new Houses of Parliament. We are somewhat sceptical as to the *improvement*. On the points of taste and execution we must suspend our judgment till we see not only what is done, but how, when the first novelty is over, these works will appear deserving of the—we may call it—eternity for which they are destined. Haydon himself would have been shocked at the idea that the taste of the nation was to be for ever embodied in the productions of West, or Northcote, or Fuseli: will another generation be more tolerant of the artists of the present day? We can only say that we agree with Haydon that the grand exhibition of cartoons in Westminster Hall affords but little hope that the adornments of the Parliamentary Palace will stand the test of time

time any better than 'the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre,' which were the admiration of the beginning of the last century—the ridicule of its middle days—and the neglect, if not contempt, of its conclusion. We do not think that the climate of our country, the capacity of our public edifices, or the genius of our people, is favourable to this style of decoration, and we fear that the greatest advantage to be hoped from it—the employment of a dozen artists practising a style incompatible with domestic decoration, and therefore incapable of supplying an adequate personal livelihood to its professors—will not at all fulfil the expectations that are formed from it. Where, if we may venture to ask so simple and so merely practical a question, are *walls* to be found to afford space, and, of course, employment, that is to say, bread, to the new generation of artists whom we are endeavouring to rear in this department? In short, we doubt the mere *material* practicability of any such general scheme, and we are equally suspicious that, to whatever degree we attempt it, an appeal to the next generation may reverse our judgment, and decide that bare walls would do less discredit to the national taste than the things with which Haydon's theory of 'high art' would cover them.

We throw out these considerations with the less reluctance because we cannot discover that, of the many Ministers, Statesmen, Patrons, and lovers of the art, whom Haydon so incessantly solicited on this subject (iii. 175), *any one* appeared disposed to countenance the general principle of public patronage on the scale and in the style in which it was advocated.

We now arrive at a new and even more painful phase of the poor man's mania. In the midst of all these wild and wayward extravagances, and these reiterated instances of culpable misconduct, we are at first startled, and afterwards shocked, at the introduction of frequent and energetic prayer—shocked, we say, because these solemn addresses to God are grievously misplaced in such a journal, and are themselves too often conceived in a tone the very reverse of what a really devout spirit would have prompted. God forbid that we should under-value the feeling that ought in all circumstances, but especially in our troubles and adversities, to seek for Divine protection and support; but the piety of a well-regulated mind is secret, spontaneous, unostentatious—it does not compose elaborate forms of prayer, copy them carefully into journals, and leave them to executors for publication, mixed up with all the promiscuous trash of common life.* On this subject Mr. Taylor says—

'I have

* It cannot be too often noticed that the collection and publication of Dr. Johnson's prayers

'I have inserted this and other like utterances of devotion that my readers may see what Haydon's prayers were—how compounded of submission and confidence, and in their constant demand for success and personal distinction how unlike that simple and general form of petition which Christ has left us as the model of supplication to our Father who is in heaven. Haydon prays as if he would take heaven by storm; and though he often asks for humility, I do not observe that the demands for this gift bear any proportion to those for glories and triumphs. His very piety had something stormy, arrogant, and self-assertive in it. He went on so praying from his arrival in London to the very time of his death; and throughout his prayers are of the same tenor. I shall not therefore think it necessary to introduce them in future, unless when they are so interwoven with extracts that I cannot honestly separate them.'—ii. 41.

Mr. Taylor has not adhered to this judicious resolution: he has subsequently given a great deal more of these imprecatory prayers than could be, in any view, necessary; and which, we think, must produce a most painful sensation in the mind of every reader. We shall not be led to follow his example; but we think it right to give two or three short specimens of this strange style of devotion, as corroborative of our opinion of his habitual state of mind. It was his custom to inaugurate all his important movements (and frequently the most trivial) with a prayer. Here is that on the opening of his exhibition of Lazarus:—

'O God, Thou who hast brought me to the point, bring me through that point. Grant, during the exhibition, nothing may happen to dull its success, but that it may go on in one continual stream of triumphant success to the last instant. *O God, Thou knowest I am in the clutches of a villain*: grant me the power entirely to get *out of them, for Jesus Christ's sake.* Amen. And subdue the *evil disposition of that villain*, so that I may extricate myself from his power, without getting further into it. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, with all my soul.'—ii. 47.

There is no reason to suppose that he was in the hands of any villain: the creditor may have been a lenient, perhaps an indulgent one—for the extent of indulgence that Haydon received from his creditors in general, even those he used worst, is hardly to be believed; and we often find him one day abusing a man for his rigour whom next day he thanks as a benefactor.

Again:—

prayers by Dr. Strahan was surreptitious and without the slightest authority from Johnson himself. They were occasional prayers which he probably wrote out and kept by him for future use and reference, and of which he undoubtedly did not and never would in any state of mind have sanctioned the publication. They were no doubt of that class of papers of which, when Boswell asked him how he would have felt if he had carried them off, Johnson said, 'I believe I should have gone mad.' Dr. Strahan's publication was wholly unjustifiable.

'June

'June 1st.—O God, I thank Thee that this day I have safely placed my cartoons in Westminster Hall. Prosper them! It is a great day on my mind and soul. I thank Thee I have lived to see this day. *Spare my life, O Lord, until I have shown* THY *strength unto this generation, and* THY *power unto that which is to come.*'—iii. 229.

By and by comes a reflection, of which the moral is more obvious than the modesty:—

'17th.—Perhaps God may punish me, *as he did Napoleon*, as an example, for pursuing a great object with less regard to moral principle than became a Christian—that is, raising money to get through, careless of the means of repaying; though I had reason to hope the aristocracy would have helped me, by purchasing, to keep my word.'—iii. 230.

He chooses to forget that the aristocracy, and the democracy too, had helped and helped him till he had wearied them with never-ending improvidence and never-mending incapacity; yet he pursued the same reckless course even when all reasonable hope was exhausted—everything was exhausted except his self-sufficiency and these wayward formulas of devotion. Sometimes they burst out into raging insanity:—

'Alexander the Great [one of his last abortions] was before me. A mutton chop on the coals. My chop was cooked to a *tee*; I ate it like a Red Indian, and drank the cool translucent with a gusto a wine connoisseur knows not. I then thought the distant cloud was too much advanced; so toning it down with black, I hit the mark, and pronounced the work done. *Io Pæan!* and *I fell on my knees, and thanked God, and bowed my forehead and touched the ground*, and sprung up, my heart beating at the anticipation of a greater work, and a more terrific struggle.

'This is B. R. Haydon—the *real* man—may he live a thousand years! and here he sneezed. Lucky!'—iii. 244.

We have really some compunction in copying these things, the number and extravagance of which, even after Mr. Taylor's wholesale curtailment and expurgation, are beyond what any one could have imagined. We shall conclude with one which, though short, seems to us the essence of his madness. He expects that the Deity is to avenge his quarrel with the Royal Commissioners; but he seems almost in doubt which, his Heavenly Champion or the Commissioners, may have the best of it:—

'*I trust in God*, and we shall see who is most powerful—HE or the Royal Commission. We shall see!'—iii. 302.

The result of this supposed trial of strength was the most miserable year of the poor man's life, terminating in his more miserable death! The competition for designs to embellish the new Houses of Parliament had accomplished what had been the professed object of his whole life, and afforded him the test

which

which he had so passionately desired of his self-conceived powers. The result was—as every one, we believe, who knew the man and his works expected—a total, a humiliating failure. It probably broke his heart, though he was too obstinate to confess that it subdued his spirit. It moreover destroyed the hopes with which he had continued to inspire the few indulgent believers in his genius who had hitherto helped him through his difficulties. He now attempted again, as he had often done before, a separate exhibition of his recent works; here, too, the failure was complete. Then come the approach and consummation of the final catastrophe, traced up to the last moment with as steady a hand and not less apparent rationality than any former portion of these melancholy records. This moribund narrative we shall now transcribe, with little interruption or abridgment, to its sad conclusion.

'May 5th, 1846.—Came home in excruciating anxiety, not being able to raise the money for my rent for the [Exhibition] Hall, and found a notice from a broker for a quarter's rent from Newton my old landlord for twenty-two years. For a moment my brain was confused. I had paid him half, and therefore there was only 10*l.* left. I went into the painting-room in great misery of mind. That so old a friend should have chosen such a moment to do such a thing is painful.'

* *

'June 11th.—I have 15*l.* to pay to-morrow without a shilling. How I shall manage to get seven hours' peace for work, and yet satisfy my creditors, Heaven only knows. 30*l.*, Newton, on the 25th—31*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, Newman, same day—26*l.* 10*s.*, Coutts, on the 24th—29*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, Gillotts, on the 29th—17*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* to baker: in all, 136*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* this month, with only 18*s.* in the house; nothing coming in; all received; one large picture painting and three more getting ready, and Alfred's head to do. In God alone I trust in humility.'—iii. 315–16.

'12th.—O God! carry me through the evils of this day. Amen.

'13th.—Picture much advanced; but my necessities are dreadful, owing to my failure at the Hall. In God alone I trust to bring me through, and extricate me safe and capable of paying my way. O God! it is hard, this struggle of forty-years, but Thy will, and not mine, be done, *if it save the art in the end.* O God, bless me through all my pictures, the four remaining, and grant nothing on earth may stop the completion of the six.

'16th.—I sat from two till five, staring at my picture like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety and anxious looks of my dear Mary and children, whom I was compelled to inform. I dined after having raised money on all our silver to keep us from want in case of accidents. * * * *

'I had written to Sir R. Peel, Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Brougham, saying I had a heavy sum to pay.

'Who

and blazed out into a frank confession of the real object of the Reformers:—

'The success of American independence has been the torch which has lighted the world for the last fifty years. It will now never cease blazing till cheap governments are established. *The Coronation of George IV. may be considered the setting-sun of that splendid imposition—Monarchy.*'—ii. 289.

Such opinions brought their professor into communication with the Birmingham Trades' Unions, whom the Whigs had excited and trained into a formidable array with the object of carrying the Reform Bill by *physical force*, if all other means should fail. Haydon, whose patriotism did not make him forget the only object that we believe ever very seriously occupied his thoughts —that of getting employment and money—endeavoured to raise a subscription at Birmingham for a picture to represent the meeting of those Unions at Newhall Hill, near that town. A subscription was commenced, and Haydon—not unnaturally, we think —applied to Lord Grey to countenance it. It seems that Mr. Taylor does not give us this portion of Haydon's journal *in extenso*, but intercalates the following observation of his own:—

'Haydon, with his usual audacity, wrote to Lord Grey to ask his patronage for the picture. This was, *of course*, at once refused; but the refusal, which approved itself on reflection to the painter's better judgment—[poor Haydon's judgment!]—was softened by Earl Grey's readiness to give any assistance in his power to a painting on any subject connected with the Reform Bill to which the *same objections* did not apply.'—ii. 308.

We do not dispute Haydon's audacity, but on this occasion we think he had good warrant for his application; for Mr. Taylor tells us that Haydon's account of his communications with the leaders of the Unions makes some curious disclosures, and shows how near in their opinion matters were then *to a revolution*, and presently after it appears that one of the reinstated *cabinet ministers—Lord Durham*, Lord Grey's son-in-law—told Mr. Attwood, the leader of the Unions, that 'they owed their places to them' (*ib.* 310). There was surely no great audacity in asking Lord Grey to countenance a picture of an event to which his colleague and son-in-law confessed they owed their places. When, however, Haydon produced his sketch of the Unions' meetings to his Lordship, he found that—

'Lord Grey did not speak of the Unions as he ought. He seemed to think them subjects beneath my pencil; and when I put my sketch into his hand, he replaced it in mine without a word.'—ii. 312.

We are not at all surprised at Lord Grey's reluctance to see any memorial of that scandalous and indeed treasonable transaction,

nor that he should have been glad to escape from all further concern with the Trades' Unions by proposing to the painter a less ticklish subject—the great Reform dinner in Guildhall. There is no doubt that he and some of his colleagues were frightened at the storm they had raised. Even the morning after the triumphal banquet, Haydon found that—

'Lord Grey was shaken the ministers all seeming afraid of the people.'—ii. 313.

The collecting the portraits for that picture brought Haydon into what was his great delight—communication with eminent men; and while his pencil was employed on their features, his pen made sketches of their manners and talk:—

'There is,' says Mr. Taylor, 'much in these transcripts of opinions, judgments, impressions, scandals, and *on dits*, which might figure very effectively in a *chronique galante*, or a secret history of the time; but the period is too recent to admit free use of such confidence, even if it were fair to make public what was certainly *never meant to meet the public eye*.'—ii. 333.

We have nothing to say against the principle thus laid down, but that we are at a loss to reconcile it with what Mr. Taylor has done throughout *all the rest* of the publication. If by 'not being meant to meet the public eye' he means *not meant by Haydon*, it is at variance with both Haydon's and Mr. Taylor's explicit declarations that he meant it all to be printed; if it means '*not by Haydon's interlocutors*,' then we ask Mr. Taylor whether he thinks that Sir George Beaumont, Sir Charles Long, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and the Duke of Wellington, and a hundred others, could have wished, or meant, or imagined, that their accidental observations should be exposed 'to the public eye,' any more than Lord Grey or Lord Durham. Our readers will not fail to observe the exact period at which Mr. Taylor's scruples appear *to begin and end.*

We think it right to enter this slight protest against what seems to us like a *unilateral* delicacy—though practically there seems little to complain of. Our specimens of this portion of the work shall be confined to a few prominent names of persons now no more.

'Lord Melbourne is the most delightful sitter of any, and I am always brilliant with him. He seems equally pleased with me. I feel at my ease. He is a shrewd man, and is not satisfied with random reasons. I was talking about art, and he brought me to an anchor for a minute by asking me a question that required reflection to refute, and set me thinking when he was gone.'—ii. 331.

'October 12th. Lord Melbourne relished my stories, and was extremely affable and amiable. He has a fine head, and looked refined and

and handsome. As he was leaving he saw *Birmingham sketch*: I question if he exactly relished it; it might be my fancy.'—ii. 320.

It was not fancy—Lord Melbourne was at least as reluctant as Lord Grey to be associated with the Birmingham Unions. When he soon after became First Minister, his easy good-nature tolerated Haydon's importunity, which his shrewdness and gaiety easily baffled. Lord Melbourne had found him out, and was amused at his extravagance:—

'Lord Melbourne seemed to have a notion that I was a disappointed enthusiast, whom he found it amusing to listen to, however absurd it might be to adopt my plans.'—ii. 332.

This fortunate disposition of being amused at what *bored* other people was one of Lord Melbourne's happy qualities:—

'November 11th. The scene at the Lord Mayor's dinner at Guildhall last night was exquisite. . . . In the ball-room I said to Lord S., "Lord Melbourne enjoys it." "There is nothing Lord Melbourne does not enjoy," said he.

'Can there be a finer epitaph on a man? It is true of Lord Melbourne, who is all amiability, good-humour, and simplicity of mind.'—ii. 347-8.

The following touches of Lord Althorp are characteristic:—

'18th. Lord Althorp sat to me in Downing-street. He is not so conversational as Lord Melbourne, but the essence of good nature. I said "My Lord, for the first time in my life, I scarcely slept when Lord Grey was out during the Bill; were you not deeply anxious?" "I don't know," said Lord Althorp, "I am never very anxious." Lord Althorp seems heavy. I tried to excite him into conversation.'—ii. 321-2.

He certainly was not brilliant, but he had good sense, and made one of the soundest practical objections to Haydon's theory of public patronage:—

'He said, "Would premiums be a good plan?" "No, my Lord, commissions are best." "*Sometimes*," said he, "*pictures make a great dash and are forgotten. Government might commit itself. Fifty years, I think, ought to pass before a picture is bought.*"'—ii. 329-30.

Lord Althorp deeply offended the dignity of the Historical Painter by appointing to meet him and an *engraver* at the same hour. Haydon takes his revenge:—

'Lord Althorp, who is a heavy man, stood up for the head, that the engraver might touch it. The graceless way in which he stood was irresistible. I could paint a picture of such humour as would ruin me.'—ii. 33.

But he was soon propitiated by Lord Althorp's good humour, and records with pleasure

'a remarkable evidence of Lord Althorp's goodness of heart.

'The

'The Whigs had been d——g Attwood for a radical and a fool, and begging me not to put him in.

'Lord Althorp said, "Oh yes, he was prominent in the cause. He ought to be in." This was noble; all party feelings vanished in his honest heart.'—ii. 344.

The objection to Mr. Attwood must, we suppose, have arisen from the same politic but ungrateful desire that Lords Grey and Melbourne had already shown of repudiating the alliance with Unions, now that it had done its work.

'The Lord Advocate (Jeffrey) amused me delightfully, and talked incessantly; but there is a sharp, critical discovery of what is defective in nature which is not agreeable. He described Lord Althorp's reception of him last May, when he called to ask what he should do about his resignation, which was quite graphic. Lord Althorp's secretary could not give him any information, and Lord Althorp desired he would walk up stairs. Up Jeffrey walked. Lord Althorp had just done washing, and one arm was bare above the elbow and rather hairy. His razor was in the other, and he was about to shave. "Well, Mr. Advocate," said his Lordship, "I have the pleasure to inform you that we are no longer his Majesty's ministers. We sent in our resignations, and they are accepted." When they returned, Jeffrey called again. He was looking over his fowling-pieces, and said to Jeffrey, "Confound these political affairs; all my locks are got out of order," in his usual grumbling, lazy way.'— ii. 336-7.

The following sketch is highly characteristic:—

'O'Connell's appearance was on the whole hilarious and good-natured. But there was a cunning look. He has an eye like a weasel. Light seemed hanging at the bottom, and he looked out with a searching ken, like Brougham, something, but not with his depth of insight.

'I was first shown into his private room. A shirt hanging by the fire, a hand-glass tied to the window-bolt, papers, hats, brushes, wet towels, and dirty shoes, gave intimation of "Dear Ireland." After a few moments O'Connell rolled in, in a morning-gown, a loose black handkerchief tied round his neck, God knows how, a wig and a foraging cap bordered with gold lace. As a specimen of character he began, "Mr. Haydon, you and I must understand each other about this picture. They say I must pay for this likeness." "Not at all, Sir." This is the only thing of the sort that has happened to me.'—ii. 351.

'7th.—Lord Ebrington came, and a very delightful sitting we had. I asked him about Napoleon. He said he acknowledged the massacre at Jaffa without the least compunction, though he did not think him bloodthirsty.'—ii. 336.

On the subject of Buonaparte, the following extract will not fail to interest our readers as the authentic evidence of that able and high-minded officer, whom the country has just lost—Sir George

George Cockburn—as to that portion of Buonaparte's history with which Sir George was personally connected. We might also adduce it as a proof of the fidelity of Haydon's notes, for the main facts and many of the expressions are given as we have more than once heard them from the lips of our distinguished friend:—

'31*st*.—Last day of August. Sir George Cockburn sat three-quarters of an hour at the Admiralty. I was determined to bring him out about Napoleon; so, after a little preliminary chat, said, "Sir George, this is an opportunity which may never occur again. May I ask you one or two questions?" "You may." "Why did you think meanly of Napoleon?" "I'll tell you," said he. "When I went to him with Lord Keith, I went prepared to admire him. He behaved violently; said I should pass over his *cadavre*, that he would not go to St. Helena, and so forth. Not caring for all this, I said, "At what hour shall I send the boat?" I forget Sir George's continuation, for the servant came in. After answering the servant, rather nettled at the interruption, he went on to say, "I came at the hour next day, to take him on board the Bellerophon, prepared to use force, and ready even for bloodshed. To my utter wonder he skipped away, and went on board without a word. After all those threats, what do you think of that? At dinner he talked indecently before women, and burst forth, and gave me a whole history of his Egyptian campaign, puffing himself grossly. In fact, he would talk of nothing but himself. When we got to St. Helena, we rode out to choose a situation. He wished to have the house in which a family were *instantly*. I explained that a week's notice was only decent. He said that he could sleep under a tent. As they rode down the hill I showed him the room I meant to occupy. Napoleon said, "That is the very room I should like;" so it was given up to him. Then he complained of the sentries; they were withdrawn, and sergeants put instead. Then he complained of them, and gave his honour, if they were removed, he would never violate his limits. I yielded, and that very night he went into the town. He then asked for the four thousand Napoleons taken from him, which was granted: and he bought up all the gold lace and green baize in the town to dress up his suite, and spent days in carving and arranging this gold lace. Now these are my reasons for thinking meanly of him. He told me lies repeatedly; and, after granting him my own room at his own request, he wrote the Government that he had been forced into one room."'—iii. 236-7.

The rest of our space must be dedicated to what Haydon tells us of his intercourse with the Duke of Wellington. It is not, as our readers will believe, of much importance, but it develops some of the minor traits of the Duke's character, of whom it may be truly said that, being the greatest in great things, he was still great even in the smallest.

We have already seen that Haydon was in the habit of worrying

ing every man who had anything like a name; and he, of course, assailed the Duke of Wellington with tenfold importunity. The painter was by nature extremely impressionable, and high deeds mingled themselves up in his head with high art. He accordingly had (in spite of his short Reform fever) an enthusiastic admiration of the Duke, which seems to have stimulated the natural intrusiveness of his character.

The Duke — besides his dislike to the tedium of *sitting*, which he would overcome on what he thought proper occasions —had, as was well known, two decided principles—he would not submit to be made an object of painters' or printsellers' *speculations*, and he shrunk intuitively from being made a party to anything that should look like his own glorification. When the contest about placing his statue on the Green Park arch was going on, Haydon obtruded on him a sketch of some plan of his own: the Duke replied:—

'London, August 11th, 1838.

'The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and returns the drawing enclosed in his note of the 10th.

'The Duke is the man of all men in England who has the least to do with the affair which is the subject of Mr. Haydon's letter to him.' —iii. 88.

While the Nelson monument was in agitation, Haydon again attacked the Duke, who happened to be one of the committee. The Duke replied epigrammatically:—

'London, 24th May, 1839.

'The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon. The Duke is a member of the Committee for the execution of the plan for the erecting a monument to the memory of the late Lord Nelson. He is not the Committee, nor the *Secretary to the Committee*, and, above all, not the *Corresponding Secretary*.'—iii. 98.

Boys the printseller commissioned Haydon to paint the Duke musing on the field of Waterloo, as a pendent to the Napoleon. This directly crossed both the feelings which we have just mentioned, and he answered laconically, 'that he hoped Mr. Haydon would excuse him.' Haydon was not to be so repulsed: he wrote again. No answer. At last, Haydon—by some underhand means—got sketches of his clothes and equipments, and by their help advanced the picture to a state at which he had the folly to tell the Duke of the misconduct of his servants, and invite him to ratify it by inspecting the picture. This produced the following answer:—

'London, February 7th, 1835.

'Sir,—I received last night your letter of the 6th, in which you inform me that you had applied to and obtained from my servant one of

of my coats, and that you had painted a picture of me which you wished me to see, and which was ready for the engraver.

'You wrote to me on the 19th January to inform me that you had received a commission to paint a picture of me. I told you in answer that I had not time to sit for a picture. You then wrote to desire that I would order my servant to let you see my coat, &c., to which letter I gave no answer. You thought proper, however, to go to my servant, and procure from him one of my coats, &c., without any order or consent on my part, and you now come to me to desire me to inspect the picture before it goes to the engraver.

'I have no objection to any gentleman painting any picture of me that he may think proper; but if I am to have anything to say to the picture, either in the way of sitting, or sending a dress, or in any other manner, I consider myself, and shall be considered by others, as responsible for it.

'I must say that I by no means approve of the subject of the picture which you have undertaken to paint. Paint it if you please, but I will have nothing to say to it.

'To paint the Emperor Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena is quite a different thing from painting me on the field of battle of Waterloo. The Emperor Napoleon did not consent to be painted. But I am to be supposed to consent; and, moreover, I, on the field of battle of Waterloo, am not exactly in the situation in which Napoleon stood on the rock of St. Helena.

'But a painter should be an historian, a philosopher, a politician, as well as a poet and a man of taste. Now, if you will consider the subject of the picture to which you desire me to be a party in the year 1835, in any one of these characters, you will see full reason why you should not choose that subject, and why I should not consent to be a party to the picture.—I have the honour, &c. &c., WELLINGTON.'

Haydon, with incomparable audacity, returned to the charge; but the Duke was inflexible, and after three or four more letters from his indefatigable assailant, was forced to close the correspondence by a more emphatic answer, June 27th, 1839,

'hoping that he will have some cessation of note-writing about pictures.

'The Duke knows nothing about the picture Mr. Haydon proposes to paint.

'At all events, he must decline to lend to anybody his clothes, arms, and equipments.'—iii. 103.

We doubt whether the great Dispatches afford a stronger instance of the Duke's good taste, good sense, and, above all, of his inexhaustible patience, than this correspondence with so vexatious and obstinate a persecutor.

But in the autumn of the same year a number of principal gentlemen in Liverpool resolved to adorn their city with a picture of the

the Duke, and some active friends of Haydon procured him the commission. The chairman of the committee addressed the Duke in due form, and the Duke deeming this a public compliment with which he ought to comply, consented, and promised to sit when he should have leisure. Meanwhile Haydon was proceeding with the picture, and endeavoured to draw the Duke into some personal interference with its details. The Duke was true to his principle, and declined to have anything to do with the picture, but to *sit* as he had promised the gentlemen of Liverpool; and, in fact, he never saw it.

At last, however, Haydon's great wish was completely fulfilled—the Duke invited him to Walmer Castle, where he would sit to him; and accordingly, on the 11th October, 1839, Haydon made his appearance there, and was treated with an attention which obliterated all recollection of the correspondence; and at the close of the fourth evening, as he took his leave, the Duke said, 'I hope you are satisfied. Good bye.' We wish we had room for every word of his notes of these four days: we must content ourselves with noticing some of the more general incidents and observations, partly to correct and partly to confirm them:—

'The Duke talked of Buonaparte and the Abbé du Pradt, and said, "There was nothing like hearing both sides." Du Pradt, in his book (he was *à fureur de mémoires*), says that, whilst a certain conversation took place at Warsaw between him and Napoleon, the Emperor was taking notes. At Elba, Napoleon told Douglas, who told the Duke, that the note he was taking was a note to Maret (Duke of Bassano), as follows: "*Renvoyez ce coquin là à son Archevêque* [*Archevêché*]." "So," said the Duke, "always hear both sides."'

There is here some mistake. De Pradt, in his book, says nothing about the Emperor's 'taking notes,' and he *does* tell that Napoleon had written to Maret to recall De Pradt, and send him back in disgrace to his diocese. There is no discrepancy at all between the Emperor and the Abbé.

'The Duke said, when he came through Paris in 1814, Madame de Staël had a grand party to meet him. Du Pradt was there. In conversation he said, "Europe owes her salvation to one man." "But before he gave me time to look foolish," added the Duke, "Du Pradt put his hand on his own breast, and said, '*C'est moi!*'"'—*ib.* 111.

Here again there is some confusion in Haydon's note of the anecdote. The expression attributed to the Duke—'*before I had time to look foolish*'—sounds like a kind of anticipating vanity from which he was entirely exempt; on the contrary, he *would* be remarkably and notoriously *deaf* to any such insinuations

tions even from others. All his personal friends knew and used to smile at his grave and obstinate *stupidity* in not understanding allusions which were very clear to everybody else. But moreover, the celebrated egotism attributed to De Pradt was made in a pamphlet published in 1816; and was, in fact, a misrepresentation of what the pamphlet did say; and, finally and conclusively, this is stated to have occurred *before Waterloo*, when our northern allies had *taken Paris*, and the English were only at Toulouse. So that it is *impossible* that the Duke should have then arrogated to himself the deliverance of Europe—he that never arrogated anything.

'The Duke said the *natural* state of man was plunder. Society was based on security of property alone. It was for that object men associated; and he thought we were coming to the natural state very fast.'—iii. 112.

'He said every Englishman who has a home goes to bed at night. He found bivouacking was not suitable to the character of the English soldier: he got drunk, and lay down under any hedge. Discipline was destroyed. But when he introduced tents, every soldier belonged to his tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep.'—iii. 112.

'Some one said, "Habit is second nature:" the Duke remarked, "It is ten times nature."'

Bacon, in his Essays, says much the same: 'Custom only doth alter and subdue nature.'

'I asked the Duke if Cæsar did not land hereabouts? He said he believed near Richborough Castle.'—*ib.*

'When I got to bed I could not sleep. Good God! I thought, here am I *tête-a-tête* with the greatest man on earth, and the noblest—the conqueror of Napoleon; sitting with him, talking to him, and sleeping near him! His mind is unimpaired; his conversation powerful, humorous, witty, argumentative, sound, moral. Would he throw his stories, fresh from nature, into his speeches, the effect would be prodigious. He would double their impression. I am deeply interested and passionately affected. God bless his Grace! I repeat.'—*ib.* 112.

'12th.—At ten we breakfasted—the Duke, Sir Astley, Mr. Booth, and myself: he put me on his right. "Which will you have, black tea or green?" "Black, your Grace." "Bring black." Black was brought, and ate a hearty breakfast. In the midst, six dear, healthy, noisy children were brought to the windows. [Lord and Lady Wilton's —for one of whom sea air and bathing had been prescribed, and the Duke's kindness had invited them all.] "Let them in," said the Duke; and in they came, and rushed over to him, saying, "How d'ye do, Duke? how d'ye do, Duke?" One boy, young Gray, roared, "I want some tea, Duke." "You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me as you did yesterday." Toast and tea were then in demand.

demand. Three got on one side, and three on the other, and he hugged 'em all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little Gray try to slop it over the Duke's frock-coat.

'He then told me to choose my room, and get my light in order; and, after hunting, he would sit. I did so, and about two he gave me an hour and a half. I hit his grand, upright, manly expression. He looked like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape, and had got silvery with age and service. At first I was a little affected, but I hit his features, and all went off. Riding hard made him rosy, and dozy. His colour was fresh. All the portraits are too pale. I found that to imagine he could not go through any duty raised the lion. "Does the light hurt your Grace's eyes?" "Not at all." And he stared at the light, as much as to say, "I'll see if you shall make me give in, Signor Light."

'It was a noble head. I saw nothing of that peculiar expression of mouth the sculptors give him, bordering on simpering. His colour was beautiful and fleshy, his lips compressed, and energetic. I foolishly said, "Don't let me fatigue your Grace." "Well, sir," he said, "I'll give you an hour and a half. To-morrow is Sunday. Monday I'll sit again." I was delighted to see him pay his duty to Sunday. Up he rose; I opened the door, and hold this as the highest distinction of my life. He bowed, and said, "We dine at seven."

'At seven we dined. His Grace took half a glass of sherry and put it in water. I drank three glasses, Mr. Arbuthnot one. We then went to the drawing-room, where, putting a candle on each side of him, he read the Standard, whilst I talked to Mr. Arbuthnot, who said it was not true Copenhagen ran away on the field. He ran to his stable when the Duke came to Waterloo after the battle, and kicked out and gambolled.'—iii. 114.

Sunday came. All went to church:—

'From the bare wainscoat, the absence of curtains, the dirty green footstools, and common chairs, I feared I was in the wrong pew, and very quietly sat myself down in the Duke's place. Mr. Arbuthnot squeezed my arm before it was too late, and I crossed in an instant. The Duke pulled out his prayer-book, and followed the clergyman in the simplest way. I got deeply affected. Here was the greatest hero in the world, who had conquered the greatest genius, prostrating his heart and being before his God in his venerable age, and praying for his mercy. However high his destiny above my own, here we were at least equal before our Creator. Here we were stripped of extrinsic distinctions; and I looked at this wonderful man with an interest and feeling that touched my imagination beyond belief. The silence and embosomed solitude of the village church, the simplicity of its architecture, rather deepened than decreased the depth of my sensibilities. At the name of *Jesus Christ* the Duke bowed his silvery hairs like the humblest labourer, and yet not more than others, but to the same degree. He seemed to wish for no distinction. At the Epistle he stood upright, like a soldier; and when the blessing was pronounced, he buried

buried his head in one hand and uttered his prayer as if it came from his heart in humbleness.'—*ib.* 114, 15.

'The Duke after dinner took the Spectator, and placing a candle on each side of his venerable head, read it through. I watched him the whole time.

'In one part of Lardner's Life of him he says, "He rode in front of fifty pieces of artillery, but God protected his head." I looked up and studied the venerable white head that God still protected. There he was, contented, happy, aged, but vigorous—enjoying his leisure in dignity, God knows, as he deserves. After reading till his eyes were tired he put down the paper, and said, "There are a great many curious things in it, I assure you." He then yawned, as he always did before retiring, and said, "I'll give you an early sitting to-morrow at nine.'—*ib.* 115.

Haydon says, 'Every time you meet a Waterloo man, pump him. In a few years they will be all gone—Duke and the rest.' The results of Haydon's own *pumpings* are neither numerous nor important, and some of them are rather apocryphal, or, at least, inaccurate. For instance:—

'General Alava told Capt. Waller that, as he was joining the Duke early on the field [of *Waterloo*], he thought to himself, "I wonder how he feels and looks with Napoleon opposite." The Duke shortly joined, and called out, in his bluff manner, "Well, how did you like the ball last night?" Putting up his glass, and sweeping the enemy's ground, he then said to Alava, "That fellow little thinks what a confounded licking he'll get before the day is over." '—iii. 313.

Here is a slight confusion which might throw a doubt over the whole story, which is, nevertheless, substantially true. The ball was *not* on Saturday—the day before Waterloo—but on Thursday, the night before Quatre Bras. It was when Alava joined him at Quatre Bras that the Duke began talking of the ball and what was going on at Brussels, as lightly as if he had nothing else to think of. Alava slept at Brussels the night of the 17th, and it was when he came to Waterloo, on the morning of the 18th, that the Duke expressed in this homely way his confident hope of success.

In Haydon's picture the Duke is standing quite alone on the field, and holding his horse in a theatrical attitude. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, when he saw the picture, observed this impropriety:—

'Lord Fitzroy said, "The Duke never holds his own horse." '

'Lord Fitzroy said the Duke never came into the field but with an orderly dragoon, and never with a servant. At Waterloo, the dragoon was killed.'—iii. 104.

Here

Here is an instance how careful we should be—

'To lose no drop of that immortal man.'

This simple fact of going into action with no servant, but with an orderly dragoon, reveals a characteristic principle: his reason was, 'that he had, in his opinion, no right to risk, for his own convenience, the life of a man not in the service;' and such was his reluctance to make any *étalage* of his individual feelings, that we never heard of his giving the reason of this peculiarity to any one, but to Lord Fitzroy, from whom we have had it.

Haydon, happening to meet Lord Hill at dinner, asked him, as they were coming away in his Lordship's carriage,—

"'My Lord, was there ever any time of the day at Waterloo when you desponded?" "Certainly not," he replied. "There never was any panic?" "No; there was no time of the day." I said, "I apologise; but Sir Walter Scott asked the Duke the same thing, and he made the same reply." Lord Hill said in the simplest way, "I dare say."'—ii. 347.

These quiet and laconic answers are perfectly characteristic of Lord Hill—but the same confidence pervaded the whole British army from the Duke to the drummer.

We cannot better conclude this selection of Haydon's anecdotes than with the following passage, which shows his power both of observation and expression, in a light that renders still more surprising the aberration of his mind in all that related to himself and his art:—

'If any man wishes to learn how to suppress his feelings of exultation in success, and of despondency in failure; how to be modest in elevation, and peaceful in disappointment; how to exercise power with humanity, and resist injustice when power is abused by others; how to command inferiors without pride, and to be obedient, without servility, to the commands of others; let him read day and night the Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington.'—iii. 268.

NOTE.

'Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter:—

'"Sir, I am sorry to hear of your continual embarrassments. From a limited fund which is at my disposal I send, as a contribution towards your relief from those embarrassments, the sum of 50*l.*

'"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

'"ROBERT PEEL."

'And this Peel is the man who has no heart!'—iii. 310–17.

We must here stop to observe, as characteristic of his strange presumptuous piety, that in this, as in many other instances, we find him willing to attribute such unexpected relief to the immediate interposition of Providence, in reward of some good action done, or some bad one avoided, the merit of which, we are sorry to add, was in any case small, and in most of them very problematical. In the present instance, we shall see, he had no compunction about obtaining books when he was in a state of penury that precluded any hope of being able to pay for them; but he thinks that Providence sent him this 50*l.*, through Sir Robert Peel, as a reward for having resisted an impulse to *pawn*—that is, to *steal* them.

'In the morning, fearing I should be involved, I took down books I had not paid for to a young bookseller with a family, to return them. As I drove along *I thought I might get money on them.* I felt disgusted at such a thought, and stopped and told him I feared I was in danger; and as he might lose, I begged him to keep them for a few days. He was grateful, and in the evening came this 50*l.* *I know what I believe!*

'18th.—O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called: I said, "I see a quarter's rent in thy face, but none from me." I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. "Good hearted Newton!" I said, "don't put in an execution." "Nothing of the sort," he replied, half hurt.

'20th.—O God bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

'21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

'22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

'Finis
of
B. R. Haydon.

'"Stretch me no longer on this rough world."—*Lear.*

'End of the twenty-sixth volume.'

To this Mr. Taylor adds:—

'This closing entry was made between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday the 22nd of June. Before eleven the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death.

On the morning of that Monday Haydon rose early and went out, returning, apparently fatigued, at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton, by her husband's special desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms, but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops then exercising in the Park. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead before the easel on which stood his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury—his white hairs dabbled in blood—a half opened razor, smeared with blood, at his side—near it a small pistol, recently discharged—in his throat a frightful gash, and a bullet-wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel facing his large picture. On a table near was his Diary (open at the page of that last entry), his watch, a Prayer-book (open at the Gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany), letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper, [containing his will, &c.] headed, "*Last Thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten:—No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prer gative of the Deity.*"—iii. 317–19.

We pause in wonder and awe at the fate of a man of high conceptions which he wanted the power to execute, and of innate principles of honour and piety which he had not strength of mind to put in practice—of a life that was a series of inconsistencies and contradictions, of which nearly all that was rational was theory, and all that was practical, evil. Mr. Taylor says truly enough, that, 'interspersed with the unlovely portions of his life, there are passages of good feeling and noble aspiration, which plead for a more lenient judgment of the man than *I ought* perhaps *to hope for him*' (ii. 298). We venture to add, that all, as it seems to us, that human judgment can venture to say in explanation of this anomalous case, and in extenuation of his follies, his faults, and his concluding crime, is to repeat the early apprehensions of his family and the final verdict of the coroner—'*He was mad—certainly—he was mad!*'

We intimated at the outset that the only portion of these volumes that was not really painful to read were his numerous but desultory anecdotes of men and manners. They are too scattered and frequently too minute to be brought within our scope of limits; but our readers, who must, we fear, be weary of the sad and vexatious tale we have had to tell, would have reason to complain if we did not present them with some of the more pleasing parts of the work.

During the Reform fever, Haydon's wild temper caught fire, and

NOTE.

It is almost needless to say that our article on The Institute of France was in type before the intelligence reached us of the lamented death of M. Arago. If we could have foreseen the event, we could hardly have spoken with greater warmth of his genius, though we certainly should not have selected such an occasion to comment upon what we thought his injurious importation of political feeling into the regions of science. It is satisfactory to reflect that while any party heats into which he may have been led have expired with himself, his discoveries and writings will always survive to attest his right to be ranked among the most brilliant *savans* of any age. At a moment like this we should have preferred to sink in oblivion the parts of his career in which we differed from him, and to have dwelt solely (as we hope to do on a future occasion) upon those extraordinary acquirements which have long been recognised by the whole of Europe.